November·1929

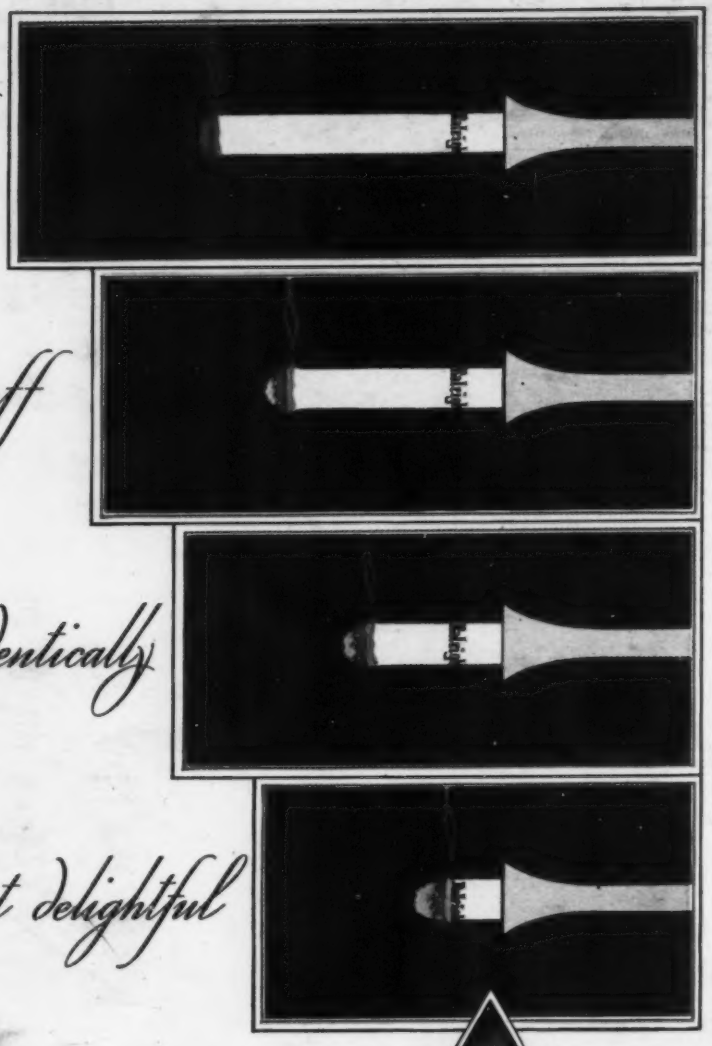
THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

The Ways of "The Rank and File"
by Alfred E. Smith

Between Women and Men—
"Warfare or Companionship?"
by John Erskine

Beginning A Stirring Wilderness Novel
"Heart of the North"
by William Byron Mowery

The first puff



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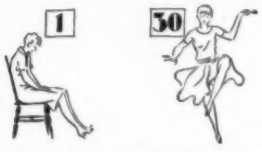
Ever wish you were dancing with *HER?*

This one girl, how she stands out in a crowd!

How clean and clear her complexion is, how attractively fresh her dress, how nice her hands, how trim her shoes, how healthy and shining her hair.

Oh yes . . . and what gay self-assurance she has.

Come to think of it, doesn't cleanliness always *have more to do with popularity (and poise and charm) than one might casually suppose?*



Try this just for a month

If you have any doubts whatever about the connection between happiness and careful personal cleanliness, please try an experiment.

For just one month, and every day without fail, put on not a single article of clothing that is noticeably soiled. Check up on everything: shoes, gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, stockings, dresses, underwear.

Do try this, just for a month, and see for yourself if something delightfully important doesn't happen to you . . . to your ensemble appearance, and to your own and others' appreciation of it.

Try this, too

But nice clothes alone are not enough. How can a girl be charming when her body, face, hands, hair, neck are not quite clean?

Always "step in before you step out." Remember that the thorough bath lends real attractiveness to the most modest good looks . . . clean skin; vivid, healthful coloring; vivacity; self-assurance.

And this, and this, and this

Are your elbows dark and roughened? Then *brush* them every night with warm soapy water, and see this unloveliness gradually disappear.

If you don't get as many professional manicures as you would like, soap-scrub the nails once a day with a stiff brush and push the cuticle back with the towel. Except for occasional shaping and polishing, you'll find that little else is necessary.

Women who worry a little about their complexions shouldn't forget that it's fully as important to cleanse the pores each day of the left-over powders and creams as of dust and dirt. The answer, of course, is soap and water face-washing every day.

With heads bobbed so simply, it never was so needful that nice hair should be kept looking nice. On the other hand, it never was so easy to shampoo the hair frequently.

Is it really such a puzzle?

Should the secret of great charm be so puzzling after all? . . . or greater popularity so unattainable for anyone?

So *many* things come in the wake of conscious, strived-for cleanliness: better health, better looks, more naturalness . . . even brighter talk, better dancing, new friendships and wider happiness.

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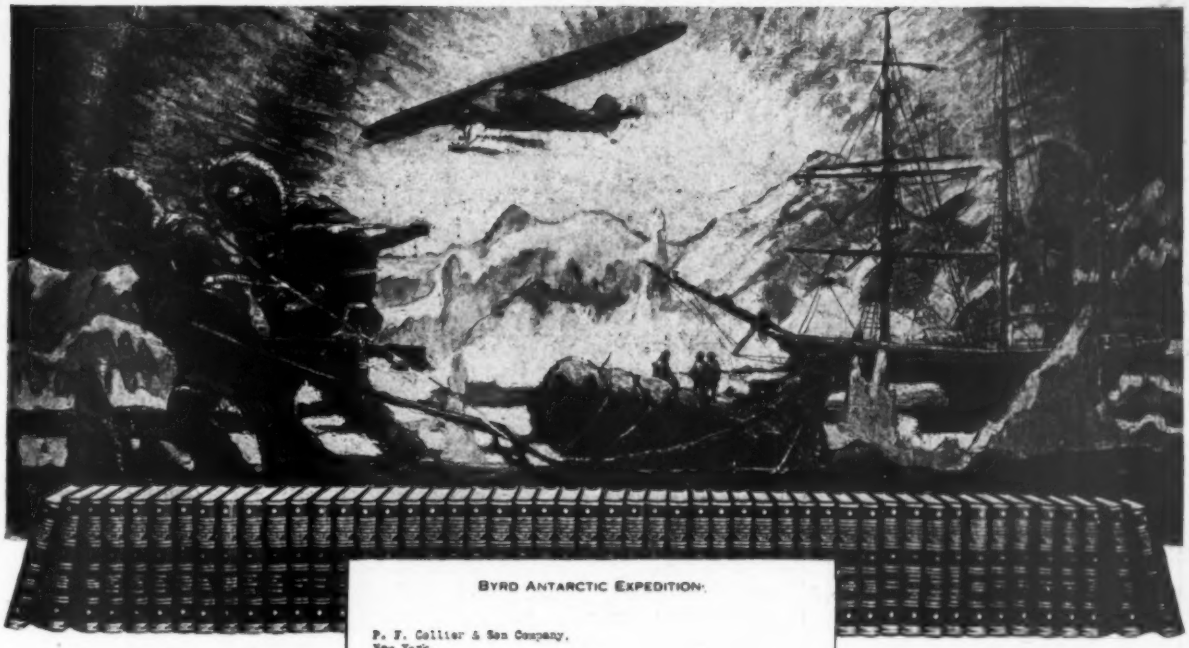

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The men who prepared for this history-making expedition knew that something more than food, warmth and scientific equipment must be provided. They also anticipated the endless polar night when active, intelligent men will be confined to ship or camp.

The letter shown on this page was written to P. F. Collier and Son Company by the Manager of the Expedition, asking that the Harvard Classics be added to their very limited library. The Publishers were pleased to serve Commander Byrd and his men.

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Special Notice to Writers and Artists:
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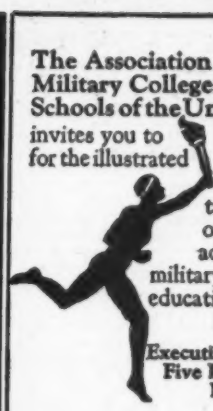

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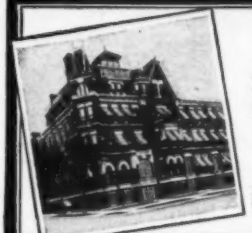

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Schools of Nursing Continued on page 12

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SCHOOLS OF NURSING (Cont. from Page 11)

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Professional Schools continued on page 151

JUBILEE

Decoration by Franklin Booth

By Angelo Patri

THE clock and the calendar can have no power over us. They are useful tools and no more. They serve, but they cannot impose their limitations upon us—free, timeless spirits bent upon inspired errands, mystical and splendid as the gold at the rainbow-end.

The fiftieth birthday is the year of golden jubilee, a milestone marking the first full flush of power your growing-time has yielded. The soul of man does not expand, does not gather power and glory, in obedience to any law of limitation; rather it grows in defiance of all limitation. It was to sense this high power within you that you lived and learned through these fifty years.

We learn rules only to transcend them. We wring from them every drop of spiritual essence they hold, and rise on the added growth. No law can bind us; no time limit is set upon the growth of a soul. Strong in the belief of unfathomed resources, we go forward eagerly to achieve the best work in our lives—and farewell to all thought of hampering birthdays.

Life holds no brief for those who mourn the passing years and count anniversaries with fear and foreboding. They would give substance to shadows and might to the mist. No man or woman grows old in the passing of time, but in the lack of growth during their span of time. One cannot imagine Mr. Edison as being or feeling old. He who stays so close to the mysteries of the universe, rising each morning under a driving desire to find what of triumph the day holds for him, can never be old. Neither could you if your life held to a course that demanded purpose and effort and achievement. Growth is timeless.

It is nonsense to sigh for the days of youth. Think back upon them and ask yourself if you would wish to live once more through that period of doubt and fear, through its gropings and bewilderment and pain, and there sweeps over you a flood of gratitude that all such difficulties lie behind you. Henceforward you are certain where once you doubted; you act where once you wavered; you justify faith and build on strong foundations where once you vaguely hoped. 'Tis the year of jubilee.

Close by my window stands a giant pine tree, its spire piercing the sky. Nobody knows how old it is, and nobody really cares. The first spans of growth can still be traced and they mount steadily, until today the topmost growth rears its tasseled peak feet and inches above all that has gone before. Reaching, reaching high into the blue, the ancient landmark still grows, a challenge and a guide.

Men and trees share this timeless quality, this mystical power of an unlimited growth and achievement throughout the passing seasons. Years alone do not matter—just the growth throughout the years. Just keep growing, and you are the master of the years.

MRS · ANTHONY · J · DREXEL · BIDDLE

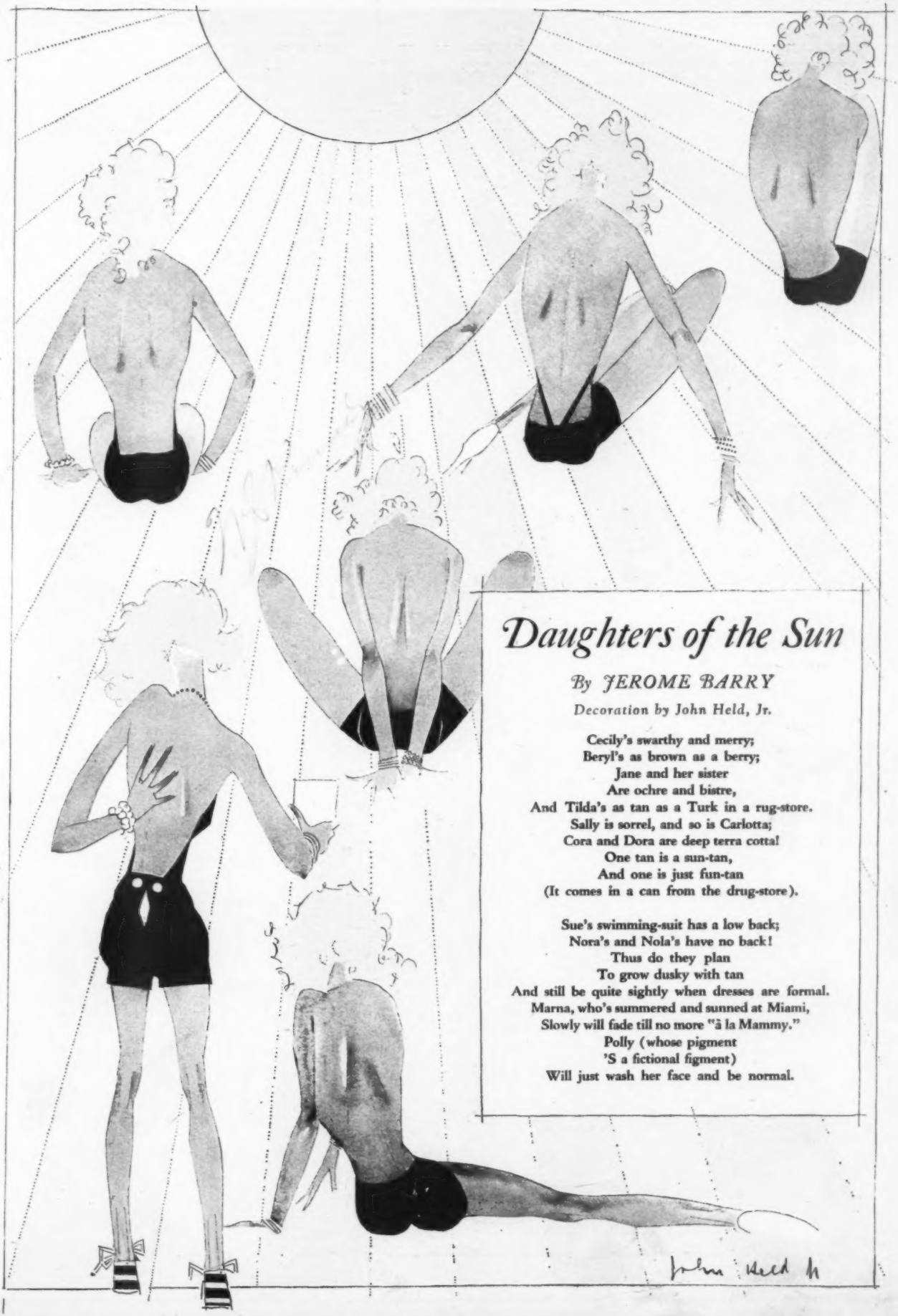
. . . She goes to Paris, and to Callot Soeurs for clothes . . . but the Callot model watch she wears is no farther away than your nearest ELGIN *jeweler.*

A thing is fashionable only if enough women of fashion adopt it. The first ELGIN Parisiennes were introduced a mere year ago . . . and today over 150,000 women are timing their comings and goings with Parisian flair and ELGIN accuracy. There is Mrs. A. J. Drexel Biddle. Everyone in New York, Newport, Paris, and Biarritz, knows that her taste in clothes and accessories is faultless. Which explains her liking for costumes by Callot. So when Callot designed a series of cases for ELGIN Parisienne watches Mrs. Biddle was among the first to slip one on her wrist. And though she must go to Paris for Callot clothes, a Callot Parisienne watch can be purchased no farther away than 'round the corner or across the street . . . at the nearest ELGIN jeweler's. The usual role is reversed . . . you need not go to Paris, for Paris has come to you . . . via ELGIN. But only the designs come from Paris — the Parisienne watches themselves are made and cased by ELGIN. American efficiency, economy, timekeeping accuracy, wedded to Paris style . . . at a truly American price. Ask any reliable jeweler.

Parisiennes plain and enamel cases, $35
Diamond-set Callot models shown, $75

THE · ELGIN · PARISIENNE

ELGIN WATCHES ARE AMERICAN MADE © ELGIN, 1929



Daughters of the Sun

By JEROME BARRY

Decoration by John Held, Jr.

Cecily's swarthy and merry;
Beryl's as brown as a berry;
Jane and her sister
Are ochre and bistre,
And Tilda's as tan as a Turk in a rug-store.
Sally is sorrel, and so is Carlotta;
Cora and Dora are deep terra cotta!
One tan is a sun-tan,
And one is just fun-tan
(It comes in a can from the drug-store).

Sue's swimming-suit has a low back;
Nora's and Nola's have no back!
Thus do they plan
To grow dusky with tan
And still be quite sightly when dresses are formal.
Marna, who's summered and sunned at Miami,
Slowly will fade till no more "â la Mammy."
Polly (whose pigment
'S a fictional figment)
Will just wash her face and be normal.

Photo by
De Barron Studios
New York

UNA VAL: In Los Angeles, Miss Una had become somewhat of a celebrity through her success with a school of dancing for small children, and the shows she staged with her pupils. All this was interesting, but not conducive to quick attainment of her goal—which was to become an accomplished dancer. Plainly her course lay through New York. On she came, and after a short preparation attained a position which led to an engagement in musical comedy. Although her first venture in this field was in one of the seasonal collapses, it "brought her out." Now she dances in "Show Boat." Posing for Mrs. Marsh comes to Miss Val as a welcome recreation from humdrum every-night theatrical life.

Photo by Lee Frye Rollinson, New York

LUCILE PATTERSON MARSH

In Old Chester, of yore one of New York's ultra-select neighborhoods, there still remain, almost engulfed by the sea of skyscrapers, some old and stately mansions. Not merely landmarks are these old houses, but things of beauty well worth preserving as monuments to the splendor and dignity of a bygone day. Built to withstand the tooth of time, only neglect can harm them, and even when they have suffered that, the damage is not irreparable. One of these houses was probably never more attractive than it is today. It was rebuilt with loving care and artistic taste by Mrs. Marsh when she became its owner, and in it she has her studio and lives with her family. From her windows she can watch many children at play, and what with her own two youngsters, she is never in want for inspiration in her favorite theme, the picturing of child life. She was still a student at the Art Institute, Chicago, when The Red Book Magazine introduced her work to the reading public. Mrs. Marsh's work gives expression to a wide variety of subjects; her magazine covers and her illustrations for advertisements are in constant demand.

GRACE BOWEN

She was born in New York, but while still a toddler found herself in Camden, New Jersey, and at once began planning her return to Manhattan. Not only did she readily find her way back, but (and who would wonder at that?) attained a position as mannikin with one of the town's most famous fashion furnishers. "So far, so good," said she to herself, "but this is a job without a future. I'll look in on one of the Broadway producers and show 'em I'm made to order for any one of their shows." Quickly she became part of the cast in "Innocent Eyes." Distance lends enchantment, and familiarity breeds contempt. To Miss Bowen these adages seemed apropos to the stage; she had been posing now and then and the demand for her services as model was becoming clamorous. So she concluded to make working with artists her sole concern. Since then she has posed in 133 studios—more than that, but she quit keeping tab. She finds time to ride, swim and drive.

Photo by Bodin Studios

HAMILTON KING: Looking at a map of these United States, you will find the State of Maine located along its upper right-hand edge, and if you have an eye for detail, you might find within its borders the city of Lewiston, Mr. King's home town. It had been expected that he would go into the ministry, but he went to New York and found employment on a New York daily, where he could put to use his decided talent for sketching. A syndicate became interested in his work, chose him to illustrate "Daily Hints from Paris," and sent him to the city by the Seine to do it. Two years of that, and he was back in New York, where he designed theatrical scenic sets, posters and magazine covers. Now he paints only beautiful ladies and sand-dunes.

Photo by Evandlin New York

WILLIAM OBERHARDT

So soon as William could be trusted to venture alone from his native New Jersey to the big town across the Hudson, he became a pupil in the National Academy of Design. Because he had begun his studies so early and had been an assiduous worker, he was very young when his academy course was completed. With rare good judgment and ambition, and opportunity favoring him, he decided to crowd as much academic experience into the beginning of his career as he might ever need. So he went to Munich, stayed three years, and came back ready to fall into step with other American illustrators. He did well from the start, for it was plain that here was a remarkable draftsman. Mr. Oberhardt's splendid character delineations, perhaps more than any other thing, are responsible for his rapid rise to fame. Many of our nation's modern great have been brought nearer to the people by the humanizing touch this artist has given his portraits of them. Commenting on his Red Book Magazine illustrations, Albert Payson Terhune said: "Oberhardt draws with a pencil and not with a stencil." Really to appreciate his ability, one must visit his New York studio, its walls covered with charming things from his brush and pencil.

GLADIS MOORE: If you are familiar with portraits of Anita Loos, who did so much for the blondes, Miss Moore's resemblance to that writer will strike you at once. Indeed, either of them might easily be mistaken for the other; and so, when a capable actress was needed for the cast of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes," it was just a question of locating Miss Moore. This was easy enough. Oddly, she has successfully been the blonde and the brunette too, in Miss Loos' classic. Only one of great adaptability in characterization could get away so admirably with such a task; and it was her amazing versatility, almost as much as her physical charms, that actuated Mr. Oberhardt in asking her to pose for him.

Photo by Pinchot New York

The well-chosen words on this page are from the flippant pen of J. P. McEvoy, who is permitted to have his say because, like Mr. Striebel, he hails from South Bend, Indiana.

WANDA VALLE lent her dark bang, big brown eyes and nineteen-year-old curves to Mr. Striebel so he could fashion them into the likeness of *Dixie Dugan*, the original "Show Girl." This took but little of her time as nature did most of the work. Before that, she attended school at the Art Students League, New York City, and used up hundreds of pencils, tons of charcoal, droves of camel's-hair brushes and acres of paper and canvas. Instead of asking her to stop, her teachers told her she ought to continue, which was the wrong tactics. What they should have said was: "You're terrible." Then she would have got mad and showed them. Lacking this incentive, she took a header into the drammer and was last seen on Broadway in the second Americana Revue, where she was the old lady in the vitaphone sketch and the baby in the spotlight sketch, and led a dancing number written by Roger Wolfe Kahn called "Home"—for short. She has never posed except for "Show Girl" or for any other artist except John Striebel.

Photo by Apeda, New York

JOHN STRIEBEL was born in South Bend, Indiana. While wrapping packages in the family grocery for his father's customers, he amused himself making a caricature of the said customers on the packages. This practically ruined his father's business, but encouraged young Striebel tremendously. At the age of sixteen he had big brown eyes and a lot of hair and was making chalk-plate cartoons for the front page of the South Bend *News*. This resulted in the merger of the South Bend *News* with the South Bend *Times*, and the removal of Striebel to Chicago, where he was the boy wonder of the advertising world, and later illustrated "The Potters" for the Chicago *Tribune* and associated newspapers. Later Striebel moved to Woodstock, New York, and took a farm just behind McEvoy's farm. It was not only natural but inevitable that Striebel should illustrate McEvoy's "Show Girl" and the sequel "Show Girl in Hollywood," keeping himself amused meanwhile painting landscapes. Striebel is now about thirty-six has two children somewhat younger, equally assorted as to sexes, a wife, and the worst-looking dog you ever saw. They all live happily together in Woodstock, New York. And I ought to know, because I can look right over the fence and see them.

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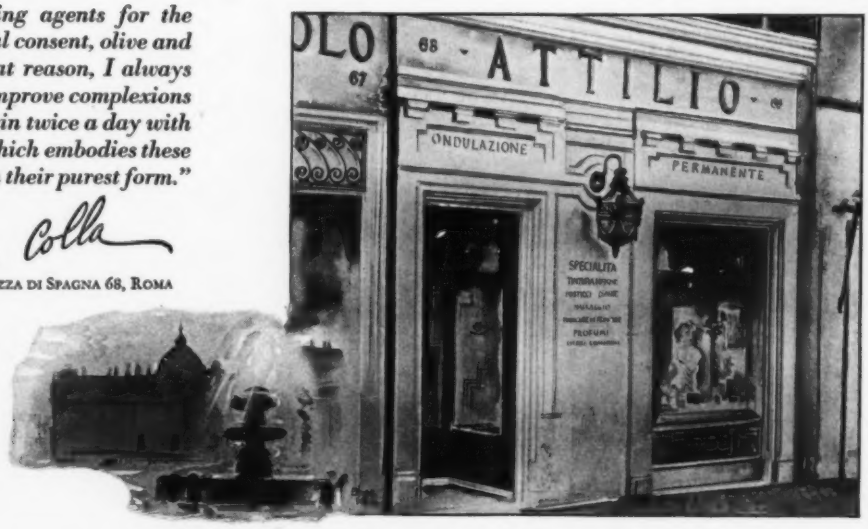
Attilio Colla

PIAZZA DI SPAGNA 68, ROMA



The typically Roman marble facade of Attilio's salon on the Piazza di Spagna . . where the patrician ladies of Italian artistic and social life consult the most distinguished of all Roman beauty specialists.

IN Rome, at the foot of the historic "Spanish Stairs," the Piazza di Spagna is encircled with shops that attract the most brilliant society. Here, some years ago, a Ferrara youth came to establish a beauty shop which, today, is the finest place of its kind throughout beautiful Italy. His name is Attilio Colla . . . better known to his patrons as "Attilio."

In his shop, at 68 Piazza di Spagna, he receives visits from many highly-placed personages of his own and other lands. Roman patricians naturally seek his advice on care of the skin. So do women of the moving picture and stage aristocracy.

"I am perfectly certain," says Attilio, "that there are countless complexions which are less lovely than they ought to be, merely because one of the simplest and most natural of all beauty treatments is neglected. I refer to the cleansing of the skin.

"Soap cleanses the skin—cleanses the pores—as nothing else can, and it is the basic essential of successful beauty treatment. Much of the work of the beauty expert is nullified by neglect to follow this simple rule of complexion care. It is, of course, important to use the right kind of soap, because many kinds are not only unsuitable but positively harmful to the complexion. I always ask my clients to use Palmolive Soap, which embodies the finest cleansing agents for the skin."

The lovely Ada Fontanesi, of Attilio's staff, is a perfect type of Italian beauty.

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November 1929 The RED BOOK Magazine Volume LIV Number 1

EDWIN BALMER, *Editor*
DONALD KENNICOTT, *Associate*

A COMMON-SENSE EDITORIAL

Rogues

By

BRUCE BARTON

FRIENDS of mine who traveled to Cuba last winter told me that there were a number of important people on the boat—financiers, captains of industry, theatrical and literary lights.

But there was one man in whom everybody seemed to have a special interest. When he sat down in the lounge, a group gathered immediately to listen to his talk.

Who was this magnetic gentleman? "Scarface" Al Capone, one-time leader of the Chicago racketeers.

A year ago a notorious gangster was shot by his enemies in Brooklyn. The funeral, which included an expensive casket and several automobile-loads of flowers, was attended by more than twenty thousand curious spectators.

On the same day the Vice President of the United States was scheduled to make an important political address in a Midwestern city. The meeting was adjourned because less than two hundred people showed up.

I happen to have been reading two biographies at the same time. One is the life-story of Henry the Eighth, an English king of high passions, bad conduct and many wives.

The other details the important but unexciting career of the scholar Erasmus, who was Henry's contemporary.

As a piece of writing, Henry's biography is far superior to the other; but brilliant writing alone does not account for the fact that I raced along with Henry and am still dawdling over Erasmus.

I have to admit—and so do you—that a hard-working scholar is dull company compared with a rogue who married eight wives.

Secretly we all have a soft spot in our hearts for rascals, and perhaps they play a necessary part in the scheme of things. Capone's wickedness helped to rouse the resentment of Chicago and give impetus to reform. Henry's passion for Anne Boleyn brought forth, in the words of the biographer, "two more or less legitimate offspring, Queen Elizabeth and the Church of England."

But whether we like the rogues or dislike them, their end is always tragic. Two ex-burglars have written thrilling books in recent years. One estimates that his total receipts from a life of crime were less than the lowest day wages; the other is serving life imprisonment.

Still, as of old, the wages of sin is death. And honesty is such an easy and profitable "racket" that it is surprising that anybody can be found to play the colorful rôle of rogue.

MILES STANDISH

Illustrated by N. C. Wyeth

THE fate of each of the first colonies in America lay, sometimes, in the hands of one man. If his hands were strong and his heart bold, the settlement was likely to survive.

Once, at least, the fate of Plymouth Colony turned upon the tiny matter as to whether Miles Standish or an Indian, Pecksuot, would succeed in seizing the knife sheathed at Pecksuot's side.

It was April in the year 1623—the third after the Pilgrims had landed and lost half their number by disease and exposure. Because of the fast friendship of the chief Massassoit, the survivors had not suffered seriously from the Indians.

More colonists arrived from England; but disease and famine also dealt with them; and in the summer of 1622 trouble of a new sort arose, with the arrival of Weston and his motley crew of followers—some sixty "undesirables" scooped up, chiefly, about English ports. It was a great relief to the settlers of Plymouth when these people moved eighteen miles away to live at Weymouth.

Word now arrived from Virginia that Indians had massacred three hundred and forty-seven whites in the outlying plantations about Jamestown. The Pilgrims naturally feared the effect of this news upon the tribes surrounding them. Massassoit, indeed, warned his white friends that tribes which he could not control plotted the massacre of all the settlers.

Pecksuot and Wituwamat were the leaders in the plot; and Pecksuot, himself the "largest and most formidable of all," openly taunted and insulted Standish.

"The little pot that soon boils over" (as the Indians called the fiery Standish) prepared his reply deliberately.

Aware that the Indians planned to fall first upon the ill-disciplined colony at Weymouth, Standish "with four or five of his company" went there; and there also went Pecksuot, Wituwamat and two other Indians. All entered a log cabin, when Standish, suddenly giving a signal, sprang upon Pecksuot.

Instantly the door was flung to and made fast. Hand-to-hand battle began. Standish snatched the knife from the sheath at Pecksuot's side and killed him with his own weapon; the other whites killed Wituwamat and another, and overpowered the fourth Indian.

Immediately a messenger rushed to the whites at other points telling them to kill any Indian man in their power. Seven leaders of the hostiles were killed.

This was enough. The remaining hostiles scattered, spreading the word that the little white captain had killed Pecksuot with his own knife.

"Thus at the cost of seven lives, ruthlessly taken," writes Charles Francis Adams, "immediate hostilities were averted and the inevitable life-and-death struggle with the aborigines was deferred for half a century, when it had to result in the swift destruction of the inferior race."

Where are the Snows of Yesteryear?

EVERY now and again, the placid surface of the electric cleaner industry is startled by a fresh commotion.

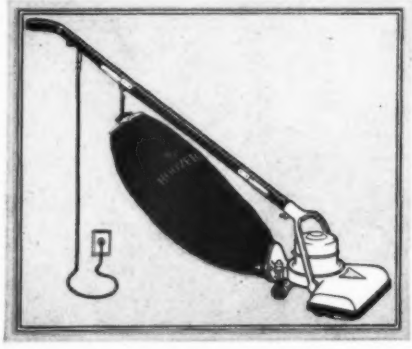
Some one machine or other is rushed forward as the champion of a new popularity, and passes as a comet across the commercial sky.

Inspired salesmen hurry out to perform "amazing" demonstrations. Special "inducements" are offered. There is much talk of "new-day methods," of "above-the-floor efficiency," of "sanitation systems," of almost everything except the electric cleaner's essential job.

A great stir is made, and a few are blinded by the dust.

But soon the tumult dies, the fever passes, and the forced-draft popularity, so "like snow upon the desert's dusty face, lighting a little hour or two," is gone!

Each time the clearing atmosphere reveals the real Leadership more solidly entrenched in one machine, more serenely enthroned in one outstanding product, more firmly than ever upheld beyond serious challenge in one incomparable cleaner — The HOOVER!



What are the facts and evidence of the perennial leadership of The Hoover? They are these:

More Hoover cleaners are in use than are any other kind.

More money is invested by the public for the purchase of Hoover cleaners —daily, monthly, yearly—than for any other kind.

More money is invested in the Hoover cleaners in use—by twice as much—as in any other kind.

More Hoover cleaners are sold — 48% of all we sell — as the result of recommendations by Hoover users to friends.

More leading merchants sell Hoover cleaners than any other kind.

And on what factors of superiority is based the unchanging public preference for The Hoover? These:

The Hoover is most efficient in the fundamental purpose of an electric cleaner: it gets MORE DIRT PER MINUTE.

The Hoover is better designed, better built, longer-lived, more thorough in action, easier to use.

The Hoover for these sound reasons enjoys a higher re-sale value.

The Hoover is serviced expertly and promptly by the finest Service Organization in the electric cleaner field.

The Hoover is kept in the vanguard of progress by the most comprehensive and advanced engineering research in its industry.

The Hoover is the mature and dependable product of the first, oldest and largest electric cleaner manufacturer in the world.

Don't be confused or misled.

When you are told that Hoover accomplishment is equaled, or Hoover leadership is challenged, ask yourself "where are the snows of yesteryear," and demand to see the quality, the service, the value comparable to The Hoover. Until these appear, The Hoover *has no rival!*

The HOOVER

IT BEATS ... AS IT SWEEPS ... AS IT CLEANS
ON A CUSHION OF AIR

© 1929, The Hoover Co.

Whitman's
CHOCOLATE COVERED
FRUITS and NUTS
A Jolly
Hallowe'en
Whitman's
CHOCOLATE
FRUITS and
Pineapple
Picked ripe from the Hawaiian crop. In a shell of chocolate with a center of syrup.
Cherries
Favorite of all fruits in chocolate. An Italian tid bit floating in a fondant cordial.
Pecans
Perfect whole nuts from Texas, in clusters, imbedded in chocolate.
Walnuts
Pick of the Chabertes from France—sweet, sound, whole nuts uniform in flavor. In clusters wrapped in chocolate.
Strawberries
With the matchless flavor of the soil and the climate of Hood River Valley in Oregon. Also a liquid center.
Raisins
Selected giant clusters from California. Dipped in fondant and then in milk chocolate—forming a liquid center.
Almonds
Crisp, and sweet, genuine Aetna nuts from Sicily. A perfect cluster of delights.
Brazil Nuts
A tropic favorite imbedded directly in the famous Whitman chocolate, without fondant.
Filberts
Delicately flavored nuts from Turkey where the best filberts grow. Clusters in chocolate.

Whitman's

CHOCOLATE COVERED FRUITS *and* NUTS

The gardens, groves and orchards of all the world give of their best to fill this luxurious box of chocolates.

Each individual piece has a character of its own.

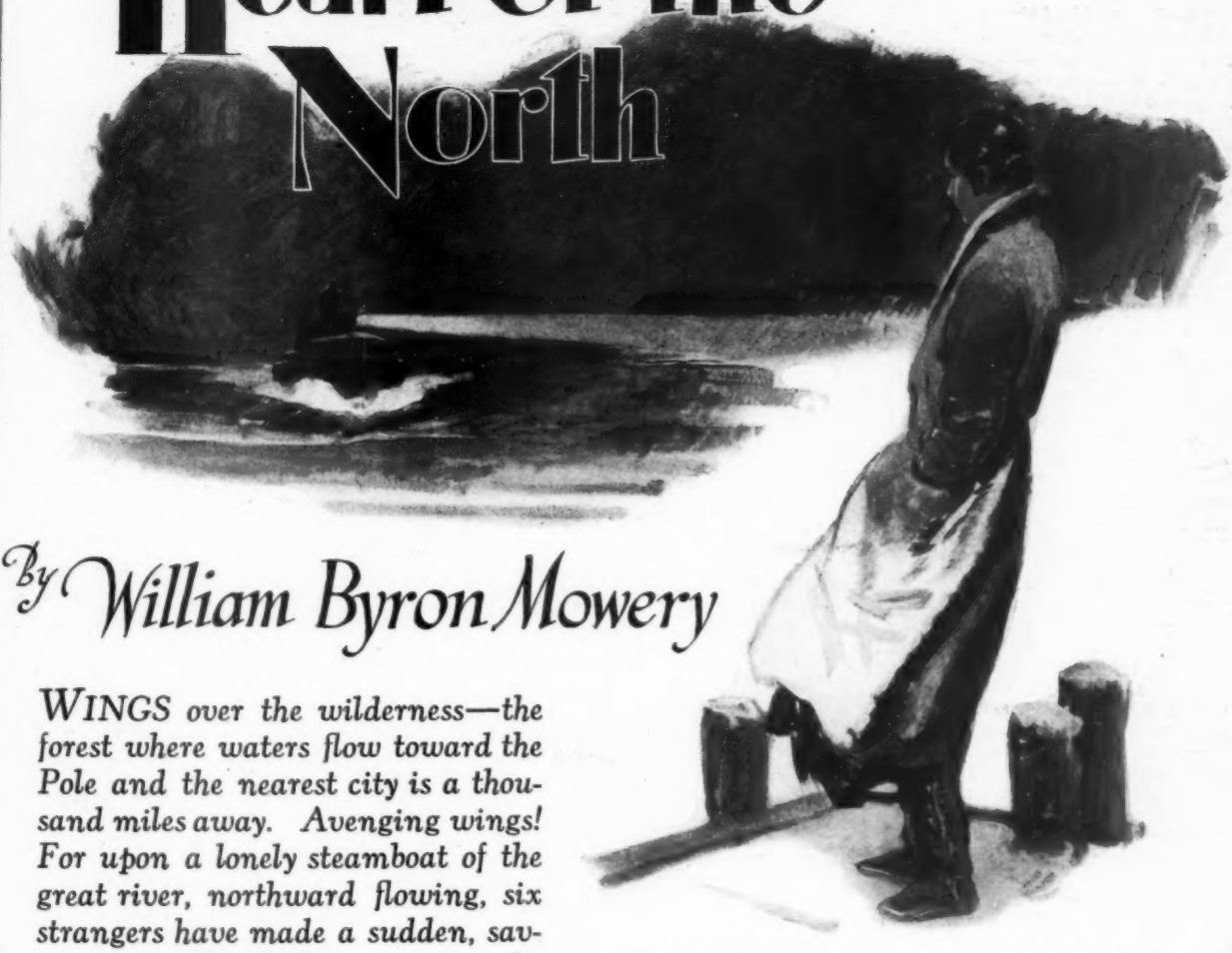
Each won a place in this very precious collection by its peculiar excellence and popularity.

Out of all the Whitman line (The Quality Group) this is the one selected to carry the jolly Hallowe'en wrap—

An Ideal Gift *for* Hallowe'en

© S. F. W. & Son, Inc.

Heart of the North



Down the river a great yellow eye, swinging around a bend, played across the water, picked her out on the landing; Joyce stood bathed in the shaft of the launch's headlight.

By William Byron Mowery

WINGS over the wilderness—the forest where waters flow toward the Pole and the nearest city is a thousand miles away. Avenging wings! For upon a lonely steamboat of the great river, northward flowing, six strangers have made a sudden, savage raid. Word of it comes to the men of the forest, and to the women. Here is today's story of the North told by a man born on the fur trail.

Illustrated by
Herbert Morton Stoops

FATHER CLAVERLY was one of the first to realize that the six men who had just come aboard the steamer were bandits.

Leaning there against the rail of the *Midnight Sun*, he suddenly straightened up, stiff with shock; and stared incredulously at the six.

For moments he could not believe he actually was witnessing a robbery. Here in this sub-Arctic North where outlawry was rare and furtive, here on the mighty Mackenzie where river boats time and again carried unguarded cargoes of half a million in furs and gold, a brazen daylight attack upon a big steamer seemed a thing impossible.

Falling upon a quiet and peaceful scene, the blow had come like a thunder-clap from a clear sky. Warped against a twenty-foot bluff at the mouth of a tributary river, the *Midnight Sun* was taking on fuel from the cordwood piled there on the bank. Most of the crew had gone ashore, and were singing a half-breed chantey as they fed the blocks to the long sheet-iron chute. Part of the passengers were asleep below; the others, walking the deck in the delicious morning air, were watching the two o'clock sun rise over the shimmering pine hills like a bursting blossom of orange and amethyst.

A few minutes ago the six men in a pair of birch-bark canoes had skirled out of the tributary river, the Big Alooska, and hailed the steamer as though they merely were trappers or a trading party wanting passage up south. A ladder was innocently let down for them, and they had come aboard, taking despicable advantage of the universal friendliness extended from man to man in this north country.

Now, under the leadership of a huge red-bearded fellow, they stood on a pile of deck cargo amidships, watching each way. With repeating rifles alert in their hands, they loomed ugly and menacing over the crowd.

They had the drop—if only they could hold it.

Father Claverly, recovering almost instantly from his shock, stared sharply at the six men, trying to identify them. One was a 'breed; the other five were nondescript whites. It was unthinkable that six utter strangers could appear out of nowhere here in this sparsely inhabited North. But not one of them did he recognize; not one man of them had he ever seen before.

While he was wondering what their next move would be, a girl among the passengers suddenly cried out:

"Bandits! They're bandits! Oh-oo—"

To half the people aboard the *Midnight Sun* the girl's cry was a first warning of the hold-up. That was how swiftly the six men had struck, how contemptibly they had taken advantage of their fellow-men's faith and trust.

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The chantey died away; the conversations, the laughter, the promenading stopped. Whirling, the passengers stood transfixed, staring at the six vicious strangers who had them covered.

It was a motley crowd that the bandits faced, a crowd typical of that Great Waterways country a thousand miles north of Edmonton. There were trappers bringing in their winter tucks of fur. Takudah Indians, spindle-legged, wrapped in verminous deerskins. Two Eskimo families taking their children to the free mission at Fort Endurance. A sprinkling of Loucheux 'breeds, swarthy and sunny-hearted chaps. An exploring party, shipwrecked on the Arctic Coast, going out to the land of cities by way of the Mackenzie, Slave, Athabasca. A young Government teacher, the girl who had cried the warning, returning home to Calgary from the school at Arctic Aklavik. And half a dozen free-traders, lone wolves of the Northern bush, accompanying their baled peltry to Edmonton and a better market.

Fearful of bloodshed, Father Claverly glanced around at the crowd. Realizing that a fight would turn this deck into a shambles, he prayed that somehow, by quick thinking, he could avert a battle.

Though none of the passengers or crew had rifles handy, a good number of them wore belt-guns. There were courageous men among those fifty on deck; but only one man had the quiet deadly courage to draw a lone belt-gun against six rifles.

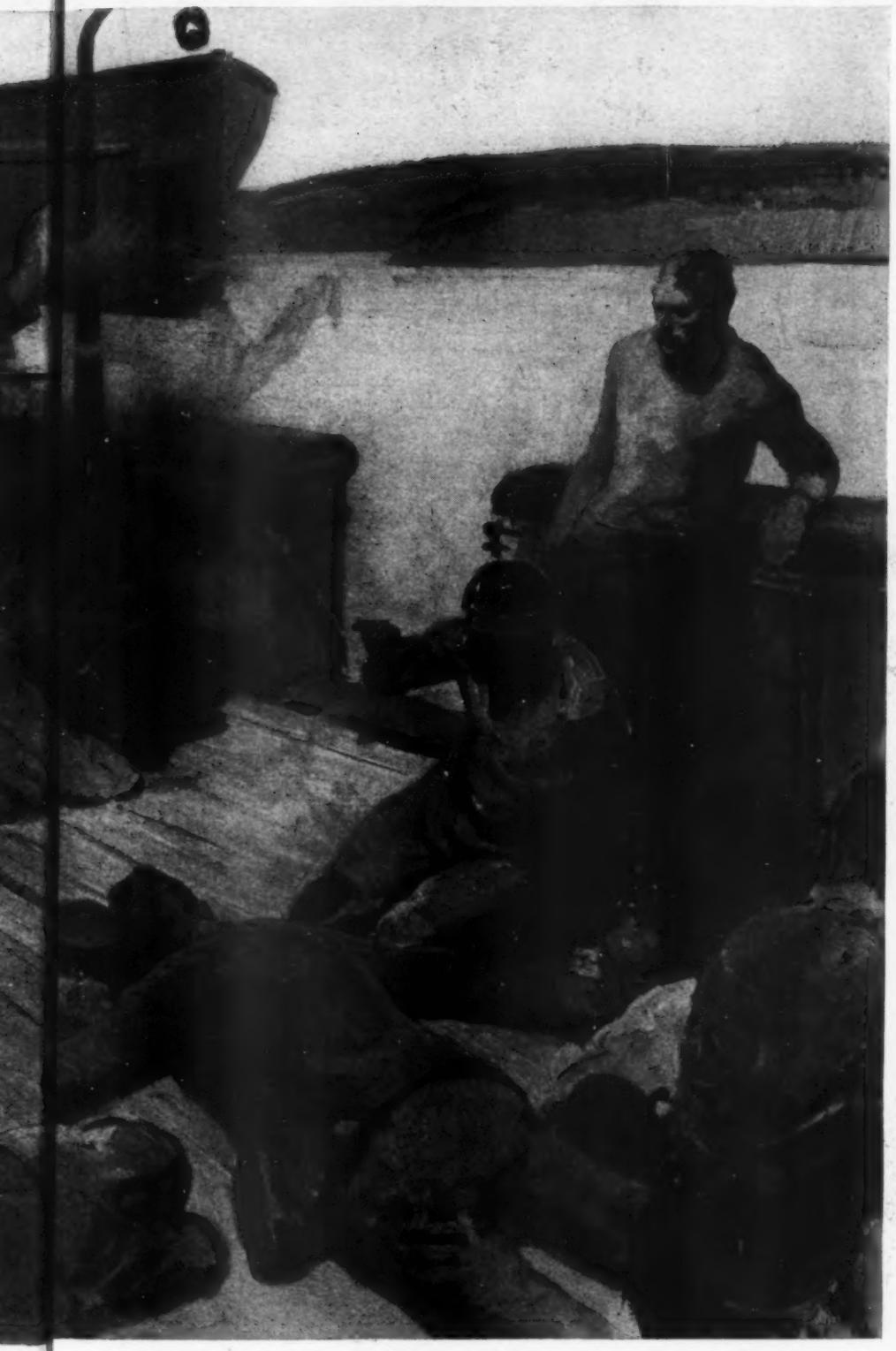
He was Jimmy Montgomery, mate of the steamer.

Crouched beside a bale of wolf-skins, Jimmy had been pointing out things ashore to his four-year-old daughter, a little motherless sprite with pansy-blue eyes and golden hair. At the cry he glanced up, saw the bandits, understood instantly; and his face hardened. He was Mounted-trained, Jimmy was. Shoving his little girl behind the wolf peltry, he whispered, "Lie down, sweet; keep down, *down!*" and rose to his feet.

His first bullet, fired from the hip, sang between two bandits and thudded into the pines beyond. His second knocked the floppy felt hat from a bandit's head. His third was never fired. A rifle spoke out sharply. Jimmy grabbed at his breast; his revolver dropped to the boards; he swayed a moment, then sank down, shot cleanly through the heart.

The echo of the shot flounced back from the wall of trees and wound up the Big Alooska till its last faint whisper hushed. In the stricken silence no one stirred. As the bandit, the dark-faced 'breed, pumped a fresh cartridge into the chamber of his gun, the empty shell rattled loudly on the deck.

Father Claverly heard a mutter arising among the crowd, heard the shuffling of feet, the half-hysterical sobbing of women, the snarling oaths of men. Out of the corner of his eye he saw men glancing at one another, waiting for one of their number to raise the long yell; and he realized that this ominous and swelling mutter was the prelude of a concerted rush.



Turning from the bandits, he faced the crowd. "Men! Don't make a shambles of this deck! Let them take what they want."

The bandits realized it too. Fear sprang into their faces; two of them made half a motion to leap down between the piles of cargo which they stood upon. The priest's lips tightened a little in scorn. The six were cowards at heart—like most criminals he had known. All their bravery amounted to nothing more than a vicious inhuman brutality; for now when a fight loomed, they were cringing in fear.

It was plain to Father Claverly that they had not bargained on a battle, and were cowering at the prospect of rifle talk. But there was no retreating now; they would be forced to fight. In a flashing thought he visioned this deck as it would be a few moments hence: the criminals, rifle-armed, s h o o t i n g from cover of the cargo piles; the blood-splattered d e c k, with women and children caught in that s w a t h of death; these brave friends of his, too good to be cut down by those ruffians, recklessly lunging into the muzzles of those rifles, blotting out the six bandits—but at a terrible cost.

And in the next i n s t a n t Father Claverly saw he might stop the slaughter.

Stepping forward from the rail, he u p l i f t e d his arm to draw the eyes and attention of the bandits. Two of them with a growl of warning swung their rifles upon him, as though they believed he was raising his arm and v o i c e to lead the rush. Oblivious to personal danger, thinking only of the innocent lives he might save, Father Claverly walked up c l o s e r, closer, till the criminals could have touched him with their guns. Either his calm mien or his clerical garb had power over those rifles, for the muzzles swerved aside from him.

"Don't shoot again," he bade quietly, as one with authority. "You have killed a man. You have murdered—"

The dark-faced bandit who had fired the shot flinched before that steady accusing gaze, and turned his eyes away from Father Claverly's. He whined, pointing at Jimmy Montgomery's body:

"I was compel' to keel heem. He should not tried to interfere wit' us."

Father Claverly scorned this flimsy justification of a murder. Turning away from the bandits, he faced the crowd. Steady, clear, his voice rose:

"Men! Don't stir! Don't make a shambles of this deck. There's nothing a b o a r d this boat as precious as the lives that would be lost. Let them take what they want and go peacefully."

His appeal fell on deaf ears. A slow vengeful wrath was gathering. Jimmy Montgomery, known and loved all along the Mackenzie, lay murdered there on the deck. Those killers were not going to escape scot-free. They were going to pay for that brutal crime. . . . .

The snarling oaths rose again; the muttering swelled audibly; hands crept down and closed upon belt-gun butts. . . . .

It was the bandit leader who stopped the rush, who stopped it dead-short at one stroke. Swinging his gun at the young schoolmistress, Margaret Fournier, he ordered her: "Step up here, sister;

step up close!" And when she obeyed him, wild-eyed with terror, he cocked his weapon with an audible *snick* and pointed it at her breast.

His voice rose so that the whole deck heard.

"*Now shoot!* You can't git me before I c'n git *her!* First move I see made with a gun, I'll give her what that gent there on the boards just got!"

A silence, a frozen silence, followed his threat. His confidence flowed back visibly as he leered at the thunderstruck faces in front of him. Those men who in another instant would have been lunging upon him now stood mute. With Margaret Fournier's life in the balance, not a hand stirred. Not a hand would stir—and he knew it.

After a little time he spoke to Father Claverly:

"You got the right idee: just let 'em be quiet like that. We aint aiming to kill *nobody*, see? We're peaceful and quiet, and we wont shoot 'less they absolutely drive us to't. That gent had no damn' business trying to queer our trick and pick a fight with us. His fault he got plunked. Let 'em stay back and keep their guns in leather, and nobody'll git hurt, see?"

Without turning or swerving his rifle, he bade two of his men:

"André, you and John go below. Git the dust. Sort out some furs too, good furs, five or six hundred pounds—marten, mink, dark fox. You know what's light and valyble."

The two bandits stepped down and seized one of the crew and made him take them below. Coming up presently, they lowered their booty into the two birch-bark canoes that bobbed against the side of the steamer. They went back a second time, a third.

As though every man aboard realized that the bandits held the whip hand, that no one dared stir, that retribution must come from elsewhere, a whisper started, spontaneously, from a dozen points at once:

"Baker! Alan Baker! Sergeant Alan Baker!"

THE whisper went from neighbor to neighbor, from group to group; and men smiled grimly as they heard this mere mention of a man's name:

"Baker! Sergeant Alan Baker—at Fort Endurance."

A man beside Father Claverly heard it, and commented:

"If Alan goes after them, or whoever goes, he'd *better take his luck along!*"

Another of the bandits, protected by that rifle pointing at Margaret Fournier's breast, walked boldly out among the passengers; and securing a fire-ax, he went from boat to boat on deck, smashing their frail sides so that there could be no pursuit, no retribution—if the two canoes could only get out of rifle-range.

Seeing now that the threat to Margaret Fournier's life had checked all thought of a rush, Father Claverly walked toward the stack of wolf-skins, crossing himself as he stepped over the darkening stream of blood that trickled slowly toward a scupper. Bending, he picked up the little Montgomery girl, who was looking with wide, uncomprehending eyes at the body of her father. Mercifully taking her away from there, he walked over to the rail, holding the child so that she would not look back.

The man beside him said in a low voice: "Look at that devil smashing the boats! They must have planned that 'caution aforehand—so we couldn't chase 'em. But don't that big red-haired devil know we'll be splattering their canoes afore they get ten rods gone? Just wait—wait'll they start away—wait'll we can duck below and get rifles. God! What we'll do to them six!"

Father Claverly seemed to feel that others of the quicker-witted passengers were thinking that same thought, cherishing that same deadly avenging prospect. It would be several long minutes before those canoes could get out of rifle-range. From portholes and deck rails a score of guns would be shooting at them. They stood not a chance under heaven of escaping alive.

The whisper spread: "Wait! Wait'll they start away!" Men folded their arms, and watched quietly, biding their time, their moment of vengeance. . . . .

And then, when the canoes were loaded with their booty, when the two bandits had rejoined their confederates, the red-bearded leader played his last and best card. Flipping his gun at Margaret Fournier, he ordered her:

"Git down into one of them canoes, sister. We're going to carry you a couple miles up this Big Alooska here and set you off on a bar, see? Sorry we got a heavy load and got to travel fast, or we'd sure take you on along with us—sweet young thing like you. But we aint meaning to do that or to harm you at all. Just start ankling over and climbing down into the boat. . . . . That's a sensible girl!"

He raised his voice so that everyone could hear; he spoke to Margaret Fournier, but his words were intended for the men aboard:

"Some of these fellows is figuring to shoot hell out of us before we c'n git clean gone, see? But they'd better think twicet about that. First hunk of lead comes whistling in our direction, you'll git a bullet squar' atween them pretty eyes, sister!"

Chapter Two

AT Fort Endurance, in his big three-room cabin overlooking the rest of the post, Alan Baker was changing uniform and making himself regimental again, after a four-day patrol to a camp of drunken Hares.

Through the curtained window he could look down the gentle sunlit slope and see the Mounted barracks, the trading store and Factor Drummond's house, Inspector Haskell's cabin, the six other dwellings, and the Catholic mission with its school and hospital annex.

On down at the steamer wharf several Loucheux Indians were basking on the cordwood, motionless as gingerbread statues. Awaiting the arrival of the *Midnight Sun* and the chance to earn a twist of tobacco by tossing fuel on deck, they were gazing idly out across *La Gran' Rivière en Bas*, the great slow-flowing Mackenzie. Up and down the mighty stream flackered ducks and geese and wavies; and out over the water, gulls flew on wheeling tireless wing, feeding on the dead fish of the break-up.

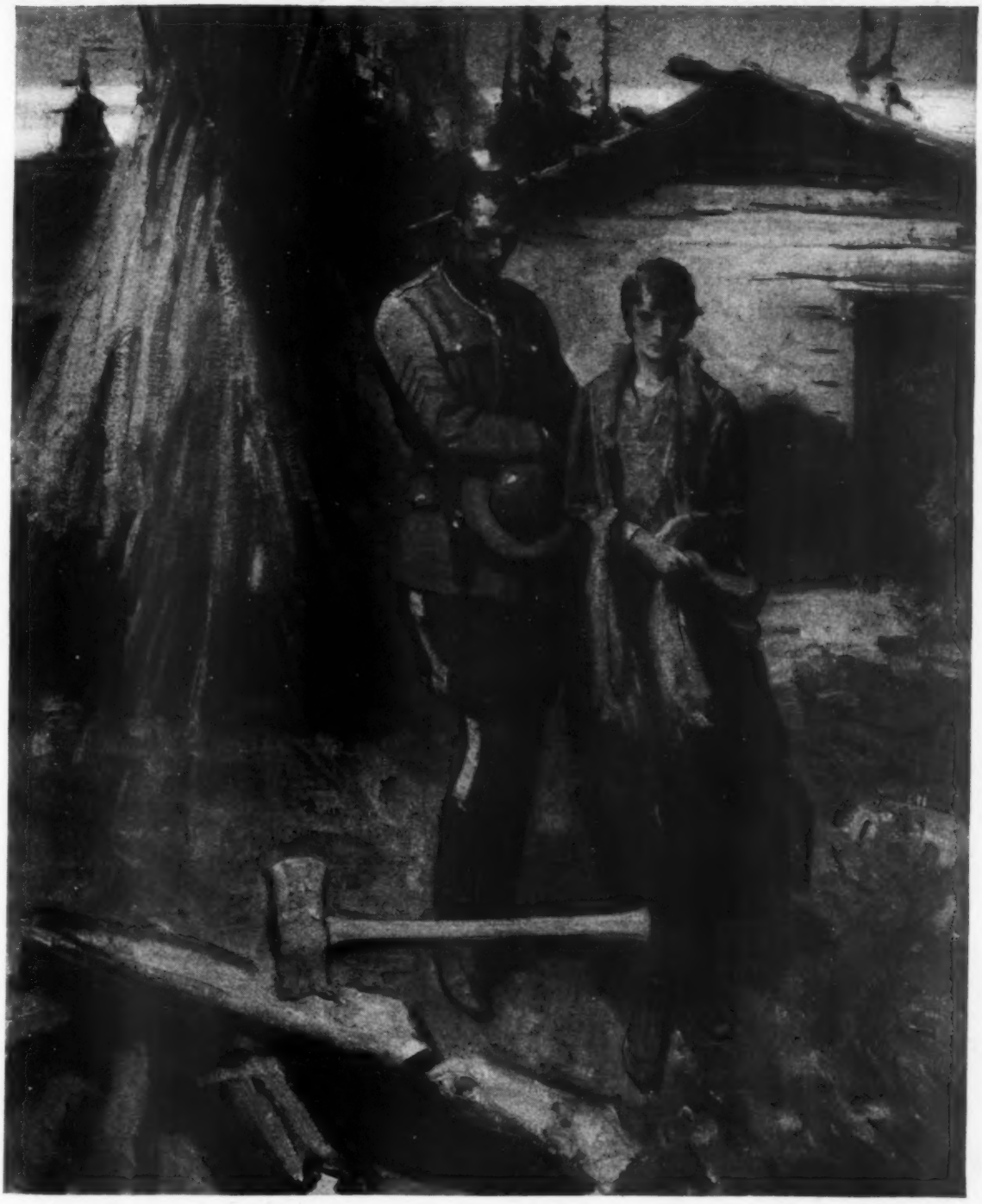
Far away across the river loomed range upon range of dark-green pine hills that stretched illimitably eastward. A tangled wilderness where even the Indians seldom penetrated because its tumultuous creeks were not canoe highways, it was Alan's particular "retreat," his own beloved domain. Bears were plentiful in its mossy hollows; wolves infested it, and eagles made their homes among its granite bluffs. Alan could never look at it without a rush of memories—memories of the times he had gone trout-fishing there on off-duty days or hunting along those dim game trails. To him it represented all the unspoiled wildness of this Mackenzie country, all the freedom and exaltation which he had found here in this far North Country where waters flow toward the Pole, and the nearest city was a thousand miles away. Unspoiled and beautiful, savage and elemental, it held for him the heart of the North. Always visible through his window, it was a magnificent escape; in half an hour he could step away from duty and fellowmen and be swallowed in the oblivion of that healing solitude.

Often when he gazed at it, Alan remembered that day, years and years ago in distant Toronto, when he looked out the window of an iron foundry and saw a young rabbit playing through the rain-wet bushes; and his work dropped from his hands, and he suddenly realized that the foundry and the city and his old life were a stifling prison, from which he must escape.

Just turned thirty now, tall and lanky and powerful of body, Baker had shaken off the last vestige of an unhappy boyhood and his three harrowing years across. He was in the prime of a virile and hardened manhood. After a glance at his big raw-boned frame, at the aggressive slant of his lean jaw, one could readily understand him walking lone-handed into a Yellowknife or Hare encampment and setting it to rights with fist or club or effective language. Exposure to summer sun and winter woolly-whippers at fifty below had weathered his features to a smoky bronze, but without the Indian's undertone of copper. A long jagged scar across his left temple was souvenir of a shrapnel bursting over his "pill-box" north of Amiens. But more than his towering six feet two or the boyish cowlick of his thick sandy hair, one noticed and could never forget Baker's warm friendly eyes, and the driving power of his rugged face.

COMING here to Endurance as a corporal seven years ago, with Jimmy Montgomery and Curt Spaulding as his constables, Baker had showed his worth as a "Northern man" and detachment leader. To him it was like coming into his own. In his boyhood he had day-dreamed of hunting big game; and here at this post just beneath the Arctic Circle, those day-dreams had been realized, though in a strange way. For here he had hunted the biggest of big game—human game that had intelligence to match against his; that carried a rifle in its hands, and wore a belt-gun, and must be captured alive, at risk of his own life.

During the years he had been officer commanding here, he had built up an enviable reputation. With his gradually increasing pack of "Northern men" he had successfully brought his big territory through Indian troubles and epidemics, and had smashed those lawless elements which came in with the oil-prospecting



He pleaded: "Joyce, we can't afford personal feelings now. We've got to work together. That's why I wanted to talk with you."

rushes farther south. To the plenty of bad-man 'breeds and Takudas and Hares of his region he had become the worst of bad medicine, with a bloodhound's nose for criminal doings and an arm two hundred miles long to reach out into the bush and collar a culprit who fancied himself secure. Those *métis* and Indians who inclined toward trap-line thievery and whisky smuggling always mentioned the name of Sergeant Baker with a low venomous *"S'pristi!"*

With a record like that, and with Superintendent Williamson as his friend, Alan had expected to get his commission last fall when the post was raised to an inspectorate. No one in all the Three Rivers country doubted that Sergeant Baker would be the chosen man.

To them, to Alan, the blow came unexpectedly. A political appointee named Haskell, a newcomer to the Force, a worse than raw newcomer to the North, got the inspectorship and command of this coveted detachment.

In these last months, Alan had been very thoughtful about his future. His golden chance, a chance which he knew would never come again, had been spiked. Here, at thirty, he found himself in a blind alley, a non-com on meager pay, with no hope of promotion. Worst of all, most stinging of all, he had to manage this territory still, straightening out the mistakes and enduring the arrogance of the man who had got the place he himself had earned.

Thoroughly disillusioned about the importance of record and reputation, he was face to face with the blunt fact that if he remained in the Mounted he would be a sergeant all the rest of his life. . . . .

As he brushed his sandy hair and dressed quickly, in a spare uniform which he kept pressed under the mattress of his bunk,

Alan's glance strayed down the slope to Mrs. Drummond's flower garden, where bees were thrumming among the blossoms, and ruby-throated hummingbirds hovered on invisible wings, and brilliant butterflies were dancing in the pathways. Elizabeth Spaulding, his fiancée, the sister of his dead partner, was there; deep in the middle of the garden he glimpsed the white of her dress, and over a bed of phlox he could see the shimmer of her hair, a lovely auburn in the mellow sunshine.

And Inspector Haskell was there with her—that blue and gold of his uniform, through the shrubbery. . . . . Alan wondered how many hours Haskell had spent with Elizabeth in these last four days.

He forced himself to stop glancing at them, and went on getting himself regimental again after the mud and sweat of the patrol.

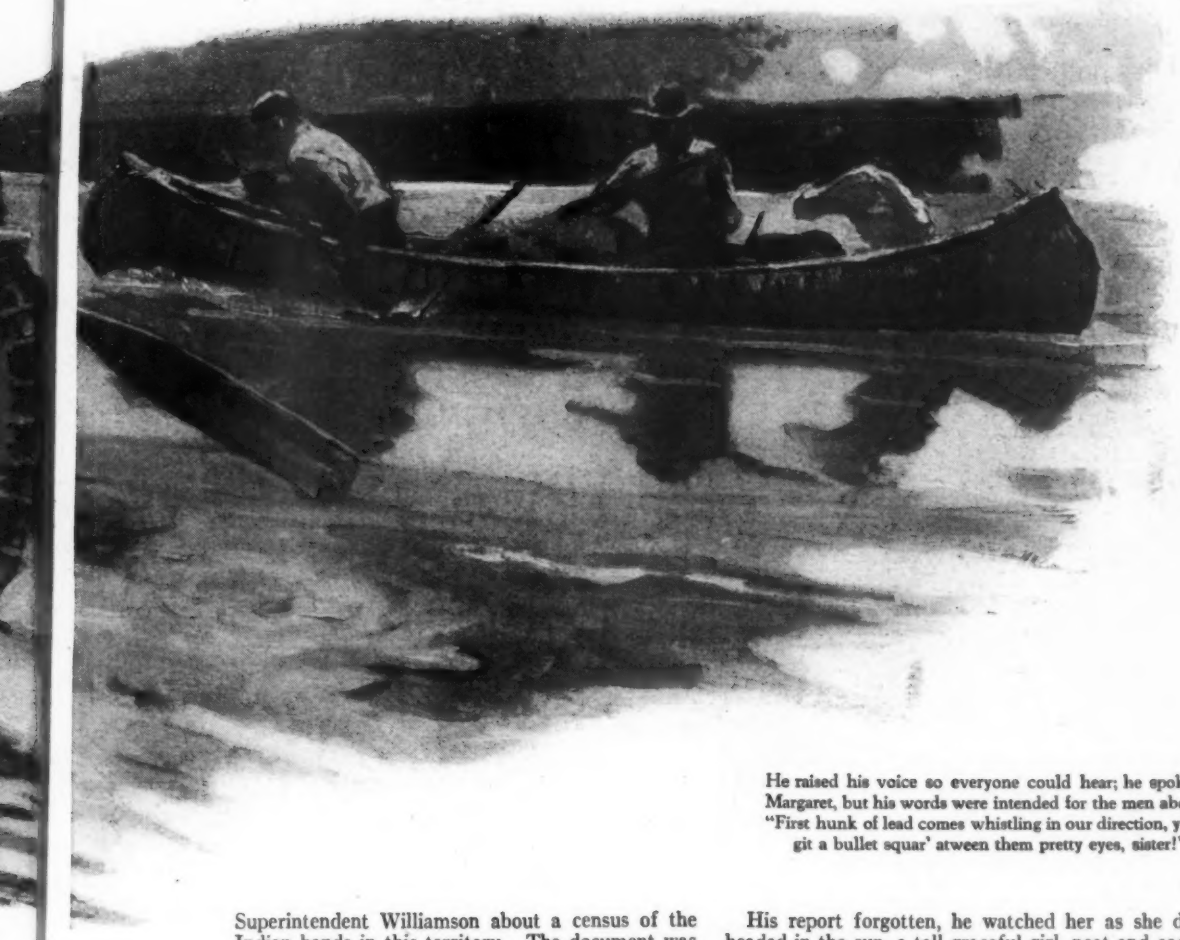
Commanding all the other buildings here at Fort Endurance, his cabin was light and airy from generously big windows; home-like with fireplace, book-shelves, flower-pots on the ledges; and comfortable with good furniture which Jimmy Montgomery had turned over to him when Jimmy's young wife had died. The floor was luxuriously carpeted with golden-white rugs of polar bears and silver-flecked pelts of grizzlies he had shot on patrols west-ward to the sub-Arctic Rockies. But in spite of its comforts after barrack life, the cabin was lonely to Alan. The seasons rolling by had not made him forget a dead partner. Together he and Curt Spaulding had built this cabin for themselves one summer, and had lived in it for three years. Every log and every nail in it seemed to hold some memory of Curt; and Curt's picture, his chevrons, his empty gun, were poignant reminders of that fatal patrol a year ago last January. . . . .

When he finished dressing, Alan stepped over to a deep alcove, a sort of library and study—a tiny niche for a man so tall and lanky. Above the work-table hung a shelf of dog-eared books, and three pictures framed in carved walrus ivory. One was of Elizabeth Spaulding, Curt's sister, taken eighteen months ago when she came down North to this waterways country to live near her brother. Another was of Jimmy Montgomery, laughing, in jaunty "walking-out" uniform, taken before Jimmy got his raw deal from Headquarters and bought out of the Mounted.

The third was of Curt Spaulding. And that picture, flanked with the chevrons and the belt-gun, hung more prominently than even the other two.

Those eyes looking eternally down at him made Alan think back across all the wilderness trips, the Indian troubles, the defeats and triumphs which he and Curt had gone through to-gether since "Awkward Squad" days at Regina; and the haunting memory would come jigging into his brain of that patrol which he had been forced to send Curt on—a dangerous patrol to a camp of Yellowknives ravaged by malignant influenza. Of the anxious days of waiting, and that week of terrific storms howling down across the Circle, and the growing certainty that something had happened to Curt. Of his rescue trip, and the trapper's deserted, snow-drifted shack where he found Curt, stricken with the disease, deserted by his Indian helper, with both lungs frozen in his valiant attempt to get back home. Of those last hours in the trapper's bleak shack, and the promise made to a partner who was going down into the Dark, leaving a sister alone, penniless, here in the savage North; and of that lone funereal sled-trip back to Fort Endurance.

The Northern mail had come down from Chippewyan during Alan's absence these last four days. A couple of letters from relatives in Toronto lay on his desk, along with a request from



He raised his voice so everyone could hear; he spoke to Margaret, but his words were intended for the men aboard: "First hunk of lead comes whistling in our direction, you'll git a bullet squar' atween them pretty eyes, sister!"

Superintendent Williamson about a census of the Indian bands in this territory. The document was directed to Haskell; but the Inspector, after penciling on it some bungling orders to show his authority, had turned the matter over to experienced hands.

From a little pigeonhole between two logs—a secret mail-box for himself and his hard-working men—Alan pulled out a scrawled note from Corporal Bill Hardsock. He had to smile as he read:

"Somebody found an awfully dead Smoky on a mud bar downriver this side the Big Alooska, Alan. He probably got drownded in the break-up but I'm going down to see who he is so's he wont be drawing treaty money by proxy for the next twenty years. Will be back when I get back, and take my time, too; when you're gone that Springheel Johnny rides *me,* and I'll play Sammyhell policing up his cabin."

Tearing the note carefully to bits, Alan sat down to write out the report of his last patrol. But his pen would not move. His thoughts strayed to Elizabeth in the garden; to Haskell, there with her. He knew that these trips on which he constantly was sent, these trivial assignments that took him away for days at a time, were deliberate on Haskell's part—to get him out of the road.

Alan's glance went to the garden. Haskell had just left it, and was walking out along the terrace. Swishing angrily at dandelions with his cane, he seemed to be in a temper at something that had happened between Elizabeth and him.

Elizabeth had risen and was coming up the slope, toward the cabin. Alan knew that she had seen him return, and he knew the tremendous question she was going to ask. On those lone patrols he had debated that question, for many weeks. But he had no answer for it.

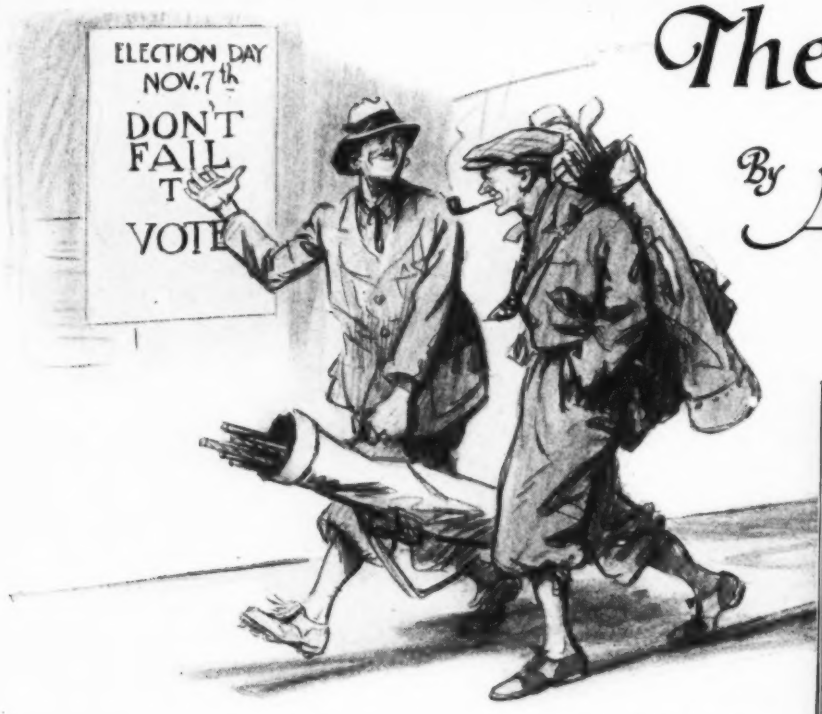
His report forgotten, he watched her as she drew near, bareheaded in the sun, a tall graceful girl, neat and cool in white dress with a nosegay of primulas at her breast. How strikingly she resembled Curt, he thought—the same hazel eyes, the same tint of auburn hair, the same sharp-chiseled features, though hers were feminine and of finer cast.

Though there was little passion in Alan's emotions toward Elizabeth, there was a sturdy loyalty and a certain blind idealization of her. During the eighteen months since that fatal patrol, Alan had been her only friend here at Endurance, for even Mrs. Drummond, with whom she was living, was not friendly to her. To have a girl so dependent upon him not only for friendship but for maintenance itself aroused a very tender and protective attitude in Alan.

But deep in his heart rose the fear that their marriage was going to be a terrible mistake. Something lacked in their betrothal; it seemed to Alan that he could never penetrate to Elizabeth's thoughts and feelings. A cool reserve always shut him out; and he felt confused, uncertain, like one wandering in a fog.

In brooding hours, when he thought of another girl in his life, of Joyce MacMillan and his comradely intimacy with her, the old longing for her surged through him, and he grew bitter at the circumstances which had separated him and Joyce. . . . .

There were other opinions of Elizabeth Spaulding at Fort Endurance, opinions not blinded by idealization and not trammeled by any stubborn loyalty such as Alan gave her. Mrs. Drummond did not understand why she had to be so helpless and dependent upon a man when she was twenty-some years old and had had a good schooling, and the agencies up and down the waterways were begging for teachers. And what *(Please turn to page 90)*



The Rank

By Alfred E. Smith

Four Times Governor of New York

Not realizing for a single moment the weight of responsibility that is upon themselves.

Photo by International Newsreel

Ex-governor Smith in his office on Madison Avenue, New York City, where he wrote this article.

IN government, the overpowering majority of the rank and file look to the head of the government. The people of a State know the governor's name, and they know where the capital city is. They see his name mentioned frequently in newspapers; they see moving-pictures of him, either laying the cornerstone of some institutional building or reviewing the troops at camp, opening up a bridge, or attending with his military staff some public function of sufficient importance to be carried in weekly motion-picture news-reels and the colored supplements of the Sunday papers.

The governor, surrounded by soldiers, suggests great power to many of the rank and file. They believe the governor can cure all the evils that the body politic is heir to. He is the court of first as well as last resort. Write to him, and it will be all right. This is not confined to the ordinary day laborer who may be deprived of an opportunity to study the structure of government under which he lives. It can be found in the higher strata, even among business men. A business man in Albany wrote to me one time and asked me why I did not stop airplanes from landing on a private landing-field inside of the city of Albany. He evidently did not stop to find out whether the landing of that airplane was legal or illegal. If it was illegal, he should have gone to the head of the police department of that city.

One Sunday morning at breakfast I was called on the telephone by a man in the borough of the Bronx in New York City. It was at the height of the housing shortage. He desired to register a complaint. In a most excited manner he said: "I knew it would happen, and now it has happened. I telephoned the mayor. I telephoned the police." I asked anxiously: "What happened?" He answered: "The ceiling in the house fell on the baby."

"What do you want me to do about it? What do you think I can do?" I asked. And the voice at the other end of the wire said: "I thought you could make the landlord fix it." He had probably never heard of the Tenement House Department.

Innumerable letters came to me about that same time from all sorts of people, many who either knew me or thought I ought to know them, complaining about rent difficulties. The landlord had raised the rent. They had a vague idea that it was somehow contrary to law, so they wrote to the governor.

When people complained about such local difficulties, and I got a letter from some one I knew, telling me that he and his family were about to be evicted and couldn't find another place to live, of course I should have liked to help them out of their fix, but I could not. They probably had never heard of the Municipal Court right in the district where they lived, fully empowered to aid them in their difficulties.

There has never been any problem for me in maintaining contact with the rank and file. They have always written to me on every subject that in any way affects their lives, from helping them to lift a mortgage on a piece of property, to righting any and every conceivable grievance, real or fancied, that they have against the government. And I have answered thousands of their letters.

I remember many letters from people in other States whose boys had gotten into trouble in New York State and landed in jail. The mere fact that they were in jail somewhere in the State was enough to cause the parents to write to the governor and ask him to get them out. Frequently these were just cases of violations of local ordinances, and the boys would be found in some city or county jail over which the governor exercises no control.

In one instance, by making inquiry I found that an injustice had been done and that it was a real case of mistaken identity, and I gave what assistance I could in having the young man join his family in time for the Christmas holidays.

There are innumerable letters which are sent to the governor which have to do with a desire to receive a letter in return. Any public event which causes the governor's name to appear in the paper brings a flood of such communications.

When the repeal of the Mullan-Gage Law was under consideration, that brought thousands of letters. When I was debating the bond issues with former Governor Miller, and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Ogden L. Mills, I received any number of letters containing information about State institutions, some of which proved helpful and most of which were written to indulge the writer's fancy for being in communication with some one he had read or heard about.

When they deal with a business corporation, people usually take the trouble to find the individual at the head of the department of that business in charge of the particular matter that affects them. When they think they have business with the government, they begin at the wrong end. They start to ask for what they want from the head of the government and entirely overlook the responsibilities they themselves carry and the work which they have entrusted to the various branches of the government.

Throughout the commonwealths of this country a local State government is set up to give voice and action to the will of the

and File

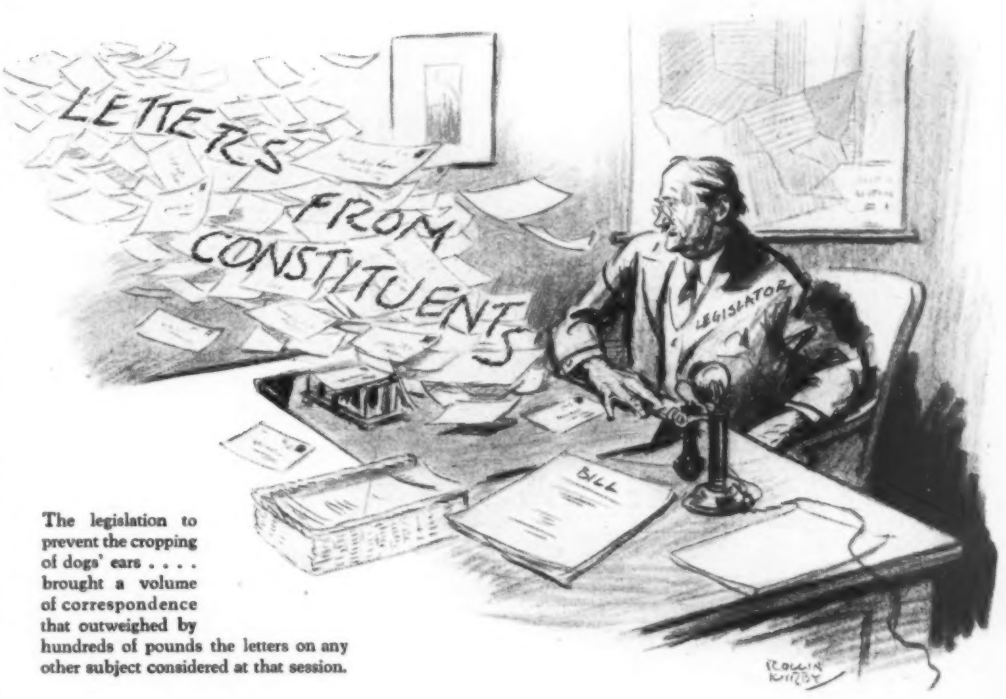
Everyone knows the story of the boy of the city streets who became governor of the greatest State in the union, was three times re-elected, and chosen as candidate of his party for the Presidency. Here he tells you of the thing in which he is most expert—government. He tells you how you—the American people—think and act in regard to that matter of most overwhelming importance—your government. Here is a governor looking at you.

Cartoons by Rollin Kirby

sovereign people of the various States. Without the aid and coöperation of the people themselves, the government could function, but certainly not in a way to meet the popular will or concur with the wishes of a majority of the people.

Interest in what is going on in the affairs of a State is absolutely essential if progress is to be made in government commensurate with the material progress of the last quarter of a century in practically every other line of human endeavor.

The government is itself interested in many things with which it was not concerned twenty years ago. It was during my years of activity in the legislature that the government came into close contact with the daily conditions under which working people earn a livelihood. It was in those years that the State Labor Code, based on the work of the State Factory Investigating Commission, was passed. In this code the government for the first time took an interest in the hours of labor of women and children. For the first time the government limited the hours and times of day during which women could work and indicated a direct concern in preserving the health and well-being of working people. The Workmen's Compensation Law was enacted within the last fifteen years.



The legislation to prevent the cropping of dogs' ears . . . . brought a volume of correspondence that outweighed by hundreds of pounds the letters on any other subject considered at that session.

Certainly the establishment of widows' pensions was a new activity for the government, and the change in attitude toward the children which is evidenced by these laws has spread throughout the country. Instead of considering dependent children objects of charity, we learned to consider them assets of the State.

Government control and regulation of public utilities through a commission has come about during this period too. All of these new activities are an adaptation of the government to the daily lives and daily needs of the people who make up the State. It therefore becomes important that the people who themselves control the government should know how they do it and participate in its affairs.

First of all, people have the right to express their choice of a candidate for the various offices to be filled on every election day. No office is too small or too unimportant to warrant a faithful citizen in remaining away from the polls. In the State of New York hundreds of thousands of people only vote at Presidential elections. How can they claim to have any interest in the government of the State or its civil divisions when for three out of four years they refuse to participate in the elections?

Casting a ballot is only the beginning of what people ought to know about their government. Democratic representative government is based on the theory that those elected to the law-making bodies of the State are the direct representatives of the people residing in the districts in which they are elected. A pure democracy in the State of New York would require ten and one-half million people to gather at some place in the State for the purpose of making laws. Obviously that is impossible. We therefore rest the future success of the State upon representative democracy. There should be as much interest in election of the representatives who make our laws as we would take in our own actions upon proposed statutes were it possible for us all to be present and vote.

Irrespective of which political ticket a man may be elected on to represent a constituency, after he takes the oath of office he represents all the people of his district, no matter what their political affiliations. He was selected by the majority, but he is in duty bound to listen to the minority.

The average legislator, I have no doubt, votes on laws in accordance with his own conscience. The trouble lies in the fact that the great mass of people whom he represents evince no interest in government, and the solution of a given question is usually made for a legislator by the party managers. I know a great many members of the legislature who were not only willing but anxious to vote for some of the constructive reforms I recommended, but who told me frankly that they were held in line by their party leaders. For the very simple reason that the people paid no attention to them, they did not seem to pay much attention to the people who selected them to represent them.

Lack of interest in public questions on the part of his constituency is a strong incentive to the average legislator to follow the wishes of his party leaders, because the silence of the represented group is a clear indication to the legislator that they are not interested, and that either way he votes is satisfactory to them.

It is very strange to find, after long experience with the government of a State, that countless thousands of people believe that there is nothing more to the government than the governor himself. Ours is a government of laws and not of men. The governor can do only what he is empowered to do by law. The same applies to all of the State officers. People interested in a governmental reform write to the governor about it, although he may have pre-

viously expressed himself in favor of it, in fact recommended it in his message to the legislature, but they do not seem to think of writing to the senator or the assemblyman who has the first say as to whether or not the law is to be enacted.

A very considerable number of people never think of communicating with their representatives while legislation is pending. They begin to write to the governor as soon as a bill is introduced. When the bill reaches the governor, the flood of correspondence pro and con pours heavily into the executive department.

Speaking of legislation which calls forth letters: when the legislation to prevent the cropping of dogs' ears was first proposed, it brought thousands of letters and telegrams, pro and con, and personal visits from everybody in the State who owned a pet, whether or not the provision of the law would have anything to do with that particular kind of dog. In fact, the volume of correspondence on that subject outweighed by hundreds of pounds—to take it merely by weight—the letters on any other subject considered at that session. I could have made a comprehensive collection of canine photographs out of those sent to me at that time.

Another form of legislation which interests the letter-writer is anything that has to do with the price of foodstuffs. If the price of milk goes up, the governor is held responsible, and it is very difficult to prove to the rank and file that this is a subject over which he has no control. When a new bridge is to be built in a given locality, an organized onslaught is made on the governor to get him to favor the legislation even before it is introduced. Sometimes when serious and important pieces of legislation such as the Lusk bills, which would have controlled freedom of speech and required the licensing of teachers and private schools, are pending, the correspondence comes from people who have given the subject a great deal of thought and whose analysis proves very useful. Such correspondence played a large part in the passage of constitutional amendments reorganizing the State government.

All these letters help the governor to form his estimate of public opinion upon pending legislation. Intelligent discussion of the problem from the viewpoint of the average citizen often accompanies the expression of public opinion, and this is exceedingly helpful to the governor.

Thousands of people write to the governor making various suggestions to remedy defects in government or to bring about progress in State departments. I am certain that it never occurs to the writers of these letters even to send to their legislators a copy of the letter they sent to the governor with a request that they coöperate with the governor or initiate some such movement on their own behalf in the body of which they are a member.

Take, for instance, the governor's annual message: Aside from reporting the financial condition of the State, practically the entire message contains suggestions that can only be carried out by law. How many people after they read the governor's message and approve of it, either in whole or in part, take the trouble to write to their direct representative with a suggestion that he coöperate with the governor in enacting the suggestions into laws? Times out of number I sent messages to the legislature about the condition of our prisons and our hospitals and other of our public institutions. I received thousands of letters commending my stand and wishing me success in my endeavors for betterment. How many would write to the assemblyman or the senator who must, before the governor can do a single thing to bring about the reform, pass upon it in the form of a bill that has to become law?

Who would employ an agent to represent him without knowing his name and address? Strange to say, hundreds of thousands of people in this State today not only do not know the address of their representative, but they do not even know his name. Very often when I have in public speech or over the radio suggested that the people write to their senators and assemblymen, my secretary would receive bundles of letters from people asking to be informed who their senator was and where he could be found!

HERE we have hundreds of thousands of people employing a man to represent them. They make the selection themselves, pay him a salary—and do not know who he is and do not even know where he lives. I anticipate that this will be answered by the cynic, who will say that we have a system of party government, and the Republican has confidence in choosing a Republican to follow the policies of his party just as the Democrat expects his representative to receive party guidance. That may be quite right as to strictly political questions, but how many questions arising in the government of a State have any political significance?

Playing politics with an issue means setting aside the intrinsic merit of legislation in order to serve party ends. This becomes apparent in any of several ways. Often it just means one party decides to permit no legislation of the opposite party to become law, so that no credit may be claimed by the opposition. This is short-sighted, and in the end does not help a party. The history of politics in the last ten years in the State of New York has certainly demonstrated one thing if nothing else—that is, that the public wants legislation which they believe to be right, irrespective of which party is responsible for it. This was true of every important reform proposed during my eight years in office.

What is the politics, for instance, in setting up a system of State parks? Is there anybody opposed to parks and parkways? I never heard of them. When the bond issue for public parks was submitted to the people, it was carried by an overpowering plurality of a million two hundred thousand votes. Nobody is opposed to parks. Still, parks and parkways became a question of political division in the legislature. That answers the belief that the political organization will take care of the matter to the satisfaction of the constituency.

Certainly there is no politics in the question of adequate support for the public-school system of the State. No candidate for public office would dare make the statement before election that

So many people wait until campaign time to find out what is going on . . . . and then . . . . rely upon political documents put out in the heat of the campaign . . . . usually so filled with ridiculous statements that no individual of ordinary intelligence is willing to take responsibility for them. They have to be presented under the name of some sort of committee.

Ours is a government of laws and not of men. . . . . One of the fundamental weaknesses of our whole government structure is that we do too much by law.

he did not favor adequate support for public education. Still, during my term of office, the Republican legislative leaders withheld that adequate support for a whole year. They accepted it later as a matter of good politics and to save themselves from the possible assault that might be made upon them during the election time if they withheld it further.

How many people have ever written either to a senator or to an assemblyman asking him for an analysis of the increase in the budget as against the previous year? Stockholders in a corporation would want to know about that from the Board of Directors of the corporation for the simple purpose of safeguarding their investment. All the people of this State are stockholders in the commonwealth. It is their money that runs it.

SO many people wait until campaign time to find out what is going on in the government, and then become completely befuddled. When they attend a Democratic meeting, they hear one side of the story. When they attend a Republican meeting, they hear the other side. It is impossible for them to make up their minds, because throughout the year they have paid little or no attention to the affairs of the government.

This inertia on the part of the people gives rise to the false issues that enter into every campaign—and for that matter come from both parties. I was often accused of spending too much money. Those making the charge relied on the fact, when they made such a statement, that the vast majority of the people will not consider the fact that the governor could not spend a five-cent piece that had not been appropriated by the legislature. These statements made repeatedly for several weeks before election influence a great number of people who during the rest of the year pay absolutely no attention to the business of their government.

Legislators are sensitive and responsive to public opinion. They must be, because they must frequently present themselves to their constituency if they are to continue in the public service. They read the home-town newspapers as well as the great metropolitan dailies, and they are strongly influenced by the amount of space a given piece of legislation occupies in the news-columns, and by editorial comment on it as well. The modern newspaper with its staff of trained investigators, and keen and intelligent political writers, has if anything strengthened its position as an organ expressive of public opinion. I have seen many proposed pieces of legislation die stillborn after editorial discussion in the news-columns of powerful and important newspapers.

As an evidence of the potency of public opinion upon the individual legislator, expressed within his own district, I have but to refer to what happened in the early part of 1924, when I recommended a reduction of twenty-five per cent in the income tax. This was bitterly opposed by the upstate Republican party leaders. One of them, representing a strictly rural community, frankly said on the floor of the senate that he had no interest in the reduction of the income tax because the great majority of farmers did not pay any income tax. Strong editorial comment in newspapers generally throughout the State in criticism of the action of the leaders brought general attention to the facts, and the leaders were unable to hold the individual legislators in check and were obliged to acquiesce in the proposition to cut the income tax.

In 1925 a far more desperate effort was made to prevent a second reduction of the income tax. The legislative leaders attempted to add entirely unnecessary items to the appropriation bill, in amounts and for purposes not required for the proper management of the business of the State. They

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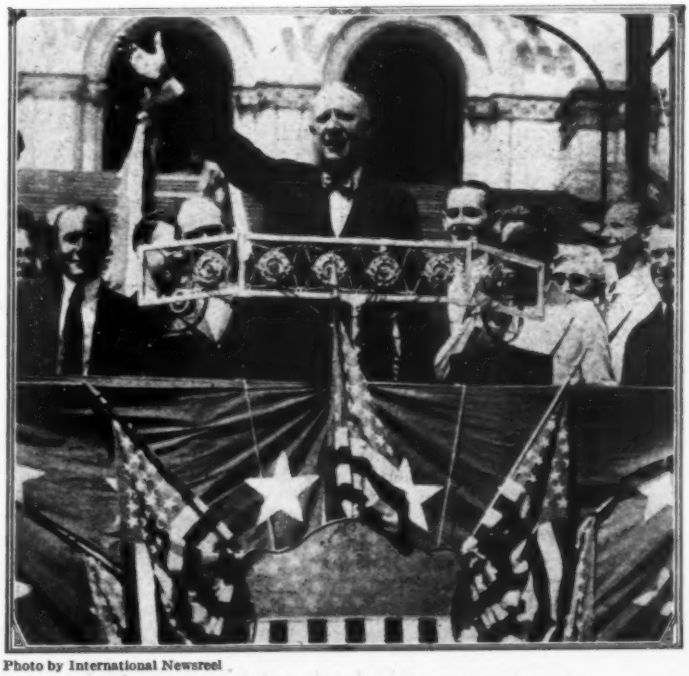


Photo by International Newsreel

Delivering an address that was broadcast throughout the nation.

Her First "His Majesty"

By Genevieve Forbes Herrick

Illustrated by Raymond Sisley

DELIBERATELY she sent two imperfect rings of smoke skating across the crack in the looking-glass before she went on with her autobiography.

"No sir, they don't slip anything over me, no matter how many titles they have. Why, I was the only newspaper woman in town who didn't call the Prince of Wales 'just darling.' I'm no small-town sob sister."

At the other end of the shabby rattan couch the angular young woman fidgeted and flushed, but said nothing.

"Watts—that's my city editor," continued the very blonde girl, "always says I handle my stuff just like a man."

"That's what I think we girls ought to do, Miss Merton." And the angular young woman smiled chummily.

"Prince or prize-fighter or President, it's all the same to me. Of course, I never had a chance at a real king. That's why it burns me up to miss this one, even if Mulgravia is a sort of goofy country."

"But, my dear, it wasn't your fault; it really wasn't."

"Good heavens, I know it wasn't, Miss—er—"

"Lane's my name—Evangeline Lane. I do the woman's page for the Hexton *Review*."

"Naturally, I couldn't flip a train going sixty miles an hour; but the *Star* doesn't hire me to draw 'em diagrams of how I fall down on a story. Watts had a tip the special was going to change engines here at Hexton Junction."

"That's what we all thought," chirped Miss Lane.

"He sends me three hundred miles to pick up an honest-to-goodness king and get an exclusive interview on the way in. But the darned special doesn't stop, and I'm stuck in this God-forsaken dump—oh, excuse me—waiting for a train to get me home. Gosh, what a break!"

"I know just how you feel," confided Miss Lane by way of solace. "I simply couldn't sleep a wink last night, so excited over seeing a king. I got down here to the depot awfully early. I just wanted to look at him, and write a little feature on that. Even if the train had stopped, I don't think they'd have let us talk to him, do you?"

"I'd like to see 'em stop Mellicent Merton."

"Oh." It was all Evangeline Lane could think of to say.

"Why, that's the best way to get your story, alone, and on a train, with no society gals telephoning every three minutes. Ten minutes alone with a celebrity is worth more than two hours in one of these mob scenes, with a secretary in a cutaway telling the crowd just what questions to ask, and giving his boss the right answers."

"My, it must be marvelous to work on a Chicago paper."

Mellicent lighted another cigarette before she admitted casually: "It's all right."

"You must meet—"

"Yes, dearie, such interesting people," Mellicent finished for her; but Miss Lane found no sarcasm in the words. She leaned forward, eager for knowledge.

"Yes, I get all the Page One celebs. There was the Prince of Wales—that boy was a riot. And the Swedish Crown Prince—kind of like a school teacher. And that squirrel from India, with the bare feet."

"Oh." The syllable was filled with awe.

"I've had tea with Pola Negri's prince, and luncheon with Gloria Swanson's count. I've gone shopping with Lady Astor, and"—permitting enthusiasm to carry her voice high—"I had a grand time with Queen Marie; she's a good scout."

"It must be perfectly wonderful to know famous people."

"It's just the way I said; they're just like anybody else. I don't fall for them. What's this king in my life? Not a thing, except a chance to make Page One."

"You'll be home tonight," predicted Miss Lane comfortingly.

"In time to read about it in the other papers. Right now"—consulting the watch at her wrist—"he's at Gary; the gang's in his drawing-room asking him what he thinks of prohibition, and doesn't he like Chicago's sky-line, and should a king marry for love."

Miss Lane giggled, then wished she hadn't.

"We'll have Bessie Blair from our paper. Right now she's probably simpering at him; she's a regular hick sob-sister—falls for anything. Her real name's Esther—same as mine was Agnes when I worked back home in Fair View—oh, just for a short time. Watts made me change it to Mellicent; it sounds better in a by-line."

Genevieve Herrick is called, by those who know, "the best girl reporter in America." For the Chicago Tribune, she has interviewed the greatest and most famous visitors.

She took the aide's arm and accompanied him. (How old lady Crestwood was staring! The King was out of his chair now, was saying something to her.)

"*Evangeline* goes nicely, don't you think, with *Lane?*"

Mellicent didn't bother to answer. Instead she extended a newspaper and commanded scornfully:

"Just read that stuff she wrote this morning; it's terrible."

But Miss Lane had caught sight of a four-column picture on the back page. "There's the king!" she squealed, and pointed to a pudgy man with a breastful of medals.

"Heavens, no. There he is, the tall one, in the middle."

"Oh, isn't he handsome!" breathed Evangeline luxuriously.

"If you like 'em pretty. I don't. You can almost smell the perfume. Wonder who's the Foxy Grandpa with the chestful of hardware. "Oh,"—reading the text beneath the picture,—"that's General Dilescu, of the royal Mulgravian suite. You look as if you'd have given me a lift on the story, General, if the train had stopped to change engines."

"Maybe you'll meet him tomorrow."

"Tomorrow? What good'll that do me? The cream's all off the story now. There's nothing left tomorrow but the party at the Pagoda."

"What's the Pagoda?" Miss Lane thought it more friendly to say something.

"What, never heard of the Pagoda? It's the ritziest club in town, and are they tough on reporters! When the Queen was there, they had all the cops on the North Side chasing photogs off the place, and they wouldn't let the reporters any nearer than the gutter."

"Mercy, what did you do?"

"Most of the gals wrote a 'who wore what' story. But I'm a reporter, not a dressmaker. Dear little Bessie Blair's welcome to that assignment, thanks."

Mellicent tossed her cigarette into the wash-basin and listened as it sizzled. Presently another sound pushed into the room, the sound of a train slowing, reluctantly, and she had just time to put on powder and rouge and toss a nonchalant farewell to Evangeline Lane, before the Chicago train drew into Hexton Junction. She was back in the *Star* office by midnight.

"Enjoy your week-end in the country?" Watts wanted to know.

"Oh, it was perfect. Sat up half the night on an accommodation train, landed at dawn in a hick town in time to see the royal special sail through without even whistling, and spent the morning in the washroom of the depot discussing the future of girl reporters with a noble soul who runs the woman's page for the Hexton *Review*. Got a nice murder scheduled for tomorrow?"

"Better than that. You're to cover the Pagoda party."

"From the garbage-can in the alley? I'll wear my rubbers."

"Rubbers, nothing. Trot out the crown jewels and your store clothes."

"What's the idea?"

"We want an inside story. You're going disguised as a lady."

"My diamonds need cleaning, and I'm all out of ermine."

"Oh, put the trimmings on the expense-account. Hire a swell car and a chauffeur. Get new duds if you have to. Go as far as you like, but get in."

"Remember what they did to Zack Palmer when he said he was the gardener?"

"Don't hang crape. The King doesn't know you—not yet."

"What about old lady Crestwood and her committee?"

"Easy. They don't believe a newspaper woman ever owned an evening gown. Besides, they'll be standing on their ears with excitement. You'll be safe, once you're in."

"So'd I be in heaven."

Watts tried a new tack.

"We've had lousy stories so far. Blair's a nice little thing, but no perspective. Falls for anything."

A blonde head tipped appreciatively forward.

"His Nibs's got the makings of a swell piece, too. Handsome, gold lace—and a bachelor. Bessie Blair says he's some heart-smasher."

"She would."

"Get to him. Is he out for a rich wife? Does he pet? What does he eat for breakfast? Is he falling for this circus, or would he like to go off somewhere and get drunk? Take him apart; you know the way. Kid the coat off'm."

"Sure, but—" Still she was dubious.

"That Blair woman doesn't know what it's all about."

"Sure, I'll get in. But I've got to have some expense-account dough."

"How much'll you need?" He fingered a twenty-dollar bill.

She looked up from the voucher she was signing. "I guess a hundred will be enough, for a starter."

"Ouch!"

"Well, you want me to get in, don't you?"

"You bet." And he counted out the money.

"See you tomorrow," she called, and Watts turned to his desk, whistling. . . . .

It was about half-past ten the following evening that a foreign motorcar pushed impressively through the crowd of curious and

stopped in dignity beneath the canopy of the Pagoda. A slim silver silhouette flashed out of the darkness of the tonneau. The wrap of glistening metal cloth drew itself snugly around films of shivering green chiffon. The gray fur collar fluffed up protectingly over the blonde hair, and silver heels glittered up the red carpet so swiftly that even Janet, the *Graphic's* ubiquitous "Chatterbox," had to fall back.

Punctiliously the outer door swung open, and Mellicent stepped into the glass-inclosed vestibule. Another man in plum-colored breeches dipped his head obsequiously; another door beckoned, and now she was in the black marble foyer. A turn to the left, the confused odor of many scents, a haze of perfumed smoke, and a maid was hanging her cloak between ermine and sable.

She found a place before a lustrous lavender shrine adorned with powders and creams, unguents and essences.

Across each of the squat purple bottles marched arrogant letters of gold—"*Madame de Beauregard—Cosmetiques.*"

"Ten dollars per," she exulted, and took the stopper out of one of the jars. Toilet water on the tips of her ears, perfume on her lips, powder on her nose. When for the third time she had edged the Cupid's bow with geranium red, she knew that she could not, unobserved, tarry much longer.

Mellicent stepped out into the foyer expectantly, and walked across the black marble squares as if she were looking for her escort. The ballroom was right there, through the arch, a motion-picture-lobby thing in scarlet and black. She could sneak in, easy, right back of that dame in the burnt-orange velvet, with henna hair. No, she couldn't, either; that was old lady Crestwood, and she had a list of guests in her hand. Mellicent kept on walking until she came to the door of the card-room, out of which trotted a fat little man in a uniform of cerise and blue and Nile green. They bumped, and his breastful of medals clanked and jingled. He stood erect, apologetic, and she had a good look at his face before he turned toward the hall.

She started after him, raised her hand, hesitated. Then she glanced at the figure in burnt orange, and her hand came down on his arm. He swung around.

"My dear General Dilescu,"—Mellicent thought it sounded like the murmur of her own voice,—"I never thought that we would meet, *here!*"—lingering on the last word.

A puzzled, almost frightened look came into the General's eyes, and he took two jerky steps toward the archway. Mellicent caressed his elbow lightly. He stopped.

"Ah, mademoiselle, this is the *grand plaisir*. Permit me." And he offered his arm.

She slipped her hand through the tricolored curve of his uniform and prodded him gently forward as she whispered: "Then, you haven't forgotten?"

The door past which they were dancing swung back. A man in an ill-fitting dress suit

"Forgotten? Why—er—" His breath came in short puffs. "Nevair, mademoiselle, nevair can I forget one so beautiful."

Mellicent swayed toward him, perhaps an inch. "We can both pretend to forget." Each word was precisely spaced. "But we shall remember, always."

"Always," he sighed, and by this time they were at the arched door. The finger that edged its way around the roll of flesh over his collar was shaking, but he inquired smoothly:

"And by what name does mademoiselle wish that I call her—tonight?"

His wink was meant to be reminiscent.

Mellicent wanted to laugh, but she sent what she hoped was a far-away look into her blue eyes as she went scurrying about for

a name. What a chump not to have thought one up when she was in that dressing-room with its satin toilet table, those grand perfumes! The tall gilt letters flashed before her.

"Tonight," she commanded reflectively, "call me—Mademoiselle de Beauregard."

Then Mrs. Crestwood swooped down with a semi-hysteric, "My dear General!" And she waved emerald-adorned fingers to the hall where he was to join the royal suite.

yelled, "C'mon," and pulled a girl off an ice-cream freezer on which she had been standing.

"Madame,"—the General spoke to the woman in orange, but he looked at the girl in green,—"may I present Mademoiselle de Beauregard?"

Tolerantly, supremely, Mellicent Merton swept through the doorway, with Mrs. Crestwood bowing and burbling hospitality as she waddled ecstatically after her. Just then the orchestra felt for the opening chords of the Mulgravian national anthem; somewhere a soprano squealed, "Isn't he darling?" and Mrs. Crestwood flung open her arms as if to nestle on her capacious bosom His Majesty Raoul Michael Nikolas Constantine of Mulgravia.

Mellicent, safe and alone on a scarlet love-seat half hidden by palms, watched the processional.

Well, there he was, in person. Georgie Cohan ought to have him for one of his shows. That uniform'd go over big. Pipe those silly pants, bright blue with cerise stripes. The coat wasn't so bad, except for those gold-lace jiggers that must get in the soup. His shirt-bosom looked like a stop-and-go signal, with all that tinware and that big star with the diamonds in it. Still, he wasn't a bad-looking guy, what you could see of him. Nice smile and hair—why, it looked purple. That was a pretty good phrase, "sleek turban of purple hair." What was that on his little finger? A ring—a baby-blue ring!

The line was forming. If old lady Crestwood knew how her hips bulged when she wore that burnt orange velvet, maybe she'd not be so keen about curtsying, even to a king. Gosh, those two daughters of Mrs. Gothwaite's got homelier every day. Come on, there, Lizzie Gregg, don't hang onto that mitt all night; give the guy a chance. But the goof, he must like it. Look at him smile.

Now where were they going? Mellicent's eyes followed the committee up to the platform, where His Majesty was shoved into a red plush chair, indifferently resembling a throne.

So that was the idea! That old chair'd been in the window of Mrs. Schmidt's, the costumer's on Clark Street. Mellicent had seen it often. Now they had to go and rent it to make this bird feel at home. He was too good to sit in a Grand Rapids rocker. The sap!

The dancing started.

Old lady Crestwood got him first. That was fair enough; she was chairman. But look at the King ditch her, right in the middle of the floor, when the music stopped. The young man, with only a few medals—he must be an aide—was offering his arm; and she, the chump, she took it. A sheik at Dreamland had better manners than this king, leaving his partner like that. Just wait until she got back to her typewriter.

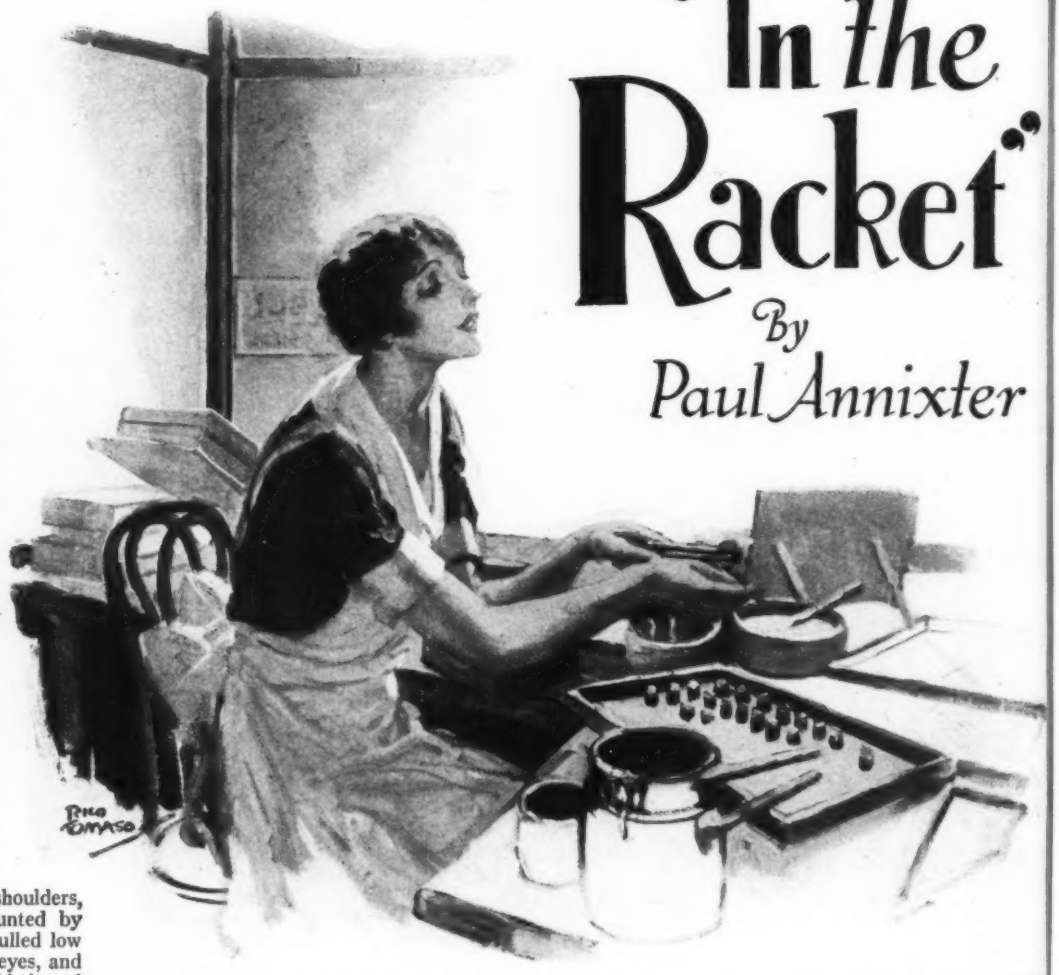
That was a good touch—that huddle the committee did before they sent Mrs. Percer up for the second dance. Of course, Percer was vice-chairman; but gosh, she might have waited for the King's secretary, or whatever he was, to come and get her. No wonder foreigners thought Americans were fools. Look at the way Mrs. Percer was pawing him as they danced. He—sure that was a yawn. But now he was smiling—well, she wasn't like Bessie Blair, thinking that every man she met was falling for her; but it certainly did look as if he were smiling right at her.

Now he was back on that silly throne, whispering to his aide. What the dickens were they looking at? Mellicent turned around, but there was only the scarlet tapestry behind her.

They must—good heavens, they'd *(Please turn to page 141)*

"In the Racket"

By Paul Annixter



PASTED on the glass partition that walled off the driver's seat of Eddie's taxicab was a rather startling placard that confronted all of Eddie's fares as they took their seats in the dim and none-too-upholstered interior. On it was a cheap flashlight photograph, such as are seen in rogues' galleries and on passport cards, alleged to be the likeness of Eddie Lear, the only authorized driver of that cab. Beneath it was a police inscription declaring that said Eddie Lear was in the favor of authority—a statement, however, to be taken with reservation.

The actual Eddie, to be viewed up ahead, was just as sleazy-looking as the pictured likeness, but somehow a trifle more reassuring. You saw a pair of slim, slightly stooped shoulders, a blond neck surmounted by a huge checked cap pulled low over alert green-blue eyes, and the thin, pale, oversophisticated profile of one deeply and fearfully versed in the ways of a big city's bypaths.

Eddie stood at the precarious crossroads of twenty—twenty, that is, in the purlieus of a big metropolis. In a way he was already sere, in spite of the fact that his growing bones were still racing and winning stoop-shouldered over his vitality. Within him also something else, something furtive and faintly sinister, was racing and winning against the better part of him. But in spite of the precocity of the alert, knowing glance that was quick to shift before a steady gaze, and the something tough, hard and disillusioned that the city had etched on his face, there was still a frank and appealing quality about Eddie Lear that said, "Trust me; I'll get you there," to the discerning. And Eddie got you there—he always did—quicker and more directly than any other cabman in the city. With his supple fingers wrapped around the rubber-covered wheel of his secondhand high-powered cab, Eddie came as near to mastery as a man ever gets, outside the fine arts. His was the all-seeing eye, the wonderful diablerie of hair-margin judgment that was not given to men before the turn of this century. He could "shift with the gas" by feel, at any speed on any grade. Even in a race of natural-born drivers, Eddie Lear was a virtuoso.

Also there was something else that Eddie's face intimated to the really discriminate, and that was that anybody's daughter would be safe in Eddie's cab so long as she kept her place. This had to do with a certain strain of shyness where women were concerned that ran in the boy, beneath the veneer of sophistication. However, he wasn't sure but that he'd be pretty fast with women, once he got in past the flash of their eyes; and that shyness of his was due as much to a peculiar canny knowledge as to any natural reticence. Eddie had that about him—he used his head. His "clicker," he called it, and let it click. He had seen a lot and heard a lot as he rolled up and down, and back and forth. He knew more about women simply from watching them than a lot of men learned through lifelong pursuit of the subject.

He could take a mental photograph of a face and carry it around with him—look at it from time to time and figure it out. In a certain wing of his brain there was a whole gallery of faces, to which he referred at will. There was, for instance, the almost classic profile of a certain head-waitress in a downtown restaurant.

She had his number and called him when she needed a fast ride, usually to get her down to work in the morning. "Don't know who helped me to bed last night, but they forgot to set the clock," she said once. Another time when she wasn't so rushed, she looked him over and asked: "Whose kid brother are you, anyway?"

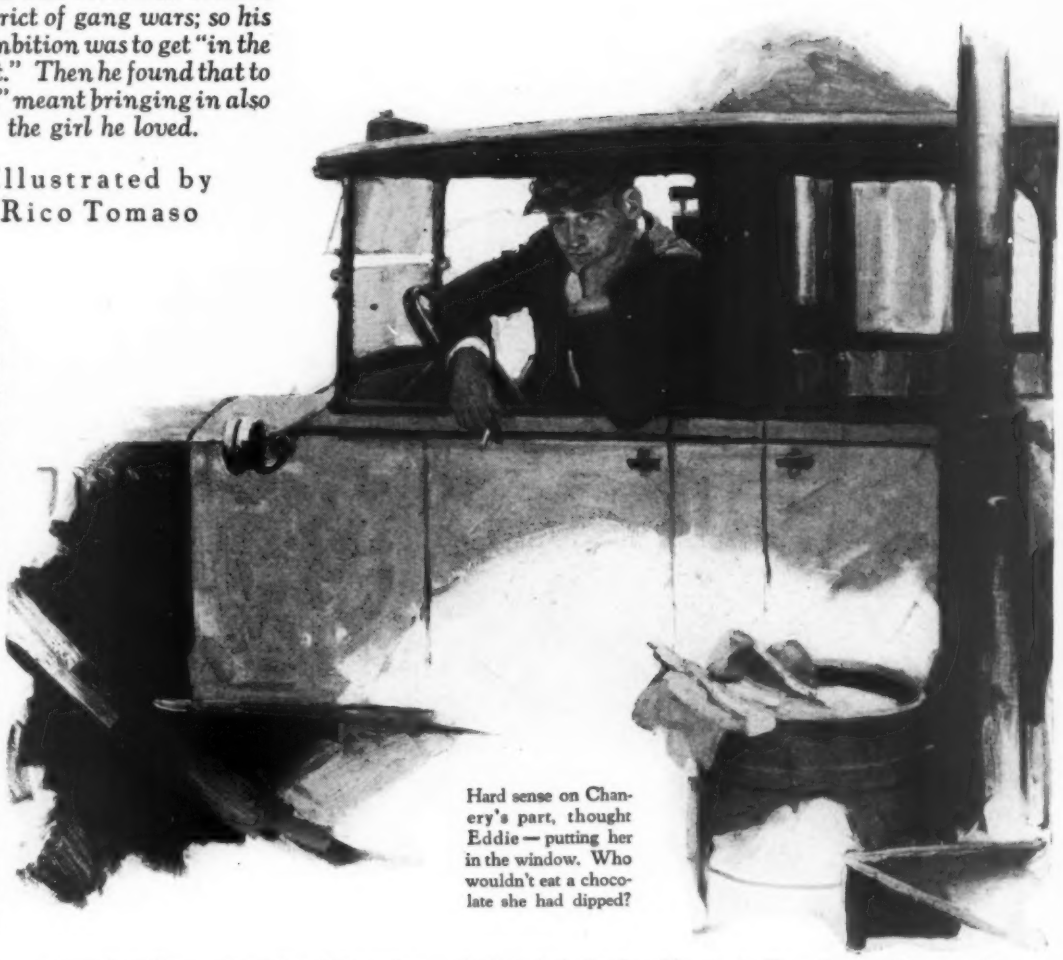
There was a lot of mother-stuff in that kind. You had to know your stuff, though, because there was another waitress type just as ritzy, with Swedish gold in her eyes and hair, who had about as much mother in her as a lamp-post on a cold winter's night. She might look soft, but was hard as a showcase. There was another photograph in his gallery, the original of which he re-exposed as often as possible—a little chocolate-dipper who worked regularly in the show-window of Chanery's Candy Store. That left it open for Eddie. One thing he couldn't do—stare a dame down. A lot of girls appeared to like it, but Eddie couldn't. He'd risk a glance, scratch his chin and maybe risk another, head clicking meanwhile, putting one and three together. But in this case the chocolate-dipping activity covered all that. A guy could size a dame up if she was busy on her job. To say she was pretty didn't begin to put it over. There were strawberry glints in her hair that never came from a henna-pack. She had lovely arms, too; and her hands were sweet, even with the chocolate smear; but it was something deeper than all that that fascinated Eddie. In thinking her over between looks he sized her up:

"She don't flap. She don't fish. Innocent, but not dumb. Trust a guy but not too far. All woman—whatever that means. Bet a bone she's Irish."

The red-haired girl was a newcomer to the district. For two months she had been the cause of little flurries and teasing disloca-

EDDIE was born and bred in a district of gang wars; so his big ambition was to get "in the racket." Then he found that to be "in" meant bringing in also the girl he loved.

Illustrated by Rico Tomaso



Hard sense on Chanery's part, thought Eddie — putting her in the window. Who wouldn't eat a chocolate she had dipped?

tions of thought along the Avenue, as she came and went, seemingly unconcerned, but with one pretty blue eye on the alert for the possible dangers of that chancy neighborhood. Hard sense on Chanery's part, thought Eddie — putting her in the front window. Who wouldn't eat a chocolate she had dipped? As for himself, he had bought pounds of the stuff, until convinced that purchasing it brought him no closer to the display window. An old wren inside took care of the counter. The only hope was to watch the girl work.

White apron crisp as a nurse's uniform. Some headlights when she glanced up and looked at a guy square—enough to make you seasick. Sort of dark blue, Eddie figured, with smoky violet lights in them now and then, when she was tired or only had the dimmers on. Sometimes he had been lucky enough to see her when she slipped out into the street on her way home at five. She wasn't tall, but zowie! Just enough of her and no more. A menace to the traffic regulations in her scant blue suit and chic felt hat. Absurd little toy feet with bright stubby shoes, lofty heels and buckles. Eddie had forfeited many a good break in the Avenue trade just to be around at five. But it would be a sad day when she hired a cab. Eddie knew that about her, too. Some close relative would have to pull a death-call to make her cut that reckless caper. She knew her dimes, that baby. In fact, Eddie could spot a prospective customer a block away. In a class by themselves, the cab-hailers.

Eddie had been born and bred into a world where men received or were denied distinction according to the measure of bad that was in them. His was a district of gang wars and liquor rackets, where somebody was always out to take somebody else for a ride. A quarrel, a threat, then a closely curtained car cruising the streets by night till the victim was spotted; later a carelessly cast police net which seldom if ever enmeshed the killers—these gave the district its perennial evil name.

For fifteen years the Avenue had fought for complete possession of Eddie Lear, a hidden and bitter strife. None of the youth of that district escaped it. Eddie had had no lifts in the battle, only pushes. Long ago it had taken over his father, removing him early from the scene of events, through due process of the law. Up to the time Eddie was seventeen, home had been to him a place to visit when he was broke. At other times it was a place to be avoided. His mother, a strict, hard-working woman, having discovered that he was following in his father's footsteps or worse, had abruptly disowned him with a finality of which a Spartan mother might have been proud. Thereafter Eddie had rapidly gone the limit, the Avenue having struck its decisive blow. At nineteen it had taken him to itself, and given him a swift sure start toward those goals which inevitably caught all the graduates of the district—the slums and prisons of all the world.

Though it was the district as a force against which Eddie was pitted, it was Dominick Centerno who personified the power of the place. And he it was whom Eddie presently found himself up against—Centerno and his well-organized gang of racketeers whose influence reached clear into police circles. Centerno was at the height of his glory—the recognized alky boss of the West Side—when he took Eddie into his fold, a select society of gunmen, hi-jackers, ward-heelers and "cadets." Surrounded by these, Centerno held the district in a strangle-hold. He had long ago marked Eddie for a slick kid, and a master hand at a steering-wheel—a quality that was ever a vital asset. But for a year Eddie had been used only as a go-between for the older members of the gang—a neophyte and a runner of errands—treated with the good-natured tolerance of a mascot in a crack ball-team. But his affiliations with Centerno's racket gave Eddie standing. Centerno was a prophet and an oracle in the district, and it behooved a kid in Eddie's shoes to earn his appraisal.

Finally, four months earlier, the boss had found definite and important work for Eddie, wherein his single mastery could shine. As uncrowned king of the district's bootleg industry, Centerno needed good drivers. Eddie had the goods; besides, his taxi in itself was a blind. The police were looking for private, high-powered cars.

Twice a week, on Tuesday and Friday, Eddie drove out empty to an old brick building far uptown, and stopped before a side entrance with a little peephole in the door and an eye on the other side of the hole. A furtive young man would come out to the curb with six or eight large paper cartons. Soft gluggings came from these packages as they were passed into the dark maw of the taxi. Then Eddie drove swiftly and with cool confidence straight into the heart of the city to the rear entrance of Johnny Husong's Night Club. He traversed the most crowded arteries with apparent unconcern; yet his alert eye, raking the sea of

traffic ahead, was all-encompassing, with a flair for dick or copper that was like a gift of genius. He dodged in and out, jockeying for place on the far side of all traffic officers. All this in broad daylight.

Eddie got ten dollars for each of these trips. He knew they were worth five times that, that in case of arrest he could expect no aid from anyone. But Eddie knew he was on the way up. The time would come, if he passed the test, when he would get in on the big money and bask in the security of gang protection.

Centerno held forth daily at Husong's Night Club, and Eddie was among his satellites. One evening he beckoned Eddie aside.

As Eddie jumped to the ground, a bullet shattered his windshield. He

"The thing for you to do is to get yourself a moll, see?" he advised. "I may be able to use you on a big grift soon," he added, suggestively.

Eddie nodded, quenching his emotion with an effort of will. It looked as if the big step were coming his way at last.

"I saw you giving the up-and-down to that red-headed squab 'at works in Chanery's Candy Store the other day," Centerno went on. "She aint half bad. Some little license-number for a guy like you." He held Eddie with his utter leer. "With your looks you can bring her round, kid. See what you can talk her into." Centerno's eye was hard and compelling as he turned away.

The suggestion was in the nature of a command, and Eddie knew it. He knew that his backwardness with women had been looked upon in some quarters with suspicion in the mob, where every man sported his moll as co-partner, stall and a recognized source of small revenue in the lean times of every gangster's workless and precarious existence. The fact that Eddie had held off inferred that he was not the out-and-outer he might be. He was being weighed now in the balance.

He said nothing, but a surge of heat went rioting through his veins. He knew what Centerno's words implied, knew all that taking on a dame meant in the ethics of the gang. Centerno saw a way to use him, and possibly the girl, for some new racket. The field would be cleared for Eddie to work; they'd even help him weave a net to trap her; they meant for him to get her, right. Later he'd be given protection within the mob's bailiwick. Boy! What couldn't a guy do with a strawberry like that under his thumb?

Eddie left Husong's with his heart pumping in a sick heat. Centerno's suggestion had rocked him to the base. Some last lesion was snapping within him, his shyness overridden by an age-old predatory uprush. . . . .

He tried looking at her next day as if it had already happened—whatever it was that had to happen. His cab was parked across the street from Chanery's at the angle best suited for prolonged study of the chocolate-dipper. He had been sitting there for two hours, "giving the other guy a chance," as he called it—the longest he had ever dangled on the end of any girl's string. But now it was part of the day's work. Moreover, he hadn't been bored any of the time. The longer, the deeper. The closer, the keener. "Gee, I'm hit," he muttered. "I got it bad."

Others also looked. He had seen one of Centerno's sons pause at Chanery's window this afternoon. It started an ugly smolder in the pit of his chest. Centerno was Boss, and that was that;

but Centerno's sons were something else. They were soft-voiced, slim-fingered. Three of them. And it wasn't chocolates young Ercolle was looking for. Eddie's thin hands were fists beneath his folded arms, as he considered cannily whether the satisfaction of beating up Ercolle would justify incurring Centerno's disfavor.

The incident recalled to mind what he was sitting here losing trade for. Competition. If he didn't get that high-colored candy-kid, somebody else would. But nobody else would, at that. He'd see to it. . . . . Four-thirty. The minutes till five dragged painfully across Eddie's heated nerves. Then out she skipped in her little blue suit and started up the street.

plunged toward the two black figures that had spilled out of the other car.

Eddie swung his car around and started after her, easing along close to the curb. She glanced at him, met his eye, shook her head. Eddie clicked up his "For Hire" sign and smiled. Her head shook again, and her pace quickened. Eddie was a bit breathless and vaguely exultant, with the zest of the chase in his blood. He reversed the sign to "Occupied," and rolled along beside her with his reassuring smile. The corner of her mouth flickered once, but she got control of that and hurried resolutely forward, quite as if he weren't there. Eddie took his sign down entirely.

They reached the cross-town car-line. There she stood on the corner, paying no attention whatsoever. "I was right," thought Eddie. "I always am. She knows too much to trust a guy." She boarded the first trolley that came along, and Eddie trailed after it, having nothing better to do. Slow going, this. She must live in the suburbs, he thought. Well, he'd have to try another tack.

He thought about it all evening and repeated the process next day. She gave him one surprised look, then ignored him as before. He began to feel ridden and blue. Centerno had said nothing further, but Eddie felt he was waiting for action. It might mean a lot for him if he carried out orders in this matter. In any case it meant a lot to him—more than he could have explained to anyone, and recent concentration had whetted his fancy to razor edge. Still, he was proving far from original, and the third afternoon at five found him parked in his usual place, hopeless, but ready to accompany her to the car line.

About halfway to the first corner, she whirled about suddenly and came out to the curb. Eddie put on the brakes. She was all fussed up. She'd worked herself up into a million-dollar rage; he was in for the razzing of his life. Better than nothing. But no:

"Why do you keep on following me?" she demanded. "Can't you see by this time I'm no pick-up?"

Her breathing heaved her a bit, but her question was fair. Eddie's heart was hammering with an intensity to put across an explanation to her that was hardly intelligible even to himself.

"Sure," he acknowledged. "I can see that right enough." Her voice gave him a queer stifled feeling around the heart.

"Then what makes you keep it up?"

"Why," he explained, "I kept on hoping you'd break down and let me drive you home sometime. I can take in anybody I want in this bus," he added pridefully. "She's mine. I drive for myself."

"Don't you know I could set the cops on you for bothering me three days like this?" she flared. *(Please turn to page 124)*

Duveen sailed the envelope to Stanley. "Here, come back with that!" ordered Detective Morse.

No time like today and no place like America for romantic adventure (on land and in air); especially if you're young, as are all this high-hearted "crew."

KING'S

The Story So Far:

KING wasn't really the young man's name; and his crew consisted merely of his twin younger brother and sister Stanley and Duveen; but the escapades of this favored, fortunate crew had already attracted newspaper notice when the big young adventurer George Porter joined them; and thereafter their careers made vivid history.

It fell about in this wise: George had that morning been given a beautiful new truck to drive; and he was seriously vexed when the hot-headed King orphans rammed it with their ancient flivver. A beautiful fight followed, in which George knocked out Stanley, and was having a grand battle with David when the police kissed themselves into the party. Whereupon George joined King's Crew in common cause against the intruding Law—until the last surviving official club knocked him cold. It was no more than fitting, therefore, that the Crew should bear their wounded George away with them as they flivvered out from under the noses of the police platoon a riot-call had summoned.

Safe at home, Duveen and Stanley were patching up the still unconscious George, while David was salvaging the truck, when a Mrs. Tremayne called. David came in; and Mrs. Tremayne, making no effort to hide her enthusiasm for David, carried him off to dinner.

The evening Hélène Tremayne telephoned Duveen and asked:

"Is your brother David there?"

"Why, no. He's at your place, isn't he? He left half an hour ago."

"He's been here, yes, but—oh, something dreadful has happened. My husband—"

That was all. The voice died away with a curious sort of guttural sound.

Shortly afterward a police detective appeared and asked for David King. There had been a murder at the Tremayne house. . . . . Duveen, without hesitation, led the officer upstairs to George Porter, who was just coming out of his coma. And when the officer tried to handcuff the young truckman, he was promptly knocked down and out. Whereupon the resourceful Duveen snapped the handcuffs on the officer's wrists. *(The story continues in detail:)*

STANLEY KING sat down on the edge of George's bed.

"It looks as if we were in for it now. You don't suppose Dave really—"

"Of course not." Duveen denied with a significant look at George on the bed.

Stanley got the idea. "No, of course, he couldn't have done anything like that."

But George was paying very little attention to what was being said. He was having trouble enough trying to comprehend what was going on inside of his own head. There was plenty, and the machine wasn't quite geared up to handle it.

"How come I'm here, and where are my clothes?" he asked, and quite reasonably enough. "The last I remember I was in a fight with a policeman out in a vacant lot somewhere, and now I've just finished it here inside of somebody's house. Did you bring the big flat-foot along just for me to play with?"

"No," replied Duveen absently.

"You're the girl who was in that car that smashed into my truck," George accused, beginning to coördinate his returning recollections, "only you look better in those skirts even if they are a little skimpy."

"The eternal lament of the male," annoted Duveen. "Yes, I'm the girl. My name is Duveen King. This is my brother Mr. Stanley King. My other brother, Mr. David King, sends his regrets but welcomes you to the household none the less, Mr.—er—I don't think I quite caught the name."

"George," the reposing giant supplied, "George Porter."

"George Porter," Duveen repeated. "Good, substantial name. Built for service, solidity and strength. It fits. Glad to know you. You fight like an angel."

"But I got knocked out," George objected shamefacedly.

"True. But my brother Dave says it was only by accident, and an accident might happen to anybody."

"It wont ever happen to me again," George resolved grimly. "I don't like it."

George was worried as to what had been done with his truck. "Dave took care of it," Duveen told him. "He takes care of everything. It's a habit that he got into from looking after us kids."

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s CREW

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

"Kids?" queried George, slightly puzzled.

"Stanley and myself, I mean. We're all orphans, but he's the oldest, and he raised us—if you could call it that."

George watched her lips as she spoke. Maybe anyone would have done the same. They were fascinating, a little devilish, but her mouth was sweet. Her heart was printed there, and it was a lovely picture.

Stanley conveyed to the patient the news that his job had presumably been forfeited. That worried George not at all. "I can get another," he assured them optimistically.

The bell rang downstairs, succeeded immediately thereafter by the frightened barking of Tightwad, who felt that he had a duty to perform but was scared to death for fear some one might take seriously what he was saying.

A discreet tap at the door. It was Stivers.

"Another police gentleman is here," he stated. "Mr. Morse, he said, of the Detective Department."

"Oh, yes," Duveen acknowledged the announcement.

"Shall I go down and stall him off?" offered Stanley.

"No," Duveen decided. "He's probably on his way up anyhow. Close the door, Stivers, and wait outside just a second."

When he was gone she turned to George. "Would you mind being unconscious again for a few minutes?"

George looked at her uncomprehendingly, but with kindling admiration. "I'd do anything you asked me." He lay back and composed his features into an expressionless mask.

Just in time.

The door was opened, and a homely, freckled stranger with big hands and feet stepped in, followed by Tightwad, who stood ready to kill him if necessary by biting him on the cuff of his trousers.

"I'm Detective Morse," he announced.

"Impossible," Duveen contradicted him.

He looked at her sharply. "Why?"

"You don't wear your hat in the house."

"The movies are wrong."

"Oh! Pardon me."

The detective moved with surprising ease and quietness for a man who looked awkward. He also looked crabbed. His big, bushy eyebrows helped with that.

Tightwad was sniffing suspiciously at the policeman on the floor.

"What's this?" the detective asked.

"Here, Wad," advised Duveen. "Come away from that."

The puppy took a daring lick at Patrolman Crane's cheek and then dashed to Duveen's protecting skirts, not noticing how useless they were.

The uniformed officer stirred, however. He sat up awkwardly and regarded his manacled wrists.

"What the hell?"

"There is a lady present, Mr. Crane," Duveen reminded him primly.

"What the hell, anyway! Somebody take these things off."

Duveen shrugged her shoulders hopelessly. She had his keys and unlocked his wrists.

"How did I get these things on?" asked the officer, holding up the handcuffs.

"I can't imagine," Duveen contributed helpfully. "I thought perhaps you always slept in them—to keep from sucking your thumb. It would work, I believe."

Detective Morse extinguished Officer Crane, who was sputtering and likely to explode. "Where is this man David King, that you were supposed to bring in?"

"That's him," the policeman declared, "but he's unconscious."

"Oh!" Morse regarded George skeptically. "The only trouble with your statement is that this man is not Mr. King, and he isn't unconscious. You might as well open your eyes all the way, George, as to try to peek through that way."

George, with a sheepish grin, did as he was told.

"Nice piece of detective work," applauded Stanley. "Especially calling the *corpus delicti* by name that way."

"We're related," Morse admitted absently, "—only distantly."

"Thank heaven!" George concurred.

"But where's David King?"

The patrolman gazed at Duveen reproachfully. "She told me that this was David King."

"Oh, but I didn't," Duveen denied, hurt almost beyond expression. "All I did was to open the door and tell you this gentleman was unconscious, which, I'm sure you'll remember, was perfectly true at the time. I didn't say what his name was. I didn't even know it myself then."

All this was very confusing to Patrolman Crane, but Morse understood perfectly. He was torn between wrath at the dumbness of the uniformed branch of the service, and a qualified admiration of Duveen's work.

She was the one he now addressed. It was an acknowledgment of superior intelligence.

"I suppose your brother has got away by this time?" he queried sourly.

"I don't really know whether he is in the house or not." Duveen carefully avoided any reference to David's departure as if it were an escape. "We can easily find out."

Morse rather wanted to see for himself. He left Crane on duty with George, while Duveen ushered him to David's room. Stanley fell in discreetly at the rear.

There was little doubt as to what had happened in the room which the detective now surveyed. Clothing was scattered all over it.

"He packed a grip before he left," Morse deduced.

"And he forgot his toothbrush," wailed Duveen, her maternal instincts aroused. "I always pack for him, but he didn't tell me."

Stivers, summoned at Detective Morse's request, confirmed the fact that "Mr. David" had departed some little while before, carrying a grip. No, he had not taken one of the family automobiles, but had set out on foot in the direction of Hollywood Boulevard. No, he did not say anything about taking a street-car. There would be taxies there, and rental parks where one could hire an

automobile by the day or week. But David had not confided his preferences as to methods of transportation.

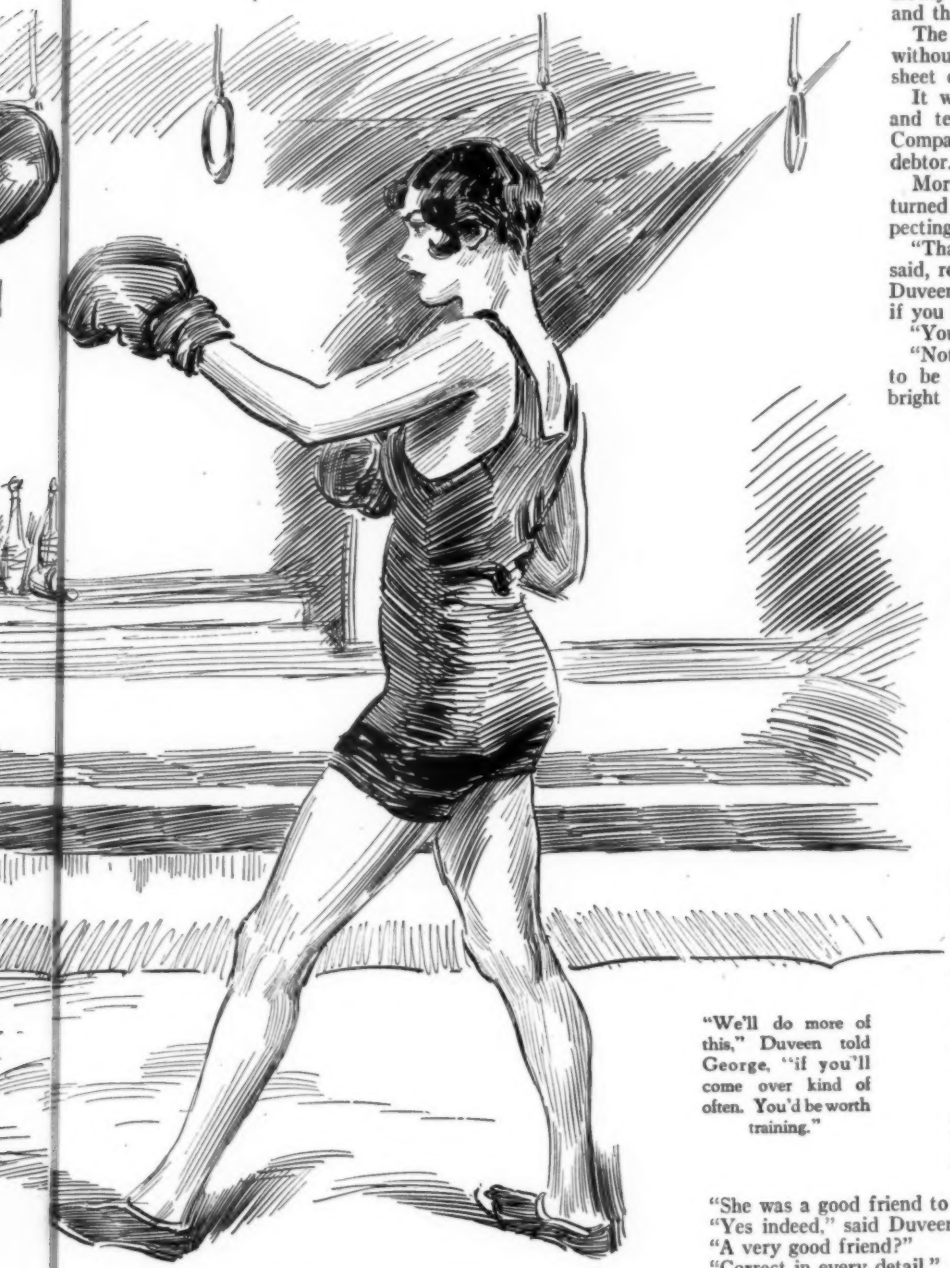
"Didn't he leave any word for any of the family?"

"Not unless it's in the letter."

"What letter?"

"Yes, Stivers, what letter?"

"He gave an envelope to me to give to you, Miss Duveen." Stivers produced it from his pocket.



"We'll do more of this," Duveen told George, "if you'll come over kind of often. You'd be worth training."

"Give it to me!" Duveen and the detective spoke together. But Duveen, having less dignity to maintain, grabbed it. Morse still held out his hand.

"I should like to see that, please."

"You have a court order, of course, to intercept my correspondence?"

"No, but I should hardly think that would be necessary." The detective stepped toward her.

"If you really think that," Duveen returned courteously, "it is an error." With a fairly deft imitation of a magician doing a card-trick, she sailed the envelope through the air to Stanley, who lounged at the door. He caught it and stepped into the hall.

"Here, come back with that!" ordered Morse.

His voice carried sufficient authority so that Stanley returned. Instead of giving the detective the envelope, which he held in his hand, he sailed it across his head once more to Duveen, and then when Morse turned to her, Stanley fled forthwith from the room and even out of the house.

Duveen, thus basely abandoned, looked slowly at the letter she held in her hand and then gave it to Mr. Morse.

The envelope had already been opened, so without any difficulty he snatched out the sheet of paper which it contained.

It was a bill—past due—for golf-, polo- and tennis-supplies from H. B. Dyas and Company, and named Stanley R. King as the debtor.

Morse looked at it with a wry smile and turned to where Stanley had been. Not expecting to find him, however.

"Thanks for letting me read this," he said, returning the envelope and contents to Duveen. "Please return it to your brother if you ever see him again."

"You don't think he will be arrested?"

"Not by the local police. I'm supposed to be the brightest member, and he's too bright for me." Detective Morse said that as if he could think of a lot of other remarks about Stanley that he was choking back out of deference to the presence of Duveen. She knew all the words, anyway.

"Perhaps," suggested Duveen, "since you're the master mind at our local Scotland Yard, you would be willing to tell me what has happened."

The detective shook his head. "I'm sorry, miss, but I can't."

"Meaning that you expect to convict me of it?"

"No. Meaning mostly that I don't know very much myself. I imagine you have some facts that might fit in. Tell me—what was the nature of your brother David's relations with Mrs. Boyd Tremayne?"

"Are we trading information?"

"No. I'm asking you a question," he replied candidly, adding significantly, however: "I am empowered to do that officially, you know."

"Oh. In that case I don't mind telling you that we all know Mrs. Tremayne—we're neighbors and friends."

"Your brother knew her better than the rest of you, though."

"Not better than I did."

Morse considered that. "We're not counting feminine intuition in this instance. You say you all knew her about equally well?"

"Yes."

"She was a good friend to all of you?"

"Yes indeed," said Duveen, convincingly.

"A very good friend?"

"Correct in every detail."

"Was she intimate enough to belong to your family organization? The newspapers call you 'King's Crew.'"

"She was not," Duveen snapped suddenly. "And she never could be."

"Umph." Detective Morse seemed to like that—not the fact elicited, but the way she expressed it.

"But why," demanded Duveen, taking back for the moment the rôle of director of dialogue, "do we constantly refer to Mrs. Tremayne in the past tense? Was she—has she been—"

"Would it please you if she had been murdered?"

"No, naturally not. I've just told you that she is a very dear friend."

"There has been somebody else on the line since then. Pardon me."

"You are intelligent, aren't you?"

"Discerning, perhaps. Thanks. At any rate, in answer to your question, Mrs. Tremayne has not been—er—killed. She has merely disappeared, and I thought that, as your brother has also left home, perhaps they had gone somewhere together."

"I scarcely think so."

"Why?" the detective demanded.

Duveen shrugged her shoulders. "I don't know why. It's a hunch."

"Intuition again. Officially I can't pay any attention to it. When I'm off duty, I'll think it over. I shall probably have to spend the balance of the evening over at the home of the late Mr. Tremayne: he's the one who got rubbed out—if you hadn't heard—"

"May I go with you?"

Morse eyed her with skeptical respect. "No," he told her. "You might have some sort of hunch that would help a lot, I'll admit, but I doubt if you'd tell me the truth about it. Orders are for you to stay here—not under arrest, you understand, but so as to be handy in case anybody wants to ask any questions. I'll leave Patrolman Crane here in case you should be frightened."

Duveen grinned. "All right. But who will protect Patrolman Crane?"

"From what?"

"I don't know. Assault and battery, maybe. What do you suggest?"

"I suggest that King's Crew lay off that stuff. You may have some real trouble pretty soon, so you'd better save your strength. And say, young woman—" He halted at the door as he turned to depart.

"Yes?"

"If there's anything in that letter which your brother ran away with that would help me, anything that you're willing to tell me, I wish you'd call me up at the Tremayne residence. I'm not anxious to see any of you youngsters get hurt,—not very much, anyway,—and we might be able to work together on this. I'm sure I can do something for you some day."

As he turned the knob, the door opened; a figure kneeling on the doorstep slumped, face forward, into the hall. Morse gave a swift glance and said: "Don't touch him!"

Duveen studied the proposition and the man. She liked the man in spite of his disapproval of herself, and his proposal was put in the only way she would ever have considered it at all.

"All right," she decided, "I'll get the letter from Stanley and let you know what it's all about, unless, of course—"

"That's understood."

Detective Morse backed away out of the door and shut it before she could qualify her promise any further.

He was quite right in his estimate of Duveen and her sense of fair-play. Inside of half an hour she called him up at the Tremayne residence, where he was helping in a routine examination of the premises.

"That letter," Duveen told him, "was a note to the manager of the Hollywood branch of the Citizens' Trust and Savings Bank authorizing him to accept my signature on checks against our income trust account, which has hitherto been payable only to his order."

"Was that all?"

"Absolutely," Duveen assured him.

"Right. Thanks. What do you think is the meaning of that, Miss King?"

"Nothing at all, except that he has gone somewhere and does not want us to starve before he gets back."

"That's what I think too, amongst other things. Thanks for telephoning."

Just as he hung up, Duveen, at the other end, heard a muffled explosion.

Chapter Five

DUVEEN'S impulse was to run right over to the Tremaynes'. Perhaps David—

Without waiting for a hat, she dashed out the front door, only to be grabbed by the arm and swung back into the light by Patrolman Crane.

"Oh, it's you, is it, Miss King? Mr. Morse's orders are that you're to stay in the house."

"Am I under arrest?"

"No. You've just got to keep to yourselves, all of you, until Mr. Morse gets through over at the other house."

"But I heard an explosion over there."

"You did?" The officer was cynically unbelieving. "It's funny I didn't hear it too."

"But I was on the telephone talking to Mr. Morse when it happened. Hadn't we better go over and see?"

Crane regarded the proposition suspiciously, and because she had made it and because he could remember at least as far back as the incident of the handcuffs, he vetoed it.

"There's a half-dozen men from Detective Headquarters there now, to say nothing of an army of newspaper reporters; and if they can't take care of themselves, nobody can."

So Duveen had to possess her soul in patience. She was not even allowed to talk to any of "the army of newspaper reporters" who later strolled over to get some first-hand information as to the whereabouts of David King.

It was all a maze of uncertainty and mystery. They, in that house, really knew so little about the principal events of the evening, even though they were undoubtedly very seriously concerned with them. That Mr. Tremayne had been killed, and that David had gone away, were the only real facts that were available. The why and the wherefore was nothing but a structure of conjecture, without foundation in one single solid certainty.

Hélène was concerned in it—Duveen's intuition told her that. Besides, Hélène was the sort of woman around whom drama eddies in a destroying whirlwind. Lightnings anywhere in the vicinity were most likely to be clashing swords above her head.

Duveen was a healthy little animal. She thought she was going to stay awake all night worrying about it, but instead she fell asleep with her clothes on, curled up on the big davenport in the living-room.

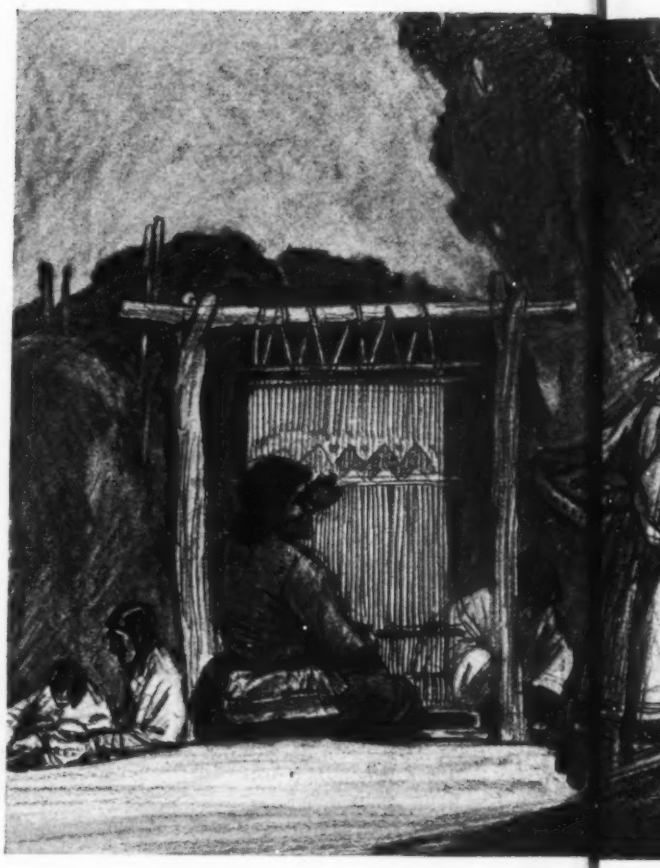
She would not have wakened as *(Please turn to page 111)*

Between Warfare

By John Erskine

"It's a man's world, after all! After all that women have 'won'!" declared Faith Baldwin, the novelist, as she gave you, on these pages last month, a modern woman's view of our amazing world. Today, the author of "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" gives you the modern man's view of the same world—and a most entertaining and, at the same time, most intelligent and scholarly estimate of modern women and their progress, married and unmarried.

Illustrated by Franklin Booth



"THE emancipation of women," says Faith Baldwin, "has resulted in emancipating men." This result seems to Faith Baldwin a calamity.

I am not able to follow the argument in her article; nor do the very illuminating examples she offers illuminate for me always what I suppose to be her theme. Who would not admit that women, just because they are women, have more discomfort and suffering to put up with than men? Who would not concede the problems which may arise when husband and wife are both following careers and earning incomes? Who would deny that the unmarried woman who has made for herself a brilliant record in public life, in competition with men, may at times envy her married sister who is keeping house and bringing up children? Yet what does all that prove, as to the emancipation of women, or as to the emancipation of men?

It is argued that because the girls are emancipated, the boys are becoming spoiled—that there is a connection between the economic freedom of women and the number of gate-crashers at a party. Even if this supposition were correct, I should say that these young men were spoiled rather than emancipated, and I should want to know whether the young women today are not, to the same degree, thoughtless and rude. This illustration would seem to me more useful in a discussion of the younger generation than in an account of the present rivalry of the sexes.

Once more—Faith Baldwin calls our attention to households where both husband and wife contribute to the budget, but where the woman earns more than the man, and the man accepts that inequality. If I understand the argument, I am expected to conclude that the woman has somehow been deluded in her dream of economic freedom, and the man has become "emancipated." I conclude nothing of the sort. There have always been marriages between poor men and rich women, and whether those unions were happy has depended upon questions of character and of personality. Some men have always been cads. Some men have supported their families unaided, and still have been cads. And many a loving husband, in the old-fashioned family, has had the sense to recognize that his wife had greater talents than he, perhaps even a shrewder turn for business. Nowadays such a wife can demonstrate her talents, if she wishes; otherwise the situation remains the same. But if the man whom the wife supports is "emancipated," then I should think the wife whom the husband supports would be the "emancipated woman." This apparently is not what Faith Baldwin means. I do not understand her use of terms.

The theme which really interests her, I think, and which underlies her miscellaneous illustrations, is the old question, now becoming acute, whether the relation of the sexes must continue to be that of warfare, or whether it may become a companionship. No other question is so important for the happiness of men and women in this world; and of no other, perhaps, has the solution been so long delayed. One reason for the delay is our human reluctance to look at any problem in the large, impersonally. Some of my readers will probably object to my question whether the relation of the sexes may become a companionship; they will assure me that they have known hundreds of married people who were happy, whose companionship was all that one has a right to ask for on this earth. Well, I too have known happy marriages, but I have also known—and so have my readers—marriages which ought to have been happy, but which were not. The entirely satisfactory marriages are now, and were in the past, the exceptions. Moreover, those men and women who have found happiness have been singularly unable to tell others how to find it. Worse than that, the advice of the supposedly happy, and the admonitions of religion, have stressed the importance of endurance and patience, in case we are not happy, rather than the ways and means of becoming so. Yet the ideal of a true companionship of the sexes, not as an exceptional fortune but as an end in life proper to us all, is so deeply rooted in the human heart that it will remain a haunting problem until the answer is found. It is the implication of this problem, I repeat, which gives significance to the discussion of woman's "emancipation," or of man's.

Of course marriage is only one phase of sex. Every relation we can possibly enter into is colored, at every period of our lives, by the fact that our associates are men or women. The subtle atmosphere of any gathering is altered by the entrance of a man or of a woman, altered in different ways, hard to define but easy to recognize. From the majority of human relations amorousness is absent; it is not in that sense exclusively that I should like to use the word *sex*. But "human being" is an abstraction; in life we meet boys and girls, men and women, and we never entirely overlook the difference. If we could overlook it, the problem of sex would not exist; men could treat women as though they were men, and women men as though they were women, and we shouldn't have to ask whether it must be war between us or companionship. But neither men nor women can successfully imagine this identity or equation, and at heart no one wants to.

One of the distinguishing characteristics of women, in all ages, is their belief that they have a harder life than men.

Women and Men or Companionship?

Who aspires to the flat kind of happiness we should have if we could take out of life its central variety and excitement?

One of the distinguishing characteristics of women, in all ages and all states of society, is their belief that they have a harder life than men have. This is their belief if they are poor, and if they are rich, if they bear children and—quite as positively—if they don't. I asked who would not admit that women, just because they are women, have more suffering and discomfort to put up with than men. If the women say so, there's nothing to do but admit it. Since none of us has been both man and woman, no living being has the slightest basis on which to make the comparison. So far as any man can tell, the women in this ancient conviction of theirs may be right. But at least we observe their reluctance to admit that their condition is ameliorated. When men win political or other rights and privileges, they call it progress, and celebrate with public anniversaries. Women are just as adroit in acquiring rights, but once they have them, they omit the celebration and continue the complaint, in some revised form. The woman who will admit she has got what she wanted exists only in books. Mystery, she knows, is her chief charm; and she prudently suspects that no one can remain mysterious who acknowledges satisfaction with life.

Since I belong to the sex which couldn't be mysterious if it tried, and which, on the contrary, has a passion for explaining itself, I have no quarrel with the present condition of the male. This is now, I think, a woman's world; but I wont say it is on that account a worse world; it wasn't more satisfactory, on the whole, while it was a man's world. The terms are easy to define. So long as society is directed by man's desires, without consideration of woman's desires, I should say we were living in a man's world. When the direction comes from woman's will, without consideration of the men, I should call it a woman's world. Western civilization, until the Renaissance, was by this definition a man's world, but for the last three hundred years, and particularly for the last quarter-century, the ideals of the women have gradually taken control. It's a fair turn about, and no ground has been lost. None, probably, has been gained. The gain will come if ever we enter an age in which the desires of men and women as companions prevail—neither sex inconsiderately dominating the other.

The simplest illustrations of the difference between a man's world and a woman's are likely to be somewhat brutal. In a woman's world we are not permitted to speak of them with complete frankness. But we can observe clearly enough, by glancing at the Bible, or at an author so nearly canonized as Shakespeare, that in a man's world women were the rather facile victims of the predatory male. He could appropriate at will any girl of humble birth, without loss of his social position, or any woman of high society—unless some other man objected. It was the male who passed judgment; the women were not consulted. Today, in a woman's world, it is society—that is, the women—who give the judgment in such cases; should a man shoot his successful rival, we'd call him old-fashioned. If scandal attaches to an actor or actress, on the stage or in the films, whether his or her popularity will be affected depends on what the women of the nation think of the case. What the men think doesn't matter.

More subtle illustrations can be drawn from the arts. When

To let a talent go undeveloped even for a good purpose, for the preservation of the home, is to consent to a kind

John Lyly dedicated his novel to the women of England, the man's world was nearing its end. "To the Ladies and Gentlewomen of England, John Lyly wisheth what they would." In literature, ever since, it has been largely "what they would." What has seemed to them prejudicial to the reputation of women has been more and more left out, as indecent, even though the truth of it could not be denied.

In the world we now live in, the most important censorship is this steady influence of the women, without whose support and approval no book, magazine or play can survive. Between men and women there would be little difference of opinion over those general ideals of virtue which belong to the inheritance of any civilization. To encourage us to honesty, loyalty, unselfishness, industry, brotherly love, censorship is not needed; indeed, in this woman's world of ours, censorship pays no attention to such matters, though they concern the foundation of character. But literature is now discouraged from noticing the fact that love has a physical basis, that women as well as men are predatory, that a very large proportion of women in the best social circles—those women, that is, who are proud of having preserved an old-fashioned femininity—are parasites, contributing nothing to the world they live in, and draining the resources of the men who are docile enough to support them. No author would be generally read today, even though his talents were above the average, who gave Homer's account of human nature, or even Shakespeare's. Those masters retain their posts of honor because they are not read, or if read, are transfigured in a glamour of sentimental tradition, and made to say what they never said.

Compare the treatment of certain well-known themes in literature in a man's world and in a woman's. The account which the Iliad gives of Helen of Troy is very much what would be given still if the story were now written for an audience of men. Homer represents Helen as extremely beautiful and in every other respect a public nuisance. In the Renaissance, when the woman's world was beginning, Milo sang of Helen as "the face that launched a thousand ships." The poets of his day and later have made of her a vision to haunt young poets, an ideal beauty, whose charm is not damaged by her private record—whose charm, in fact, has nothing to do with the vital statistics of her career. The modern appeal of Helen is partly her beauty, but much more perhaps the legend that her beauty did not fade, and still more perhaps her extraordinary capacity for getting away with murder. Most people who now talk about her seem to believe that Homer too thought of her as a vision to haunt young poets.

It would be hard to discover in the Iliad that Homer thought of her as anything else than a completely worthless character, endowed with a beauty she did not deserve, who specialized in being seduced by "he" men.

We read Shakespeare now by expurgating him. That is, we overlook certain passages in all of the plays, and we refrain from reading certain plays, not necessarily the worst. Shakespeare is a belated spokesman for the man's world, in certain of his attitudes, Medieval rather than Renaissance. He gives us with superb power and eloquence the romance and the sentiment of youth. But he also gives us a realistic picture of women such as our modern world squirms at. When I was a student in college I heard more than one professor say that "All's Well That Ends Well" was an unpleasant if not a disgusting play, because the heroine is frankly hunting down the man she wants for her husband. Of course *Rosalind* in "As You Like It" has made up her mind to marry *Orlando,* but in that case the purpose is not so frankly stated and the methods employed are not so extreme; we are therefore willing to overlook a boldness which in a woman's world literature is not expected to admit. "Measure for Measure," however, Shakespeare's profound tragedy of sex, is hardly ever mentioned, and is read surreptitiously, if at all. When we study "Macbeth," we put our attention on the moral aspects of the crime which the chieftain and his wife committed. Perhaps we do not allow ourselves to notice that this is the only play in which Shakespeare has given us a full-length portrait of husband and wife who are companions, and in this unique instance the two are murderers.

This censorship which women exercise upon literature is something distinct, as I said, from what one would call genuine ideals. The women know better than to believe that the account of life in modern books is truer than the picture we find in the old masters. But in such matters woman's mind lends itself easily to a double standard. So long as literature furnishes a pretty story, a happy ending, a romantic or pathetic flavor, she will enjoy it even though she knows life is otherwise. One of the character-

of murder, certainly to the ruin of companionship.

istics, therefore, of a woman's world, such as that in which we are living, is lawlessness. The intellectual double standard which women permit themselves makes it possible for them to rally at all times to any movement for the enforcement of law and order. They like to rally especially under some slogan which proclaims the preservation of the home and the protection of the mothers of the nation. Having rallied, however, they make exceptions of their own cases and do what they like. On any steamship entering any port the majority of the women passengers are planning to cheat the Customs. The cheating may not be serious, but it seems to be to some extent essential to feminine happiness. There are very few good women who do not feel they have a perfect right to do the Government out of all the taxes they can. In so far as they are successful, the men of course must pay the difference.

It is women who have largely established and maintained the present condition of Prohibition in the United States. I personally believe that their underlying motive was resentment against the men for drinking in their clubs and in their saloons—that is, in finding complete satisfaction in their own society. I know the women say that the money which used to be wasted in saloons now goes into the bank-account of the household. I might believe them if I could shut my eyes to the hundreds of thousands of moving-picture houses in the country into which the women pour morning, noon and night. This form of entertainment did not exist in the former saloon days. In a man's world the men foregathered with themselves and drank. In a woman's world the women go to the moving pictures, and some of them, at least, chew gum. I am unregenerate enough to believe that over against the ordinary sort of film, a glass of beer was more wholesome and less vulgarizing, and certainly cheaper. However, if the men had their turn at drinking by themselves while the women stayed at home, there is no good reason why the women should not now congregate at the moving pictures during the hours when the men are at work.

A friend of mine, who in this age, I suppose, is in danger of being classed as a woman-hater, is convinced that the attack of the women upon alcohol springs from their conviction that alcohol is their chief rival in producing excitement among the male sex. He says that human nature must have a certain amount of exhilaration, and these are the two main sources of it. He is not surprised, therefore, that since it has been difficult for the men to enjoy each other's society over the stimulating glass, they have looked for excitement and found it—more than ever, perhaps, in the history of Western civilization—in the society of women. This idea is probably fantastic so far as it assigns motives to the women who support Prohibition. But it is convincing so far as the results are concerned. Any educator who has taught boys in the American college for the last twenty-five years knows what a profound change has taken place in their attitude toward their college life. Twenty-five or thirty years ago the students lived in a masculine atmosphere of their own creating. In many cases they drank more than was good for them, but their ideal of happiness was the comradeship of their fellows in their sports and in their studies. Today the American college boy is quite restless without the society of girls. He must have them at his fraternity, to dance with them; he must be able to spend the evenings with them; he cannot enjoy his own sports unless they accompany him to the grandstand.

Among the older members of the community this change in the attitude of the boys is paralleled by a growing restlessness in the home—by what might as well be called frankly an increasing sex excitement. Whether this result should be condemned, or whether there is essential good in it, is not for the moment the question. I have suggested these illustrations merely to support my own belief that we are now living in what is essentially a woman's world—in a set of ideas which are qualified by woman's point of view rather than man's.

Shall we ever have such a world as that referred to above—a world in which neither the woman's point of view nor the man's dominates to any unfair degree, but in which their companionable ideals can be satisfied? There is no sign of its immediate appearance, unless the increasing desire for it is a ground for hope. But at least it is wise to be frank about the kind of world we have previously known. So long as women complain of man's injustice, or man regrets the passing of his supremacy, we shall have irritation rather than progress. Why not admit with Faith Baldwin that in this present woman's world there is too little satisfactory companionship? I take it that this lack is the real basis of her complaint.

Woman may today go into business; she may follow the professions; she may achieve an admirable career in almost any direction outside the home; or she may, if she prefers, do the traditional work of wife and mother. But in any case she finds that the universal presence of sex means some kind of warfare or antagonism, rarely a harmony of soul or that exchange of different natures which we call companionship. She still with excellent reasons distrusts men; and she still, with even more excellent reasons, distrusts women. In the most intimate aspects of life—that is, in our own personal relation to human society—she can find success much more easily than satisfaction or inner peace. Well, let the men confess just as frankly that for them too in the modern world the relation of the sexes is still an antagonism rather than a companionship, and from them too the finer satisfactions are withheld.

Yet in the interest of truth we must admit that the older world, much praised in retrospect, had the same difficulties. Surely there was little companionship, spiritual satisfaction or peace in the man's world which is now disappearing. We cannot read many of the famous books which describe the ancient times, the Middle Ages, or even periods within a century or so of our own date, without occasionally feeling aghast at the cruelty of man to his fellows, at the heartless relation of the sexes, at the rareness of any love or friendship which one would like to call typical of our best possibilities. If you think that statement is overstrong, choose which of the great books of the world you would offer as illustrating the proper relation of the sexes. Time has left few things so noble as Dante's passion for Beatrice; but this passion was after all the merciful spiritualizing of a tragic disappointment. In utter loneliness the great exile cherished the memory of the woman who had influenced him most—that is, as it happened, the woman he had least known. If I look at familiar stories nearer at hand, what great companionship of the sexes, completely noble and self-respecting, can I find in our best English novelists? Shall I choose *David Copperfield* with his two wives, both of them to some extent missing what life ought to have given them? Will I find the ideal in "Pendennis," or "The Newcomes," or "Henry Esmond"? Can I find a little promise of it in the greatest of American novels, "The Scarlet Letter"? Or if I leave books and try to recall instances from the elder generations which I have known, can I name many families in which both men and women seem to have an equal chance in life—in which one of them was not sacrificed or stunted for the sake of the other? *(Please turn to page 131)*

Soft JOB

By Nina Wilcox Putnam

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

Ease and luxury are to be purchased at many prices. The famous author of "Easy" tells of one unusual price which a girl found, at last, that she could not pay.

GETTING married is a good deal like jumping off the roof: once you've started it, it's practically impossible to change your mind.

Which, leave me tell you, dear, is one reason why I have stuck to my job with Methode Parfait, instead of giving up sixty good simoleons per week and tips in favor of nursing a cook-stove for some jockey with about twenty-five hundred a year. And yet I do know girls who would pass up a job like mine for a husband who they couldn't trust no farther then they could throw the grand piano. *Can yerimagine?*

What's that, Miss Ella? Lady in Booth Number Two says she wants to catch a train? Well, what'll she do with it after she gets it? Tell her to sit quiet or the permanent-wave curlers will explode!

All right, dear, what was I saying? Oh, yes, about me not getting married. What? I don't look a day over thirty-five? Go on, you're kidding! But when I lose a little weight, I'll look younger, you'll see! Besides, the only men I ever meet in this face-fixing establishment are half-portion sheiks like Jerry de Lange over there. Take a good look at him, dear, and tell me what you think. . . . .

You do? Well, you may like that mauve-colored suit and that sun-proof patent hair, but he's just a violet, that's all! He's our reception manager. A high-hat Fifth Avenue concern like the Parfait has 'em for bait, the same as the rest of the trick furniture. Do the old girls fall for him? And how! His success has gone to what he calls his head, and now he wont look at a woman unless she has a car and everything! Why, there's one old hen comes in here all the time just on his account. Oh, I can tell! I mean old Mrs. Gober—you know, that rich widow of the beer king. She's got a face like the map of Europe just after the war, but her clothes come out of the misses' department—*can yerimagine?* Personally I can't see how a woman that's not exactly young can make a fool out of herself being seen with a kid like that. I wouldn't do such a thing myself and I guess the boys know it. For instance, Jerry aint asked me out. . . . . Excuse me, dear.

Yes, moddom? You want a vinegar bath at five? Well, let me see, I'm afraid I can't arrange it—you didn't have a appointment, did you? Ten-thirty tomorrow morning? All right, thank you, moddom!

Don't go, dear! I've got a lot more to talk about. For one thing, did you take any chances on that competition the Daily *Tabloid* is getting out? You didn't? Well, I did! All you hadder do was write in a letter about "Why Dotty de Lux is the most beautiful Actress on the Screen." The prize for the best letter was a new four-cylinder Climber touring car. I wrote one, and sent it in. Believe me, dear, a newspaper don't run a competition giving away a expensive car like that for pure love of art! They say the owner of the *Tabloid* has had a awful lot of trouble with his wife over it, and that Dotty's got jewels— What, Miss Ella? Tell the lady yes, the tomato crême will surely reduce her if she takes it externally.

But as I was telling you, wouldn't that kind of discourage matrimonial ideals? . . . . Is that so, you're crazy over a home, dear? Well, I think your sentiment is real sweet. Personally, I love mine a lot, even if it is only a three-room flat. Do you know, sometimes I think I'll leave my home to a museum when I die—it'll probably be the only one left by that time. Although I must say that just lately I haven't enjoyed it much. But then, how could I, on account of Ina?

Oh, that's right, I aint seen you since I run into Ina, have I?

Ina come down in pajamas that would knock your eye out—and on her heels bounced Mrs. Gober, taking the visit directly to herself.

Well, can yerimagine? Time just melts around N'York, don't it? Well, I run into Ina, all right, and that's just what caused all this what I am telling you about.

Naturally you wouldn't've heard me speak of Ina Eames. I hadn't thought of her, even, in years, not in fact, since I left Lavania, Illinois. Sure I come from there—the very minute I had the car-fare. But as I was telling, I was in Rancy's house-furnishings department, when who should I run into only Ina. She was buying a baby frying-pan, one of them little ones that hold only a single egg and is so handy over a rooming-house gas-jet. I thought I'd seen her some place before, but I couldn't quite connect up the tall, aristocratic-looking young brunette with any picture actress. Ina give one quick look at me and come right over.

"Are you Miss Goldie Shean?" she says, smiling.

"That's the name," I admitted, "but I can't seem to recall yours."

"I'm Ina Eames." she says. "I was only a little girl when you last saw me, b[ut] I remember you so well—I always thought you were just lovely, and I knew you in a minute; you haven't changed a bit."

Well, I smoothed my baby-blue satin down where it had rode up over the hips a little, and smiled back.

"*You* Mrs. Ella Eames' girl?" I says. "Why, of course! You used to come in our yard and ask could you pick the violets! Certainly I remember you, and to think of seeing you in New York, grown up and all! How's your Ma? Is she living?"

"Yes indeed," says Ina. "Ma has charge of the big new apartment house in Lavania; there's quite some changes out there now—you wouldn't hardly know the place—though they'd know you, all right, you're looking so lovely."

"What are you doing here?" I says. "On a visit? Whereabout are you living?" Ina give a funny little laugh.

"Well," she says, "I don't hardly know, myself, because the girl who lent me her room is coming back tomorrow, and I haven't been able to find a thing. All the decent places are so expensive, and I haven't got a job yet."

"So!" I says. "You're like all the rest, come to the big city to make good! That's real interesting. What's your line?"

"I haven't any," confessed Ina, "but I've got to find a job—really I have. Only that's not so easy, when you haven't been

trained for anything especial."

"That's a fact," I says. And seeing that she seemed such good company, a idea come over me. After all, while I never knew her ma extra well, I didn't like to think of a young lady from my own home town wandering around kind of loose-like, not in New York. It didn't seem right.

"Lookit here," I says. "Why don't you come and stay with me awhile, Ina? I got a folding davenport in my living-room, and I'm all alone except for Peter the gold-fish, and Dickey the canary. You just move your trunk over, and write your ma who you're with. It will ease her mind, and be company for me."

Ina looked like she could hardly believe her luck.

"Oh, but you couldn't really want me?" she says, tickled to death. "I'd be in the way of all your beaux! I'm sure you've got a hundred."

"Nonsense, my dear," I says kindly. "But we may have some crowding around after you move in! Don't be embarrassed to come—it's only till you get a job, anyhow."

Well, after a little arguing Ina accepted gratefully. Then she give the saleslady back the little frying-pan, and says with a laugh, she guessed she'd keep her fifty cents. And that's how Ina come to move in. . . . . Excuse me, please! What, Miss Ella? Yes, tell the lady night-nets are two dollars, and if she can buy them in the five-and-dime, why don't she?

First off, I was just delighted to have Ina around. She was always good-natured, always making funny cracks, and she helped some with the housework. It seemed she had been in New York over a year, but when I asked her about what jobs had she held, she was kind of vague. She told me something about having sold a little advertising one time, but that was about all. However, if Ina hadn't made much of a success with jobs, she knew a lot of friends, especially men, and it was a bad night when she didn't get a free dinner off one of them. Noons she often ate with me, having run into the office here just before lunch-time to make sure I was not overworking, she was so devoted. But all that wasn't getting her any cash. Why, she couldn't even afford to send out her laundry! Many's the time I come home to find the bathtub plastered with her stockings and handkerchiefs. But this delay getting a start didn't seem to worry her none. When I questioned her about what she was going to do, she kidded me along. "I'm just a bum, Goldie!" she would laughingly say. "And how I love it! But don't you worry; one of these days I'll get the job I want—get paid to drink champagne on a yacht in fine raiment!" And at first I used to think that was awful cute. After all, Ina wasn't extravagant. What she had, she certainly made go a long ways. It is wonderful what a girl can do on five dollars a week from home, if she's visiting some place. And Ina was one who could give our janitor a laugh instead of a tip and make him like it, a gift which made me a long while getting hep to the fact that every job which came up she managed to crawl out of taking, always in the most plausible way. Honest, dear, after a two-months' visit I began to get fed up with it, especially as Ina showed no signs of leaving me. If it hadn't been for the

"Stop!" Ina says in a loud voice. "I heard all you said about Mrs. Gober, and you ought to be ashamed!"

sheiks that fed her, nights, I don't know what I would of done. But feeding her was far as any of them got. Ina was a real good girl. I could tell. And she never took any of 'em seriously until Mickey Doyle come along.

I and Mickey took to each other right off. I guess the Doyles and the Sheans was once kings in Ireland together, or something, but anyways, we hit it off fine. He was a regular guy, and was properly introduced to us by a spilled cup of coffee in the Plaza Lunchroom. Yes indeed, Mickey was a hundred per cent he-man, and when he fell for Ina with such a crash, I was tickled to death.

"Gee!" says he after we had told our names, and all that. "Gee, it's a lovely night out! Wish I had a car—I'd ask you girls out for a ride."

"Too bad, I turned my roller-skates in for a pair of skis last winter!" says Ina. "So I couldn't go, anyhow!"

"You wouldn't need them with me," he says real gallant. "I had a car down in Florida when I was in real-estate there. And if things had only gone right, I'd have at least two by now." He laughed. "Don't think for a minute I'm blaming the flop down there for what I haven't got, though," he says. "I'm with Crane and Hall, now, and I'll make good on that Long Island stuff or die trying."

"I expect to have a car," says Ina, "as soon as I do something useful, like inventing something to use for money—or get me a job drinking champagne on a yacht, in fine raiment."

"Looking for a job?" says Mickey. "Say, I believe there is an opening for a steno in our office!"

"I don't know stenography, or I'd grab it," says Ina quickly, smiling. She had fallen for Mickey right off the reel—anybody could see that—and was starting in to work her hokum on him; and good hokum it was, too, on account Ina always admitted her own weaknesses right away, to disarm the other feller. *Can yerimagine?* "I'm just a bum, I guess," she says. "I'm not trained for anything! Poor little girl, you ought to be sorry for me!"

And say, dear, he was, at first. Even after Mickey commenced to see through Ina, he liked her just the same, only like me, he was distressed over her. There was sure something about that girl made you stick by her even when you knew you ought to throw her out, for her own good. Way down underneath her selfish laziness was some kind of a quality that made a person keep on trying to make her make good, if you know what I mean, dear. You felt like something had ought to be done to jar her into a sense of how she was mucking up a perfectly good life. About two weeks after I realized that Mickey was seriously in love with her, I took it on me to bawl her out.

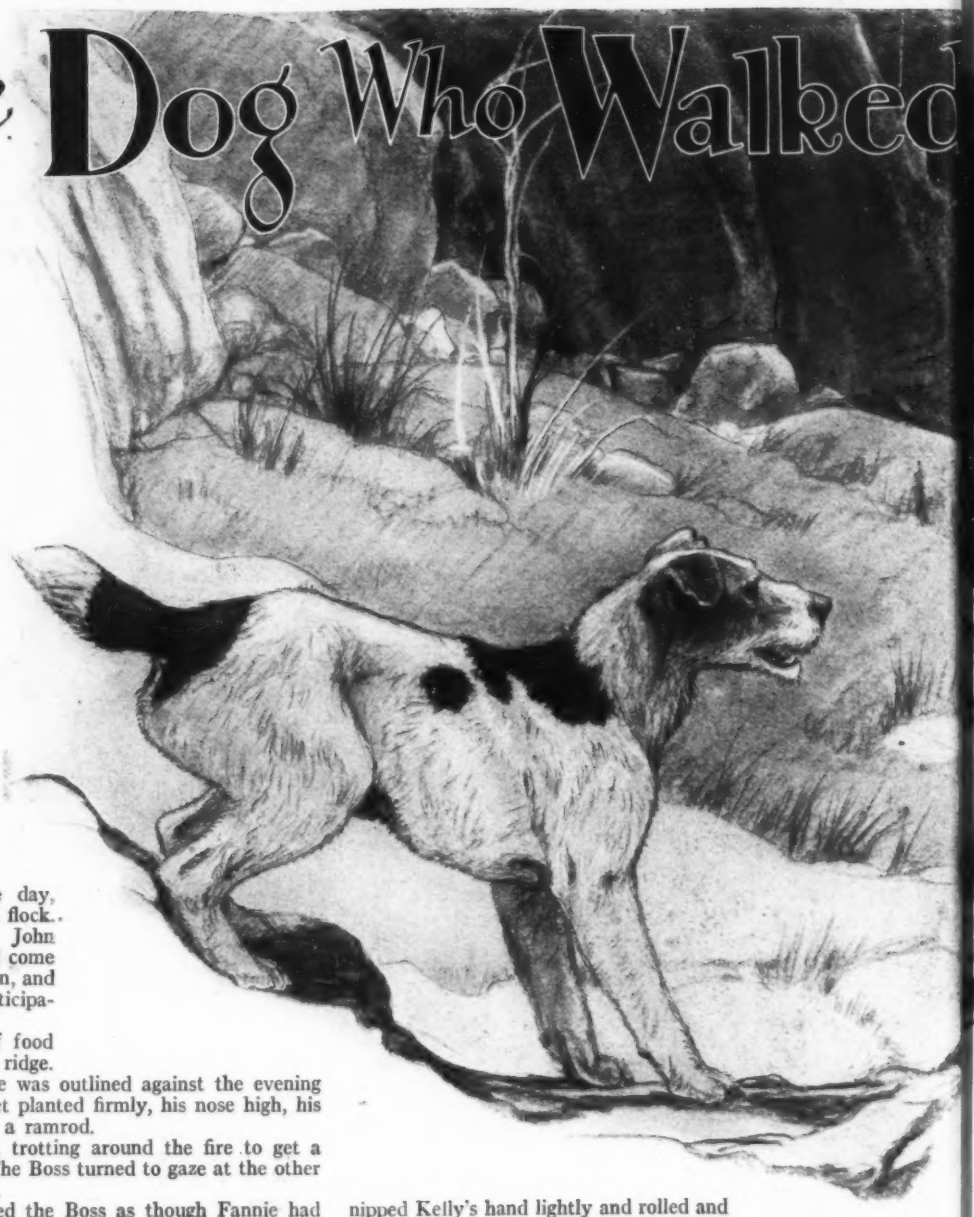
"Lookit here, Ina," I says one late afternoon at the Parfait, when all the customers was gone and I was setting my permanent with the water-combs. "Lookit here, you simply can't go on like you are! I can tell!

(Please turn to page 134)

The Dog Who Walked W

Whether or not there are men—or women—who are absolutely devoid of fear, there certainly are animals without that sense; and one of these is a wire-haired fox terrier.

Illustrated by Charles Livingston Bull



WHEN the Duke walked into the sheep-camp of Big Jim and Fannie, there was no diffidence about him. He came with the slightest hint of swagger, as though he knew he would be welcome.

Fannie, alert as a good sheep-dog should be, saw him first. Big Jim was not in camp. He had ridden beyond Wildcat Ridge earlier in the day, leaving Fannie to care for the flock. But hearty, brown-skinned John Kelly, owner of the outfit, had come to camp as the sun slanted down, and now was getting supper in anticipation of Big Jim's return.

Perhaps it was the smell of food that brought the Duke over the ridge. When Fannie first saw him, he was outlined against the evening sky, standing rigid, all four feet planted firmly, his nose high, his stubby tail sticking up stiff as a ramrod.

"Whru-ff-ff," barked Fannie, trotting around the fire to get a clearer look at this stranger. The Boss turned to gaze at the other dog poised on the rocky ledge.

"Gosh, yo're right," remarked the Boss as though Fannie had actually spoken. "There *is* a strange hound up there."

At the sound of John Kelly's voice, the Duke came down from the rock, galloped toward the fire, came within ten feet of the Boss, stopped galloping, stood still, eyed the man carefully, sniffed. He paid slight attention to Fannie. The Duke could make her acquaintance in due time. Now he stood looking for long seconds with unblinking lids, directly into the eyes of the Boss. There was no waver or flicker in the piercing gaze of this fuzzy white-and-black, wire-haired terrier. The Boss, peering back steadily, had the feeling that he was looking into the eyes of an equal. The cocky sureness of the little dog won the Boss. He liked good dogs regardless of pedigree, color or size.

In a flash the Boss had thought of his title.

"Come right in, Your Highness!" exclaimed John Kelly, a broad grin sweeping his face. "Yo're right welcome, Duke. The whole camp's yores."

The Duke cocked his head on one side, barely opened his mouth and said, *"Whr-oo-ooff."*

Then he walked with measured, unhurried tread directly to the Boss. The tall rancher dropped to his knee with an amused smile, reached out his hand invitingly. The Duke sniffed inquiringly, stepped close. Kelly's hands caught the tousled little hammer head of the terrier between his palms and roughed and patted it. It was not until then that the Duke unbent. Instantly he was all play. He waggled his head, barked in excitement, nipped Kelly's hand lightly and rolled and tumbled away.

Fannie, sure now that this was a friend, came forward, and the two dogs scrambled, romped, then stood still, gravely regarding each other. The terrier was not half the size of Fannie, but his gigantic dignity, his assertive ego, more than made up for any discrepancy in pounds.

Away raced Fannie and the Duke, then back—almost to tumble into the kettle of potatoes John Kelly was cooking. Again they stopped, gravely to scrutinize each other, and then they romped again. But hunger brought the Duke from ceremonies of new dog acquaintance to stand with stubby legs wide spraddled. He barked. The Boss turned to look at him.

"Did you say supper?" asked Kelly. The little dog wiggled, tossed his head and wiggled again as the Boss fed him a bit of meat. The Duke wolfed it, lifted his head, barked for more. Fannie came to stand and wag an approving tail while the Boss tossed bits of food to the hungry Duke, who gulped them greedily.

It was nearly dusk when Big Jim came riding into his camp. So far as the Duke was concerned, this camp was not Big Jim's at all. The Boss was master. With a rush he lunged at Big Jim. Casually the herder, without wish to do injury, gently shoved the Duke away with his boot.

It was an indignity. The Duke leaped at Big Jim, his mouth open, his eyes blazing. Fury, readiness to engage in combat with the big man, stood out all over his taut, furry little body.

With Courage

By Arthur Hawthorne Carhart

Even good-sized dogs that know this fighter hesitate before attacking alone. Not so with the Duke. He leaped to attack.

Fannie, resenting this attack on Big Jim, her man god, threw herself between the Duke and Jim, snarling.

"Here, pup," commanded the Boss evenly. "Come here."

The Duke stopped, eyed Big Jim, then walked obediently back to Kelly. Some swift intuition on the part of these two men, who lived so much with furred and feathered folk, told them that the Duke acknowledged fealty to John Kelly.

"Where did yuh get the watch-charm bloodhound?" asked Big Jim good-naturedly. "Thought he'd swallow me whole."

"He drifted in about an hour ago," replied Kelly, looking down at the Duke, who now stood in dignified silence watching Big Jim.

"Good dog," said Big Jim, appraising the Duke's points.

"Good blood in him," agreed Kelly. "But no dog for a sheep-camp. Just some one's pet that's run away. Better arrange to send him down-country first chance you get. If he was a good sheep-dog that could earn his board and keep we might use him. But those pet breeds are a nuisance around an outfit like this."

After sunrise next morning the Boss rode on his way. The Duke started to follow his new chief, but at a command from the boss he stopped in the trail and watched Kelly ride out of sight. Then he came back slowly, thoughtfully, butted his head against Big Jim's leg as though asking for sympathy. Of course he got it from Big Jim.

After that Big Jim and the Duke were friends, but the herder, dividing his attention between his own dog Fannie and the Duke, never commanded the unswerving loyalty the little dog had bestowed on John Kelly.

In days that followed, Big Jim had several offers from men riding to the plains below to take the little dog out of the mountains. But Jim made no move to avail himself of them.

Happy days followed. Though the country and the work were new to him, never did the Duke seem surprised at what happened, never got frightened or excited over what was happening. It seemed as though one grand holiday floated around him. He would chase magpies that came to camp in the morning and then bark as they fluttered away, daring them to come back. In the rock-slide across from the camp he would chase hoary old marmots. Big Jim would miss the Duke, would hear his sharp excited yap, and marmots would go scurrying to cover as the Duke tore by the doors of their rock slide fortresses. As one marmot would duck to cover another would whistle tantalizingly at the Duke and he would run for this new opponent. It almost developed into a well-organized game, the dog racing back and forth while marmots dared him to chase them and then dived out of reach. Big Jim would stand and laugh until tears dimmed his eyes. Fannie would run toward the Duke, then stop and whine. For she knew it was impossible to catch any of those wise old graybeards that lived in the rock-pile.

One sunny day as they herded the sheep, the Duke caught sight of another animal.

"Here, you blamed fool!" yelled Big Jim as he saw the Duke start after the gray creature with the black nose, drunken gait and white stripes along his back. But the Duke paid no heed, and Big Jim started to run with all his might.

Jim was halfway down the slope when the Duke reached this badger. Several good fighting dogs have a chance with a badger. While the animal is attacking one, a second dog can get a bite of him. But even good-sized dogs that know this fighter hesitate before attacking alone, and hesitate with cause.

Not so with the Duke. He leaped to attack. Badgers were his special sugar-plum. The badger turned on the defensive. Then, seeing a dog not much larger than himself, he took a few swift steps to meet the Duke.

Big Jim slowed as he saw the collision. Gray-white dog, white-gray badger, tangled in one knot. Unleashed turmoil and fighting filled the center of it. Over and over, down the little bank of an arroyo, they tumbled. The badger, knowing that he had underestimated the Duke, tried to get clear. Then new conflict exploded as the Duke, yapping and believing he had routed the enemy, went plunging in, only to get scratches and digs that made him yelp lustily but increased the fury of his attack.

Big Jim stumbled down a little bank, ran, puffing from exertion. Fannie yelped and raced in front of him.

"Stay out of that," commanded Big Jim as Fannie started in.

The dog and badger were locked in terrific struggle, no less intense because it was between two relatively small, equally quick animals. The Duke staggered to his feet. The badger backed away. He turned his bloody head from side to side, hissing and snarling. The Duke looked with a touch of awe at the animal in front of him.

"Well, I'll be danged!" exploded Big Jim as he stopped and watched. "Each of 'em knows he's met his match!"

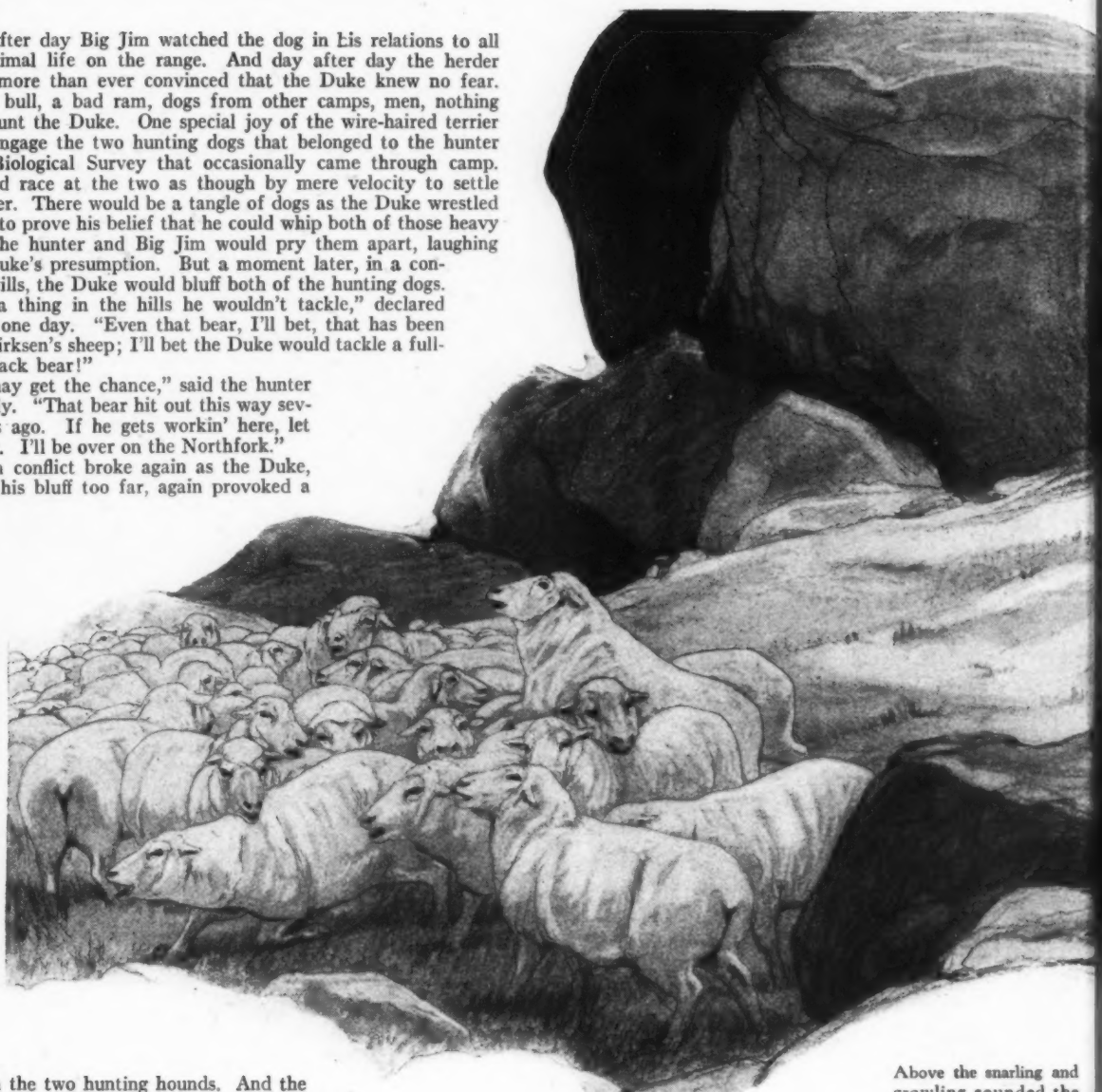
The Duke, nonplused as to his next move, stood quivering. The badger backed a little. As Big Jim reached down and picked up the Duke, the little dog snarled because he was excited and ready to renew the fight. And then he became quiet, for Big Jim was his man friend. . . . .

Day after day Big Jim watched the dog in his relations to all other animal life on the range. And day after day the herder became more than ever convinced that the Duke knew no fear. A range bull, a bad ram, dogs from other camps, men, nothing could daunt the Duke. One special joy of the wire-haired terrier was to engage the two hunting dogs that belonged to the hunter of the Biological Survey that occasionally came through camp. He would race at the two as though by mere velocity to settle the matter. There would be a tangle of dogs as the Duke wrestled mightily to prove his belief that he could whip both of those heavy dogs. The hunter and Big Jim would pry them apart, laughing at the Duke's presumption. But a moment later, in a contest of wills, the Duke would bluff both of the hunting dogs.

"Not a thing in the hills he wouldn't tackle," declared Big Jim one day. "Even that bear, I'll bet, that has been killing Dirksen's sheep; I'll bet the Duke would tackle a full-grown black bear!"

"He may get the chance," said the hunter laconically. "That bear hit out this way several days ago. If he gets workin' here, let me know. I'll be over on the Northfork."

Sudden conflict broke again as the Duke, carrying his bluff too far, again provoked a fight with the two hunting hounds. And the Duke welcomed that break. For he secretly held that if these two humans would not interfere, he would eventually whip both of these tigerish dogs.



Above the snarling and growling sounded the wild voice of the Duke as he charged, blind to everything but the idea that he would whip this bear.

Sometimes in the evenings the Duke would stand for long minutes looking into the soft dusk as it crept over mountain forests and flower-starred meadows. And by some process of keen intuition Big Jim knew that it was John Kelly, the Boss, that the Duke awaited. Ready to give friendship, the Duke would not bestow allegiance to any man except that one whom he would select.

One evening, two days after the hunter had been by the camp, the Duke stood watching, waiting. There was more eagerness in his attitude as though something had whispered that he would be rewarded for having looked so patiently on other nights. Then came John Kelly riding a big, plodding saddle-horse.

The Duke knew him. But he did not rush forward yapping and fawning. He kept his place, gravely awaiting the Boss as though he was about to give audience to a personage. Only the quick quivering of his stubby tail and the slight chatter of his jaw showed that the Duke was filled with repressed excitement.

The Boss glanced at the Duke as he swung from the saddle. A scowl touched his face, then disappeared. The Boss liked dogs but he had a healthy, well-founded contempt for city-bred pet dogs in sheep-camps.

"Still got that high-powered fightin' hound," he said half-humorously. "Has he ate any sheepherders recent?"

"Nope," replied Big Jim. "He knows it aint open season."

"Thought I told you to send him down-country."

"You did," agreed Big Jim. "But I aint took it up with him yet. He might not agree to it."

The Boss frowned slightly. The Duke took his place directly in front of the Boss, stood with feet wide-spread, looked up steadily into the man's eyes.

"Who's runnin' this outfit, you or that dog?" he demanded, suddenly turning on Big Jim. The trail had been long and hard that day, and the Boss was tired, hungry and a bit irritable.

"We're all three runnin' it," said Jim gravely, indicating Fannie and the Duke.

"Well, I'm still issuin' general orders," replied the Boss with an edge of steeliness in his voice. "The Duke may be a good dog in town or for a pet, but he isn't a sheep-dog that kin do a real dog's work. He's one of them pure-bred pets that people pamper and drag around with 'em. Nuisance mostly. Next chance you get, send him down-country."

"Okay with me if he'll agree to it," said Jim.

"Well, I'll take him down as I go out," snapped the Boss. "No place fer a little pet dog like that in a first-class sheep-camp. Understand, I like the little tike, Jim. But he's out of his element; he's no mountain dog. I'll hold him at the home ranch awhile, and if no dude claims him, I'll give him to the kids fer a pet. That's about his speed."

Big Jim grinned and said nothing. The Duke came close to the Boss and said, *"Ah-ruff!"*

The Boss could not resist. He stooped impulsively and patted the curly little head of the Duke. Instantly some of that queer comradeship of their first meeting was resumed. Big Jim recognized what had happened, and the Boss, looking up, realized that he had been spied upon.

"That order for him to go down with me goes," said John Kelly defiantly as he stood up.

All next day Big Jim and the Boss rode over the meadows of the Flat-tops where flowers nodded and swayed in cool mountain winds. It was blazing midsummer mountain sunset as they came riding back to camp along a shadowy spruce-bordered trail that evening.

After supper they talked and smoked while Fannie, lying close to Big Jim, watched the sparks shooting starward, and the Duke, anxious to impress the Boss, pretended there was something just outside the circle of light that had to be warded off from the camp and that he was the only person in camp to do it.

During the talk Big Jim mentioned the raids of the renegade bear on neighboring flocks. For some moments both men looked toward spruce-clad hills that were soft black shadows under the luminous dome of mountain night. Both were thinking of that threat of the killer bear. Such a raider often means loss instead of profit, but beyond that there is a personal interest, a deeper concern than mere dollars and cents. These men who watch the flocks have a creed that they must protect and guard their sheep. Only occasionally does a bear kill sheep; but when he does, he slays for sport. He is an animal insane with killing lust.

The coyote family beyond Wildcat Ridge yammered and yapped while the Duke went wildly into the night barking and daring the whole yip-yap tribe to single or multiple combat; and then the Boss, with a word, quieted the little dog and there was gigantic peace. . . . .

Morning broke with the clear dome of blue sky flushed with ruddy brightness.

"You sling breakfast together," suggested the Boss to Big Jim. "I'll take the dogs and shove those closest sheep up that little spur ridge."

"*Bueno*," agreed Big Jim.

Fannie led. The Duke scampered, tumbled, yapped, and came rollicking back to the Boss and was met by a smile.

Unmindful of the recent edict of the Boss, the Duke seemed possessed of some unquenchable spirit. He leaped, tumbled, dived through patches of scrub elder, got in Fannie's way, went scurrying after some strays, bunched them back with a flourish that any good sheep-dog might envy. The Duke came racing to Kelly for approval. The Boss smiled and touched his head. That was enough for the Duke. He went tearing back to give aid to Fannie as she drove the flock before her. Nor did the Duke bark, for Big Jim with a little patient argument had taught him that he should do his work with the flock without fuss and flurry.

The sheep moved slowly, taking a nibble now and then. The Boss kept close behind the rear guard of the flock. They reached a point just under the crest of the ridge. On the right was a patch of mountain honeysuckle and beyond that was aspen and one stand of scrub timber up the slope.

One moment everything was quiet, orderly, peaceful. The next, sheep came streaming back over the apex of the ridge, tumbling, slipping, stumbling, cowering. They scampered, fell in stark madness, then got up to cower in stark terror.

Back of them, with clumsy, yet terrifically rapid gait, shambled a black bear, the sheep-slapping outlaw.

The bear suddenly swished out with his claw-armed hand, slapped a ewe. She went rolling, kicking down the hill, her skull crushed. Two more sheep went tumbling and bleeding from the slap of those deadly paws.

Then the Boss found voice. He whooped.

Big Jim, in the camp thirty rods down the slope, tensed suddenly, leaped to the tent, pawed excitedly, gripped the stock of his rifle, then turned and raced toward the place where sheep, bear, dogs and man milled and raced.

Big Jim stopped, started to sight the rifle, knew then that he could not chance a shot that might reach Kelly instead of the bear, and cursing at what he saw happening above him, he lurched up the rocky grade.

Faced by the man, realizing for the first time that there was something more than senseless sheep in his path, the bear stopped, reared. Kelly grabbed a rock—the only *(Please turn to page 132)*

Lacy and the Law

By Hilda Mauck

Johnny B. was handicapped in his arguments by being handcuffed. "He's really clever, isn't he?" Lacy murmured. "He probably builds up a new identity every few towns."

IT didn't take any giant intellect to see why Johnny B. was such a cinder in Lacy's eye. She was used to having the world roll neatly along in the groove she picked out for it—and Johnny B. wouldn't roll.

Lacy and I had wangled an invitation out of his Aunt Mary, whom my family had known for years, to spend the summer with her up at Sunset Lodge, a summer hotel she owned in Minnesota. We arrived, all set for a summer of ease and idleness, to learn that Aunt Mary was away taking care of a sick sister, and Johnny B. was in charge, grimly determined to teach us, by making us wait on tables for the summer, how the other half lived.

He was an assistant professor of economics at Marland College, and Lacy and I had wasted a whole semester and plenty of expectant heart-throbs on his course in labor problems—with no result whatever except this brave young ambition of his to remodel us into pillars of society—a purely professional project. At the end of the semester, absolutely ignoring the fact that Lacy's father was Eli Warren, Jr., and I was her room-mate, he had calmly flunked us both.

If we accepted this hash-slinging proposition, we were to get our credit for labor problems after all, but that was only the velvet glove that covered the hand of iron. Thanks to a shopping orgy in Minneapolis, neither of us had enough money to pay board, and our families were out of reach. It was a trap, all right. We arrived a couple of carefree co-eds, and woke up the next morning horny-handed daughters of toil.

However, waiting tables turned out to be not so bad, after all, and we were really having a grand summer, even if he had rammed it down our throats. So, usually, when Lacy began gnashing her teeth for revenge, I cocked a knowing eye at her and yawned. Personally, the fact that Johnny B. was getting chummier every day with Miss Kinder, the desk-clerk, left me quite cold.

It wasn't until he began holding Miss Kinder up to us as a shining example,—it seemed she had a fully developed sense of responsibility, instead of the social consciousness of a child of ten,—that I agreed with Lacy that the time had come for a certain pair of worms to turn.

I could have forgiven Miss Kinder even her sense of responsibility if she hadn't looked like a perpetual advertisement of some new toilet soap. But you can imagine how Lacy and I loved to come off duty, with coffee spilled on our aprons, our hair plastered down with the heat, and our noses shining like beacons, and run across Miss Kinder, looking fresh as a rose-petal after a May rain, dainty as a dew-washed daisy, and so forth.

Finally, one morning, when the dining-room doors had closed after a particularly hectic breakfast, Johnny B. called the waitresses together, presented us with the good news that we were going to have to work all that evening, and concluded with a few remarks about being a little more careful of our personal appearance while in the dining-room. And on top of all that, he added, with his usual bright tact:

"Miss Kinder, I feel sure, will be glad to help and advise you in any way possible."

So when Lacy said grimly, out in her roadster that afternoon, "Phyllis, the time has come for revenge!" I added a hearty *"Amen!"* instead of a yawn. And there, right around the next curve of the lake road, was *Simon Legree* himself, unmistakably in the hands of the law.

He greeted us with carols of joy, so we stopped alongside his car. The Law, an earnest person with red hair and a big nose, was perspiringly engaged in applying handcuffs with one hand and pointing a revolver with the other, and Johnny B.'s face at the sight of us was a sunburst of relief—a sun that burst in vain.

"You're an answer to prayer, girls," he called. "Will you tell this person I'm not a thug from Minneapolis?"

"You know this bird?" the Law inquired.

Lacy and I were, for once, two hearts that beat as one. Without a glance at each other, without even a nudge or a pinch, we solemnly inspected the bird from head to foot, looked at each other inquiringly, and shook our heads.

"Should we?" asked Lacy apologetically; and Johnny B.'s sunburst grin faded into a sickly ghost of its former self.

"Well," said the Law, "not unless you mix in the best criminal circles of Minneapolis. Meet Slim Murphy, one of the Fedder gang."

Lacy and I were shocked. "A fine young man like that!" I said sadly. "Why, he might be our own brother."

"Is he really and truly a criminal?" Lacy asked, simply thrilled to tears.

When a girl loves a man and he doesn't know it—and she wont admit it, even to herself—she acts toward him in a strange and interesting manner.

Illustrated by
C. D. Mitchell

"*Ssh*, not so loud!" said the Law sarcastically. "He's sensitive about it. He's a hotel proprietor this trip!"

Johnny B. was listening in a sort of horrid fascination. Finally he pulled himself together, and said: "Well, now that you've had your little joke, girls, will you be good enough to assure this gentleman that I'm the manager of Sunset Lodge, and let me be on my way? As you know, I have a good many things to attend to before this evening."

"Sunset Lodge?" Lacy and I stared at each other, and burst into ringing peals of laughter.

"If you could only see the manager of Sunset Lodge!" Lacy gasped. "You see, Sheriff—"

"No ma'am, just a deputy."

"Oh, but I'm sure you ought to be, even if you aren't," she protested. "You see, Sheriff, we're staying at Sunset Lodge ourselves. Up near Levering, you know." We had stopped at the post office and she pulled out our letters.

"'Miss—Lacy—Warren, Miss—Phyllis—Malone,'" he spelled them out, "'care of Sunset Lodge, Levering, Minnesota!'"

Johnny B. was on the verge of apoplexy. "Look here, Officer," he burst out, "are you going to let two spiteful little fools pull the wool over your eyes like that? These girls are simply trying to settle a personal grudge against me. They're waitresses at Sunset Lodge—"

We were really a little offended at that. "Waitresses!" said the heiress to Eli Warren shoes, holding the word delicately at arm's-length. It didn't require so much acting, at that. Every so often, all summer, she remembered that her blood was blue instead of red, and her soul revolted at the ghastly spectacle of a Warren of Virginia waiting on tables. "Sheriff," she begged, "do we look like waitresses?"

We had dolled up like a pair of Christmas trees that afternoon, in a pathetic attempt to forget our calling, and the should-have-been sheriff was obviously impressed. A chiffon ensemble may not be especially suitable for motoring, but there's nothing that makes a girl look less like a waitress.

"No ma'am," he said admiringly, but on a note of reproof, "you don't look it. But I guess it wouldn't hurt you none if you was."

"Oh, of course not," Lacy hastily agreed. "I know some perfectly lovely girls who are waitresses—two, in particular. You know," she changed the subject, "my heart simply bleeds for those waitresses at Sunset Lodge. They're going to have to serve dinner tonight to a wedding-party, after everybody else gets through eating. Those poor girls are going to have to work right straight through till bedtime! I expect they wish they did have somebody else for a manager, instead of that old bully of a Mr. Burton."

Johnny B. was handicapped, in his arguments, by being inside the car, handcuffed, while the Law stood outside with one foot on the running-board. Every time he raised his voice, the Law brandished the revolver and told him in big he-man tones to shut up. This time, though, Johnny B. shouted him down.

"Didn't I tell you my name was Burton?" he yelled. "Before these girls even came in sight? How do you account for that?"

"He's really clever, isn't he?" Lacy murmured. "He probably builds up a new identity every few towns, all the way from here to the border. Picks up information as he goes along."

"Filling-stations," the Law explained wisely.

"Why, Sheriff, I think you're wonderful to see right through him like that," Lacy breathed.

Johnny B. made hopeless noises in his throat. "Of course they're not professional waitresses," he said. "They're college girls—"

"He's getting warm," Lacy approved.

"And I'm an instructor in economics at Marland College. They were in my class in labor problems."

Lacy left it to the Law with a helpless gesture. "First he was a hotel-keeper, and now he's a college professor! A pretty boy like that!" (We'd had it in for his good looks ever since they lured us into signing up for that course. It had turned out to be the stiffest one in school.) "Anyway, do we look like the sort of girls who would be interested in labor problems?"

"Who said you were interested?" said Johnny B. viciously. "As I was saying, Officer, these girls flunked my course, and I insisted that they spend a summer waiting tables up here as a part of making up their college work."

"Insisted" was good. He had blandly announced that we could either go to work or pay the usual rates. And since Lacy's family was in California and mine in Europe, and we had spent our whole summer's allowance for clothes when we stopped in Minneapolis on the way up, there really hadn't been much choice.

I was holding my breath while he blurted all that out, but I needn't have worried. Lacy was murmuring confidentially to the deputy, with big eyes: "But weren't you afraid to stop him? I think it was terribly clever of you. Will you get a reward for capturing him?"

"The trouble about catchin' one of these here gangsters," said the deputy seriously, "is that they got it in for you after that, and your life aint worth two cents. But I aint one to shirk my duty as a citizen. I was put out here to patrol the road—they knowed he'd head for Canada, y' see—and when I seen him comin' and realized who it was, same kind of car and complexion and all, just fit the description, I just stepped out in the road and aimed the gun."

Lacy shivered. "Right out in front! What was it he did, down in Minneapolis?"

"Shot down a couple of his boy friends in cold blood. Yes ma'am, in cold blood. The trouble is, one of them innocent bystanders got in the way of a bullet, and I guess the whole city's kind of upset."

For once Lacy was stunned into silence. And so was I. Murder sounds like such a serious matter!

But Johnny B. was saying snappishly to the deputy: "Officer, this is ridiculous. Can't you see these girls are only angry at me because they have to work overtime tonight? Don't let them make such a fool out of you!" And then, evidently realizing he was going too far, he added confidentially, man to man: "Look here, Officer, I've got a date to take a young lady down to the carnival tonight. How am I going to keep it if you put me in jail?"

That was his finish. We could have stood the prospect of working overtime—our boy friends across the lake had gone down to Minneapolis for the week-end, and we were going to have the evening on our hands, anyway. But the thought of Johnny B. and Miss Kinder playing around down at the carnival, while we, the cheap help, toiled on into the night, pausing only to brush the sweat from our weary brows—well, murder or no murder, that was a little too much.

Lacy narrowed her eyes. "He probably intended to stage a hold-up, don't you imagine? Think of a vicious criminal like that, wandering around in the midst of a carnival!"

"Don't you worry," said the deputy. "He wont!"

"His girl friend probably isn't any better than she should be, either," Lacy added, rolling it off her tongue with relish.

Johnny B. leaned forward, with a look at her that shoved all red-headed deputies and waitresses off onto another planet.

"Lacy," he said, "you could be such a nice girl. You could be so—sweet. Why wont you?"

She laughed admiringly. "Sheriff,"—she dimpled,—"we've been staying at Sunset Lodge all summer. Now do we seem to you, Sheriff, to be the kind of girls who would have overlooked a young man with a face like that and a line like that, if he had been anywhere within driving distance?"

The Law turned a critical eye on Johnny B. "Aw, do you think he's so much?"

"No," Lacy agreed hastily, "he's not. But you've no idea how few really good-looking unattached men there are up here. Now you—you're probably married, aren't you?"

He dolefully admitted it.

"That's always the way," she sighed. "Well, we must be going along. Do be careful, Sheriff."

"Yes ma'am, I don't aim to take no chances. I'll clap him in the county jail, and let Minneapolis send up after him."

On our way up to the kitchen at dinner-time we caught a glimpse of Miss Kinder in a new dress.

"Oh, Gus," Lacy called to the fishing guide lounging around on the back porch, "will you go tell Miss Kinder that Phyllis and I saw Mr. Burton in town, and he wont be back this evening?"

Gus pricked up his ears. "You mean he aint even comin' back after supper?"

Lacy looked inquiringly at me. "I gathered the impression that he wouldn't be back at all this evening, didn't you, Phyl?"

I nodded. "He said he was being detained," I said truthfully.

Gus beamed all over his round red face and departed, but came back in a few minutes with a wider grin than ever. "She wants to know where you've buried the body," he reported.

Lacy and I jumped like cats. "You're a liar, Gus," I said severely. "Don't go around talking about bodies. What do you mean, anyway?"

"Well, you should have saw the suspicious look she give me.

Johnny B. made a lunge; caught her. "Lacy, you devil!" he said. "Take that back! Tell Miss Kinder that's not the truth."

She thinks it over awhile, and then she sticks her head in the air and says: 'Tell Lacy and Phyllis, please, that I am quite sure they misunderstood Mr. Burton. I am quite sure that if Mr. Burton had wished to send such a message, he would have telephoned me personally.' —Say, listen here, which one of you females is right? Is the old boy going to be here, or aint he? I got to know."

"It is my earnest opinion," said I, "that it will be physically impossible for Mr. Burton to make the trip to the Lodge for some time."

Gus stared, then guffawed. "Why, shame on him, the young devil! Who'd have thought the little whippersnapper had it in him?"

I looked at Lacy uncomfortably, and tried to explain. But Gus went on slapping his knee. "Them words is music to my ears. I got a little business to attend to myself, down at Milford, tonight."

When the wedding party finally broke up that night, and we had our tables cleared and set up for breakfast, Lacy and I paused outside the office, to see how things were progressing.

Somebody was quarreling about his bill, claiming that Mr. Burton had made him a special price. The night had turned quite chilly, and two old ladies were reporting that the oil-stoves in their respective cottages were smoking, each demanding that hers be fixed before anybody else's. Miss Kinder was telling them that Mr. Burton wasn't there, but she would get hold of Gus, and they were both insisting that Gus had tried once before, and nobody could make the things work but Mr. Burton. Somebody else was complaining that he hadn't had any clean towels all day.

Little Mr. Phipps was ready to pay his bill, but he had just discovered that during his two weeks at the Lodge he had caught fifty-one fish, and his fishing bill, including guide, bait, boats and so forth, amounted to fifty-two dollars.

"It's an outrage," he was spluttering. "I go out and spend my time and my money catching those fish—turn them over to the hotel kitchen—and then pay a dollar a meal for the privilege of eating them! It's an outrage, I tell you!"

He paused to get his breath; and Molly, the cook, who was waiting to speak to Miss Kinder, waddled loyally into the fray.

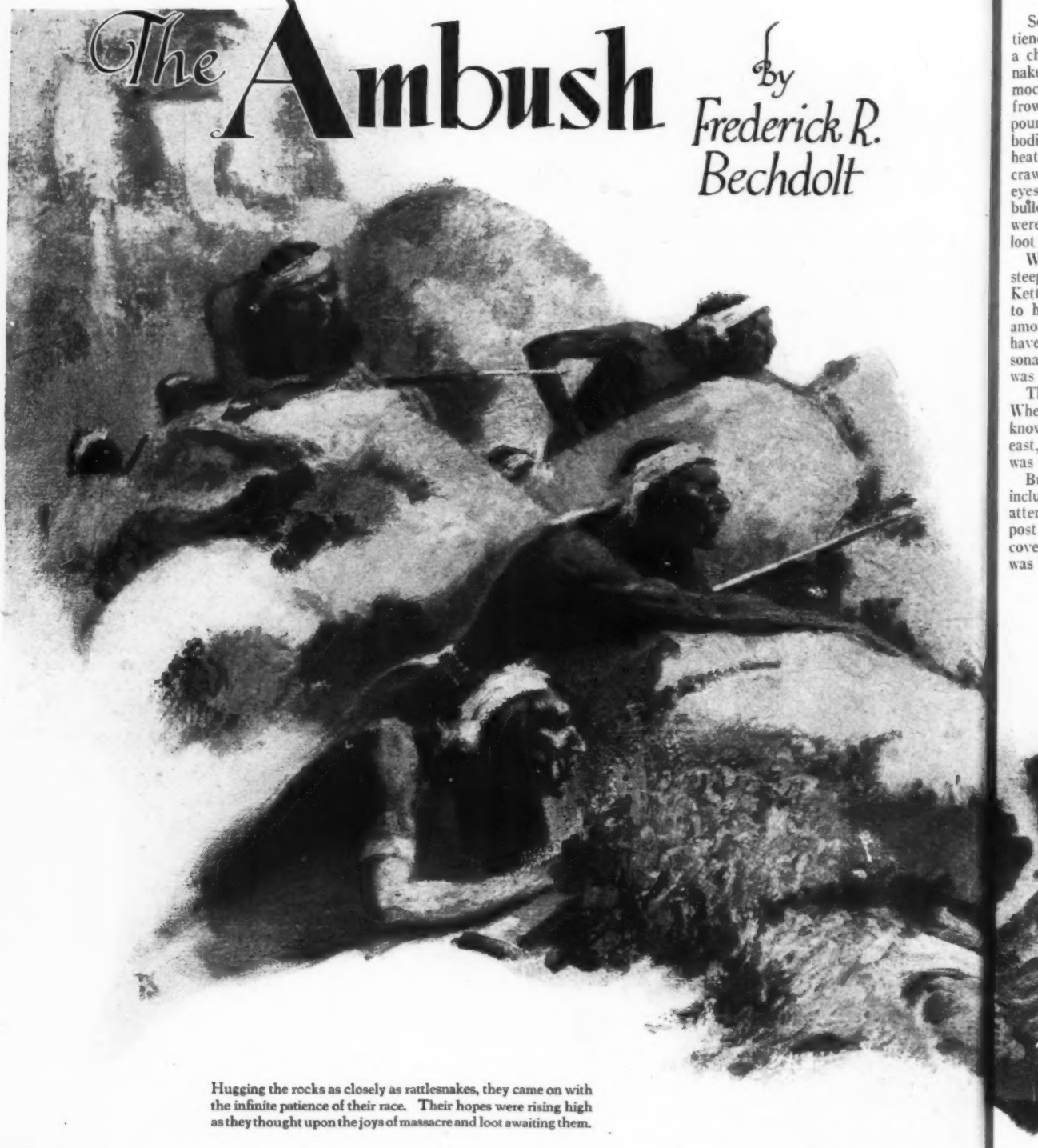
"Well, I guess it takes plenty of money to fry them fish," she said tartly. "You'd be surprised at the price of lard these days!"

Mr. Phipps turned purple. "Lard?" he bellowed. "What's the price of lard to me?"

The situation certainly seemed in crying need of Johnny B.'s gentle hand. I'd never realized before *(Please turn to page 144)*

The Ambush

by Frederick R. Bechdolt



Hugging the rocks as closely as rattlesnakes, they came on with the infinite patience of their race. Their hopes were rising high as they thought upon the joys of massacre and loot awaiting them.

FROM a distance the stage-station looked like a cubical boulder, a little larger than the granite fragments which strewed the summit of the hill. Here, where the arid mountain range came to an abrupt ending like a promontory falling to the sea, it nestled under naked cliffs, a flat-roofed building, fashioned from ragged lumps of rock. The road climbed to it from a sun-baked plain, where mesquite thickets gave a false green promise, and descended from it to another level waste, where alkali patches glared at the hot sky. Like the savage landscape of which it seemed a part, the station revealed no sign of life; it held no promise of life to come. Yet on this summer afternoon, when the breeze which rustled in the clumps of bear-grass was like the gush of air from a furnace, various visitors were drawing near with various projects in mind.

Far up in the recesses of the granite outcrop, it was silent. There was not even the tinkle of a falling pebble. This was because the arts of approach and ambush were to the Apaches as a part of the day's work, small details carefully acquired, one by one, from boyhood, perfected with the same pains-taking practice which a good artisan bestows upon the learning of his trade.

They had left their horses behind them on the ridge. They were coming down the face of the promontory on their bellies, hugging the rocks as closely as so many squirming rattlesnakes. When a warrior had attained one bit of cover, he seemed to sink into the earth; he remained motionless, blending into the surroundings until he had picked the next clump of Spanish bayonet or bear-grass.

A romance of the recent days of danger on the old trail over which now you may speed in your car.

Illustrated by
Paul Strayer

So they came on with the infinite patience of their race, to whom the taking of a chance in battle was a sin. They were naked to their loin-cloths, and their hide moccasins; fillets of dingy cloth bound their frowsy black hair. The sun above them poured its flaying rays upon their bare bodies; the rocks beneath them gave forth heat-waves like an enormous stove. They crawled, unhurried, now a few feet, now lying still. Their beady eyes roved over the wide landscape, taking in the little cubical building. They knew the station-keeper was inside. Their hopes were rising high as they thought upon the joys of massacre and loot awaiting them down there. . . . .

Where the sunbaked talus of the hillside mounted toward the steep escarpments of the living granite, the man called the Kettle lurked. The blazing heat had brought an unhealthy mottle to his pursy cheeks; his obese body was a discordant presence among these wild surroundings. The very beard which should have carried a suggestion of dignity, was offensive. Of personality, raiment and accouterments, the only article in good order was the six-shooter hanging by his thigh.

The name by which he went was a tribute to his ignobility. Where he was known, men spoke it with contempt. And now the knowledge extended over three cardinal points of the compass: east, north and west. The south alone remained open, and Mexico was one brief day's ride away.

But a ride means at least a horse, and preferably a saddle is included; and Kettle's last departure had been too abrupt to allow attention to such details. The exit had been made from the army post some ten miles eastward. Here an inquisitive colonel had discovered that the Government ammunition, for which the Kettle was surreptitiously bartering whisky to thirsty privates, was being sold to renegade Apaches. Take it all in all, the fugitive considered himself in luck to be on foot.

The stage-station lay one hundred yards or so below him. There were horses in the corral. There was sure to be some plunder in the little building. Kettle lifted his head above the boulder; in that moment he looked like nothing so much as an oversized vulture. . . . .

A buckboard emerged from the mesquite thickets where the western flats ended and the long grade to the stage-station began. The wiry little mules slackened from their swinging trot to a brisk dogged walk. In spite of the heat and dust and the rough miles behind her, Eileen was sitting with an uncompromising erectness; her head was back.

She was what one would call a slip of a girl, but there was that in the way she held her lips and in the darkness of her eyes—gray eyes, they were, but they seemed almost black now—which magnified her presence. It would have needed such a seasoned connoisseur of the emotions as a married member of her sex to discover the pain which was hidden under that angry hauteur.

The mining camp whence she had driven was tucked away in a cañon some ten miles back. On the center table in the living-room of the superintendent's cottage—where her sister, whose guest she had been these past three months, would be sure to find it—a note lay.

"Molly dear, just for a change," the note said, "I'm going to Tombstone to visit the Lawtons. I'll leave the buckboard at the station, where you can send a man after it; and I'll take the stage."

That this would not explain in the slightest, its author knew full well; but after several more elaborate attempts, she had left it in the full assurance that, at any rate, she would be beyond reach of questions by the time it was read. Now she was gazing straight ahead where the boulders and the wind-distorted yuccas cast stark shadows on the arid earth, and she was reviewing the real explanation, which was some sixteen hours old.

When one is young and high of spirit and inexperienced in the game of give and take, a lovers' quarrel is no joke. It can rankle with increasing bitterness for several times sixteen hours. And this was the first issue that had arisen between Eileen and Lee Shattuck to mar the glamour of their courtship during these months.

Three times a week he had been coming; twenty miles to her and twenty back. And the intervals between his visits were seeming longer every week. The two were looking forward to the days when there would be none of those intervals—when life would be one uninterrupted courtship. That is to say, they had been looking forward thus, until last evening.

In the first place that had been a sultry evening,—a rarity in southeastern Arizona,—an evening to set one's nerves on edge. As it went on, the thunderstorm, which was brewing somewhere back in the range, failed to arrive. And Ed Sampson, who had long since arrived, failed to depart. Ed tended the stage-station for a living, and for his own delectation he played an accordion. This he had brought along. Aside from a fixed belief that others found no abomination in his attempts toward music, his more potent characteristics included sandy hair, carefully slicked down, a rasping voice and a thick-skinned amiability.

And Lee was there. He had been there nearly two hours before Ed took his accordion beneath his arm and started back for the stage-station.

One of the things—so Eileen had told her sister—which had made her fall in love with Lee was the constant disposition of his lips to curve into a smile. But during those two hours the disposition had not betrayed itself. Returning from the front door, where she had done her best to speed the departing guest, she managed to muster a weary smile of her own. It had met with no response.

"I didn't notice you were in such a hurry for him to go."

Now, as the buckboard rattled on up the grade, she was hearing his soft drawl again. But she was not hearing her own retort.

"Please don't be stupid." Those were the words. And as has been said, the air was sticky, hot.

"Of co'se if I'd known you was such a music-lover—"

Thinking back on that, she felt again the flush of hot anger; but it failed to remind her of the reply which it had begotten.

"Really, he plays pretty well, and I'm quite fond of him!" Perversity had prompted this, and the conviction that it served Lee right.

Thus it had begun. And for a half-hour it had gone on, to climax with Lee, standing in the doorway, his hat in his hand, looking a good two inches taller than usual; his eyes bleak, his young face set, and his voice very quiet.

"That being the case, I'll not bother you any more. I've been thinking for some time of California. Tomorrow I'm pulling out."

"It's not a bad idea." She did remember that last speech of hers. She remembered it with a cold feeling in her heart, as if the world had of a sudden reversed its movement and started turning the wrong way.

But she was not sorry for what had happened. It was a good thing. She told herself this twice while the buckboard was ascending the long grade. Yes, there was no doubt about it: she was lucky to have found out Lee Shattuck. Last evening, after his departure, she had waited, expecting to hear the rasp of his spurs on the veranda again. His failure to return and patch it up had fully revealed the extent of his unreasoning jealousy. Well, she was free of him.

The mules stopped of their own accord. She found herself before the stage-station. Ed Sampson was coming to the door. She held her chin higher and smiled at him. . . . .

Down on the mesquite flat the road wound through patches of glaring sunlight and checkered shadow. The tall thickets gave brief vistas of dusty ruts hedged in by thorny stems, covered at times by a ceiling of fretted greenery. The stage-station and the long grade leading to it were invisible. But the fresh wheel-tracks gave vivid evidence of the buckboard's passing. Ordinarily Lee would have read this testimony, together with the imprints of the mules' small hoofs, thereby to draw his own deductions. This, however, was an extraordinary day in his young life.

Long habit kept his pony to the running walk. The reins lay slack. The rider remained heedless of the gait. His hat was pulled far down; the eyes beneath its wide rim were bleak. What did surroundings matter when the world had ceased to be worth while?

He too had left a note. A tenpenny nail spiked it to the door of the pine board shack, where his partner would be sure to find it, returning from the San Pedro on the morrow.

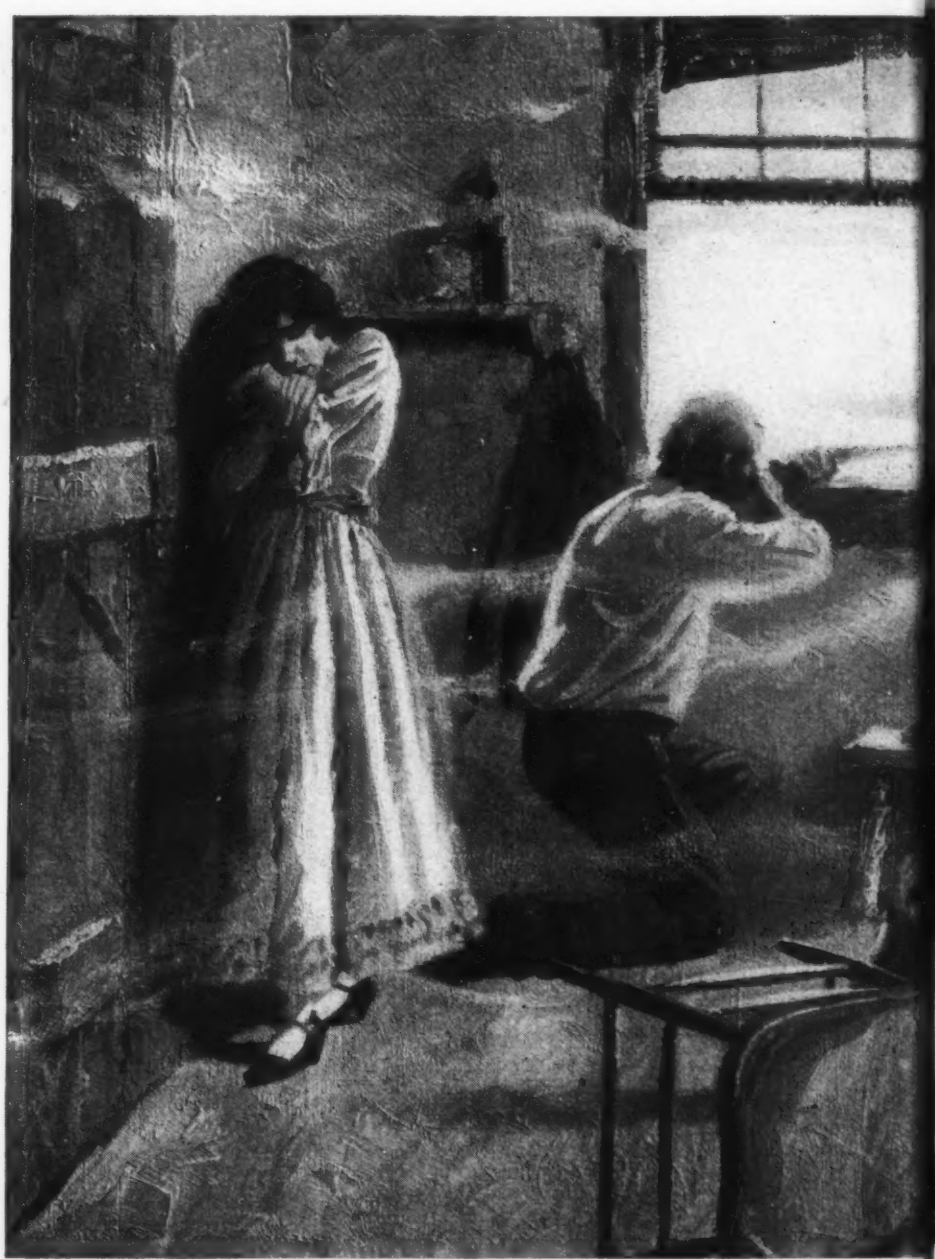
"I'm pulling out for California. Sick of the weather, and I want a little change. Will write about the cows."

Which, as Lee thoroughly understood, was not going to deceive anyone; but a man's dignity demands some excuse other than the true one at a time like this. As to his share of the cattle, why, Bill could sell them for whatever the buyers offered; Lee didn't care. As a matter of fact, he didn't care about anything else, either.

Just why he had picked California as a destination he had no idea. The name had come into his mind, and he had spoken it. And having done so, he was going to make good, of course. Anyhow, it might as well be California. It is altogether probable that no westbound tourist ever looked forward to that delectable land with less enthusiasm than his. It was the past that occupied his thoughts, rather than the future. Last evening—

"I'm quite fond of him."

He could hear her saying it now, with that new note in her voice, a note which maddened him. And the knowledge that she was deliberately trying to hurt him, when she said it, failed to mitigate the hot flare of his jealousy.



Lee called to Eileen: "Get back, where you're out of danger!" Kettle had a glimpse of her face as

"Flirting," he told himself as he rode on. "Well, I reckon she likes that sort of thing. And she can have Ed Sampson to amuse herself with now."

What kept recurring most often was his final pronouncement, on departing—that she should never see him again. With those words he had removed the solid earth from beneath his own feet. It was appalling.

Yet it had to come. It was inevitable. And it was a good thing. Yes, it was a good thing. She had revealed herself to him—the lack of her love for him.

Horse and rider emerged from the mesquite thickets, and the long climb began among the ragged yuccas and the glaring rocks.

California—and the sooner he got there, the better.

Lee pulled up before the stage-station and dismounted. Leaving his horse to stand with dangling reins, he turned, and facing the open door, he saw Eileen within. With the sight of her there came to him a sudden longing. The ugly memories departed before it. To go straight to her, to tell her that he was sorry, to bridge this gulf which had opened between them—with that in his mind he started toward the threshold. And the first step revealed Ed Sampson.

Eileen was sitting in the only chair of which the station boasted, and Ed was standing at her shoulder. He was hovering over her, so utterly engrossed in her that he had failed to hear the pony's approach or Lee's step outside the doorway. And she was smiling up into his face. Then this intention which had come to Lee departed; and with it went the tender longing. At that moment Eileen turned her head, to discover him there, frowning down upon the two of them. Her smile fled and her eyes grew cold—frozen by the jealous anger of his look. She nodded to him as casually as if he had been one of the Mexican laborers back at the mining-camp, and she went on talking with increased gayety to Ed Sampson.

But Ed was not so ready when it came to self-possession. His astonishment at the sight of the newcomer was mingled with regret. To both of these emotions he gave voice.

"Never looked to see you here," he said sincerely. "Where you heading for?"

Lee stepped inside. His face remained like a thundercloud.

"Reckon that stage will get to Benson in time for me to catch tonight's westbound train?" he demanded brusquely.

"Can't say." Ed's cheerfulness had returned. "Jest as liable as not to be three hours late." He bent over Eileen again. "How long did you say you was aiming to be over in Tombstone?"

"Only a few days." She was smiling at him with a sweetness which lacerated Lee's inmost being. "And when I am back, Ed, you'll come and see me?"

"I'll put up my horse," Lee interrupted quietly. "One of the boys will ride over after it." He turned to the door; but Ed paid no regard to him, for Eileen's eyes were still raising havoc with his emotions. So neither of them saw the shadow that had darkened the threshold; nor were they aware of the new arrival until a voice broke the silence.

It was a husky voice. There was a note of triumph in it, the triumph of a mean soul.

"Stick 'em up!" it said.

Kettle was standing just outside the entrance, with his leveled revolver in his hand. A cold cruelty shone from his rheumy eyes.

"And quick!" The husky voice took on a vicious snap. The obese form tightened into a deadly presence. They raised their hands above their heads in silence. Kettle smiled loosely.

"Sorry to bust in on this leetle party, folks." The smile departed. "Keep 'em up, young feller. Try that ag'in, an' I'll drill you between the eyes."

Eileen uttered a broken cry, and Lee restored his right hand to the specified elevation. Kettle's geniality returned.

" 'Sall right, miss, if he don't make no more plays for his six *(Please turn to page 147)*

she was drawing away. A moment later he was seeking a target out there in the blazing sunlight.

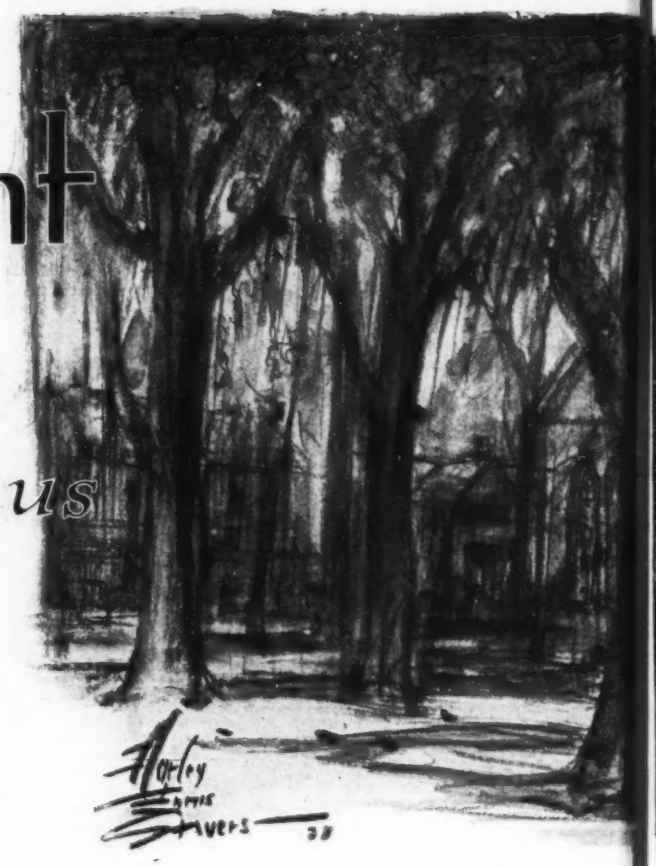
Twilight

By

Edna I. Asmus

Illustrated by Harley Ennis Stivers

The author, recently from a great university, details an incident which will recall a special moment to many a man and girl.



JANE PENDLETON'S truant gaze wandered repeatedly to the large windows of the college class-room, through which she could see the south campus, alluring with the flamboyancy of a late October afternoon. A deep blue sky, orange sunlight, red and yellow maples, the velvety depths of the pines! Jane could smell the soft, fragrant haze, feel the cool breeze, hear the dry leaves skipping crisply down the walks, when the bell rang for class dismissal.

"Hey, Jane, hold on a minute." She paused at the head of the south stairway of Lincoln Hall.

"Where's the fire?" asked Frank Britton—a track and letter man, and a co-ed's dream of all that a man should be—as he hurried up.

"Oh," laughed Jane, "everywhere outside! It thrills me. All through class I—"

"I saw you," interrupted Frank. "Have you a three o'clock?"

"No, thank goodness!"

"I have, darn it. But say, trot as far as Uni Hall with me, will you?"

"Sure; I'm going that way anyway."

When they had joined the between-class parade on the broad walk, Jane said:

"Have a bad attack of the Hebe-jebes today. So I'm hiking over to West Champaign. Ever been over there on an autumn afternoon? Well, it's gorgeous, and you get the most wonderful view of the sunset! It's a nice, homey neighborhood too—in front of every house is a mound of burning leaves, and—"

"Wait a minute," interrupted Frank. "How much of that do you think a normal man can stand? If you say any more, I'll cut class and go with you."

"I wont, because I'm leaving you right here," laughed Jane. "And you have exactly two minutes to make the fifth floor. S'long." And with a smile and nod, she was off, disappearing quickly around the west corner of Uni Hall.

Frank remained standing where Jane had left him. A few belated students brushed past him as they hurried to get to their classes before the hour bell rang.

"Hi, Frank, aren't you coming to class?" panted some one on the run.

"Nope," he retorted with sudden determination. And with the speed that had made him famous on the cinder track, he too disappeared around the west corner of Uni Hall.

"Hey, Jane, hold on a minute. . . . . C'mon, let's celebrate with a soda at Mozi's," he invited, taking her arm. . . . .

The warm, steamy sweetness of Mozi's, the dimly lighted booth in which they sat, the chance brushing of hand against hand as they sipped their sodas across the narrow table, melted the superficial barriers of reserve.

They talked of home—Jane's home, where a doting mother and father lived for their only child; where the little loves of passing romances and the loves of lasting friendships sprang and grew; where life was never difficult and strangely perplexing as it was here. Frank's home, too, had been a happy and gayly crowded one, with father and mother, three brothers and a sister to create, "as Ellen used to say, 'an everlasting party all our own.'" But the mater had died, and—well—home just never was the same after that. And then—

"It's funny the way things happen," remarked Frank, unexpectedly changing the subject. "I've always admired you a lot, playing around in the same crowd, but—well, I never thought of dating you. I guess it was because you always seemed just beyond my reach. There's an aura of intellectualism about you that scared me, I guess. And—well—you know how it is. There are always plenty of other fish in the sea."

"I know," smiled Jane. "But your running after me this afternoon really did surprise me."

"It surprised me too, for a minute. But what you said about an autumn afternoon in West Champaign gave me the Hebe-jebes too. And then, I thought it might be fun taking a look at the sunset with you. I've never much cared about seeing the sunset or anything else with a girl."

"Really!" Jane's eyes sparkled.

"Say, don't think," Frank went on hastily, apprehensive of being misunderstood, "that I'm falling for you."

Jane burst into a peal of laughter. "Listen, Frank, don't get on your uppers. You're much nicer without them! I'm positively convinced that the only thing which sent you running after me in your best track form was to escape a dry lecture. But"—looking at her wrist-watch,—"it's quarter to four and I refuse to miss that sunset."

"You're a darn' good scout, Jane," remarked Frank, squeezing her arm as they walked briskly down fraternity row. Jane smiled oddly but made no comment.

"Hi, there, Jane," called some one from a window of the Alpha Delt House.

"Hello, Rick," answered Jane, waving her hand. "Isn't that house a knockout?" she remarked to Frank. "It has all the others in fraternity row beat a mile, I think."

"Been through it?" was Frank's rejoinder.

"Um-hum," replied Jane vaguely.

"Oh, Jane, I love you," he murmured. "It's autumn," whispered Jane irrelevantly. "Yes—and I love you!"

"Was that Rickard Winslow?"

"Um-hum."

"Know him well?"

"Pretty well."

"Dandy fellow."

"Um-hum." Frank looked curiously at Jane.

"You don't talk much about the men with whom you play around, do you?"

"Why—what do you mean?" asked Jane evasively.

"Um—nothing," answered Frank. After which they walked many blocks in silence.

They had reached the railroad viaduct when Frank suggested: "How about a date at College Hall some night?"

"All right!"—indifferently.

"Well, how about next Saturday?"

"Sorry; I have a date."

"Then the Saturday after?"

"Um—no—I can't."

"Well, damn it, when can you give me a date?"

"Oh, four weeks from this Saturday."

"You girls make me sick," Frank burst out. "You keep a fellow waiting so long for a date that—well—it's no wonder he loses interest—that is, any interest he might have."

"Quite true," agreed Jane. "It's a very trying situation."

"Sarcasm," snapped Frank.

"Not a bit of it," denied his companion. "We girls find drawbacks in the system too."

"Oh, you do, do you? Tell me what kick you girls have, because there are not enough ladies and too many men?"

"Just this. There's something too fleeting about the acquaintanceships—they can hardly be called friendships—we make here on the campus. It takes many meetings to found a solid friendship. So what chance has a friendship based on an occasional date, say, once a month or so? It's all too—too superficial, too—oh, too impersonal."

"You're right," admitted Frank. "One never gets to really know more than two or three people."

"No. And"—wistfully—"there are some one wants very much to know."

The silence of a new and inspiring understanding. Then, with a sudden gasp, Jane cried:

"Oh, look!"

They had reached the little square park, and through the branches of the trees they saw it.

"It's a regular—gypsy sunset!" murmured Jane in awed tones.

And so it was—for in the flaming beauty that had flung itself across the western sky there seemed to tremble all the passion, all the reckless abandonment of gypsy love. And in the gradual softening of the flame to pink, the pink to orchid, the orchid to a graying purple, there was all the exotic tenderness of a gypsy farewell. The smoky blue of the twilight descended softly, swiftly; with the touch of cool fingers it soothed the burning eyes that had beheld a gypsy sunset.

Still thrilled by what they had seen, and deeply moved by what they were feeling, Jane and Frank continued to wander in silence along the winding walks of the little park. Hand clasped hand while the shadows deepened in the lowering dusk. The smoke of burning leaves hung heavily fragrant upon the cool evening air. One by one little amber lights began to twinkle through the windows of the little homes surrounding the park.

"How cozy!" murmured Jane, looking wistfully into the windows of one dwelling where a man sat in a big chair under an amber lamp, sharing his paper with a woman who was perched on an arm of the big chair.

"That's home," responded Frank, almost in a whisper. "And—there's—there's—love."

"Love," repeated Jane softly, dwelling fondly upon the word and all it signified. "It's funny how *(Please turn to page 143)*

Manhattan Mirage

The Story So Far:

NANCY REYBURN'S room-mate Ariana Wood—who had been expelled from another school because of a flirtation with an actor—had been dwelling expansively on the glories of Gotham and the shame of wearing mere artificial pearls; and as Nancy's mother drove her home for the week-end, the girl exclaimed: "Mother, I do wish Dad made more money!"

Effie Reyburn considered. "You never said that before, Nancy. Is there something special you want?"

"It's the whole thing. Oh, we have a nice-enough house, and a cook and a second girl, and two cars, if you call this a car, and Father's vice-president and manager of the bank, and I have as good clothes as the other girls—but I'd like real luxury—I'd like a big French limousine with a chauffeur in livery; I'd like lots of servants, and—and I'd like real pearls."

Effie considered again, very seriously. "I'd rather enjoy all those things too," she said at last. "But we haven't got them, and we probably never will have them, and I'm not going to let what I can't have spoil what I have—and I hope you wont, either."

They dropped the subject then; and in the afternoon they went with Nancy's father Walter Reyburn, and a New York lawyer named Bishop who had brought a letter of introduction, to see Nancy's young brother James Terry play football. . . . .

But events struck more seriously at Effie Reyburn's happiness when Carl Pardee, an old suitor of hers, was given a big promotion in his bank, while her husband remained tied in his place by the ultra-conservative management of his superior John Parkinson—and when Reyburn's jealousy of Pardee and irritation with Parkinson culminated in an explosion, and he resigned.

There followed a blue time in the Reyburn household. But not long afterward Walter burst excitedly into the house, crying: "Effie, my girl—what d'you think! I've got an offer to go to New York at sixty thousand a year! It's one of the biggest banks in New York! Bishop was a scout, sent to look me over."

So the Reyburns migrated to New York, to the delight of Walter and Nancy, the distress of young James Terry and the anxious perplexity of the still young wife and mother Effie. For the standards of the metropolis were new and strange; Nancy in her new school showed evidences of becoming a snobbish little climber; and Walter, preoccupied largely with business, had the rest of his attention diverted by Mrs. Evans—a man-hunting divorcée relative of the Bishops.

But because of Nancy's passionate desire to achieve a social success Effie Reyburn set herself to the distasteful task of prying open the difficult doors of exclusive New York. And continually, in the most unobtrusive way possible, Bishop behind the scenes aided her. Walter's position at the bank indeed made the Copley Villierses friendly, but it was Bishop who suggested that the Reyburns lease for the summer a country place next the Villierses'—with the result that the young people of the two families became very friendly and Nancy's chances were advanced a distinct step.

Effie's other problem, however, became heartbreaking indeed when, picking up her husband's coat from where it had dropped on the closet floor, a slip of paper in the inside pocket rustled under her fingers. Unthinkingly, she pulled it out. There in her hand lay a canceled check, signed with her husband's name. It was made out to Lora Evans, and the amount was four thousand dollars.

(The story continues in detail:)

EFFIE turned the check over, turned it back again. It had not been drawn on the Rasten Bank, where Walter had naturally kept their account since coming to New York, but on a trust company Effie had never heard him mention. It had been paid through another trust company, and Mrs. Evans had written *"For deposit"* above her signature.

"I mustn't jump to conclusions," thought Effie. "I mustn't imagine things. But I've got to know about this. Yes—I've got to *know*."

She put the check back in Walter's pocket, then drew it out to look at the date. It had evidently been given just before the Reyburns moved out to the country. That was when Walter had been feeling so very poor, Effie recalled—and no wonder. This was four-fifths of his month's salary. And was this all she had had from him? "But how—why?" Effie's thoughts raced frantically on. "Has she sold him the Spanish choir-stall she tried to wish on Judge Mathison? Has she been refurnishing his office? I don't believe so, because it's under Mr. Bishop's eyes—he'd not have stood for it. Mr. Bishop knows her. But *Walter*—"

A terrible desolation came over her spirit. This was the first time she had ever put the understanding of any other man's above Walter's. It was the first time she had felt, in the deep bond of confidence and mutual support between herself and her husband, any threat of complete dissolution. He was her other self, her inner being, her life. Whatever differences they had known since the change in their existence, had seemed to her superficial, ready to vanish when they had made their final adjustment to the new environment. But here was something which pointed to utter severance. . . . . The room was glowing full with the last of the sunset, but she seemed to stand in darkness, without hope of ever coming into light again.

Nancy called: "Mother, are you there? What did Dad say about my childhood friend Bruce coming?"

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By Sophie Kerr

Millions of Americans dream of its happening to them; and it did happen to the Reyburns. The father succeeded in a big way and was called to New York, making enough money to give his wife and daughter "anything." This is the story of what they got.

Illustrated by
Marshall Frantz

"Everything's pushed you away from me here," went on Bruce. "All these fellows and girls have been rubbing it into me that I'm just pinch-hitting for this Villiers."

"He said it would be all right," Effie replied dully.

"Why, the blessed old lamb! I'll dash some letters off tonight." Nancy opened the door. "Why didn't you go down to the beach?"

"I had some things I wanted to do." She forced her thoughts away from the check. "Will your young playwright Rascoe Blaine be back tomorrow? We may have some people to dinner tomorrow night."

"I'll call him up and find out. Who's coming?"

Effie kept her face turned from Nancy. "Mr. Bishop's cousin is staying there. I thought we'd ask her, and Mr. Bishop, and a few others."

"Good *night* — count me out! I can't stand that snake. I'll get Cop and Margery and tootle off somewhere."

"I thought you liked Mrs. Evans."

"I did at first. I never saw anybody who looked so much as if she'd dropped out of a pash film, and she was fun to watch. But it puts up my fur to see her cooing around Dad. If he wasn't the most angelic old sweetie in the world, he'd hoot in her face. I know we've got to be decent to her because of Mr. Bishop, but she's all wet to me. You don't like her, do you? I mean really."

"No," said Effie, "I detest her." And it was ease to her pain to say it. "But on account of Mr. Bishop, and his mother—you know."

"Yes, I know," said Nancy. "We'd certainly be fools to do anything to alienate the Bishops' affections. I'm going to spring along, darling. If you have time, please put a stitch into the sash on my yellow chiffon—it's hanging by a thread. I almost decided to take it off entirely and wear it for a scarf."

At least Nancy's keen eyes had seen nothing ugly between Lora Evans and Walter. Effie was glad and thankful for that. She began to dress, walking like an automaton between dressing-table and bathroom. When she had to enter the closet for another frock, her shoulder brushed that coat of Walter's, where the check to Lora Evans was hidden, and she turned faint and sick.

"Look here, Effie," she said to herself fiercely, "you are acting like a Gentle Soul. You're not a Gentle Soul. You're a grown woman, with sense and strength, and you love your husband. You've lived with him for twenty years in a state of peace and happiness very few women are ever privileged to know. Can't you trust him a little? Can't you imagine something plausible to account for that check? A check isn't a love-letter, you know."

"But it's the kind of love-letter Lora Evans would like best,"

answered her suspicion, her jealousy. "She'd never care for any man who didn't say it with checks — and liberally. But Walter—*my* Walter!" Effie Reyburn flung desperate arms toward an uncaring emptiness. "I know how women feel who commit murder," she said aloud. "I could strangle Lora Evans and enjoy doing it." Her voice rang twanging and shrill to her ears, and she turned to the door, afraid that Nancy or one of the servants might have heard. But no one came. Walter might be home at any moment now, and she hurried with her dressing, to be out of the way when he arrived. She didn't want to tell him what she had found out; she was afraid that she would cry and make a wild scene; she distrusted herself. And she mustn't be like that when she told him. No, she must be composed, cool, on her guard. Once more desolation swept over her. On her guard — with Walter!

With a wrench which seemed more physical than mental, though she had not stirred, she pulled her wits together. In a few moments more Walter and James Terry would be at home; she must face the evening. She went into Nancy's room and took down the offending yellow chiffon, and with a few stitches caught the loosened girdle in place. There was nothing else to keep her upstairs, and though she was far from sure of her composure, she went down, and outside into the evening. One of the maids followed her with a message. Mrs. Villiers wanted to speak to her on the telephone.

Mrs. Villiers, it seemed, was wondering whether Mr. and Mrs. Reyburn wouldn't come over after dinner for some bridge. Effie loathed playing bridge with the Villierses, for neither of them knew more than the rudiments of the game and naturally considered themselves experts. Likewise they were very sharp with each other's play, and loved to post-mortem every hand. Tonight the invitation seemed a godsend. Moreover it was the first time Mrs. Villiers had been quite so informally neighborly. So Effie accepted, reflecting meanwhile that though life and love might be shattered, and twenty years of devoted companionship wrecked, the trivial mechanics of existence went on as usual, with dinner, bridge and the very small talk which flourished in the Villiers household.

She heard Walter and James Terry coming in, as she left the telephone, and she paused in the hall to tell her husband of the invitation.

"I suppose we have to," he said. "I thought we might run over to the Bishops for a while—but if we're having them to dinner tomorrow night—"

There wasn't a ripple in his tone or his expression which indicated the least thing unusual. And yet, upstairs, in his pocket—

"There *must* be some good reason for it, there *must*," thought Effie. "He couldn't stand here and look at me this way if there was anything wrong about it. Maybe he brought it home to tell me about it." But though she argued desperately with herself, she knew this was not true.

"I haven't asked them yet," she said, "or anyone. You go call them up, and I'll try to get the Ardberrys and Miss Stokes—division of labor!" She laughed loudly, as if she had made a rare joke.

James Terry regarded her oddly. "Mods, do you feel all right?" he asked. "You look sort of hot and worried—"

She knew that she must be more careful. "You'd look hot and worried too if you had a riotous evening with Mr. and Mrs. Villiers ahead of you. —Run on, Walter, and phone, and if they'll come, we can begin to get the party together."

Walter reported that Mr. Bishop and Mrs. Evans would be charmed to accept. As soon as Effie had collected her other guests, it was time for their own dinner. "It's almost the first time we've had dinner all alone since we came out here," said Nancy, as they sat down. "The united Reyburn family in its celebrated keeping-the-home-fires-burning act!"

"I like it; it reminds me of Drochester," said James Terry, wading into his soup.

Effie wondered if Walter would say he liked it, but he was silent. She thought she had never seen him so good-looking, so

"At your age, Clarence, youth is dangerous." "I am exactly two years and three months older than you, Lora," replied Mr. Bishop blandly.

alive and vital. His dark eyes held an inward flame of excitement. Effie wondered if he was thinking about Lora Evans.

All through the meal she watched him, uncertain again of what to believe. He was very gay, carrying on a high line of nonsense with Nancy and James Terry, teasing, amusing them. Before the two young people, it was of course impossible to ask the question which was possessing her. And afterward, walking beside her husband across the sweet and serene garden to the Villiers house, Effie found it again impossible. Common-sense told her that they couldn't begin a subject like this just before a visit to the Villierses, but something far different from common-sense bade her save her moment as long as she could, to feel his arm against hers, to hear his voice in the night, and to pretend that everything was as she had thought it was two hours before. "Why should I ever know?" she wondered. "Why should I care, so long as we can seem to be happy together? Why not fool myself, and turn blind and deaf and dumb as so many other women do!" She was afraid she could not bear a masquerade with Walter, after their long years of dear reality. And then, because one cause for suspicion instantly brings a thousand others into the mind, she asked herself whether all that was past had been reality, or whether he might have fooled her all along, and perhaps been glad to have her so innocently devoted to him.

"This is poisonous," she thought. "I mustn't. I'll go crazy!" She pulled her lips into a smile, and went into the Villierses' wide screened porch, where the table and cards were waiting, and Mrs. Villiers, stiff and straight, was waiting too.

Her husband came in at once, and they sat down to play. Never, it seemed to Effie, had they been so irksome. They squabbled with bitter, well-bred acrimony over each bid, and constantly consulted a new book of rules which Mr. Villiers had brought out from town. When the dreary business of bridge drew to an end, and the perfect butler—who looked enough like Mrs. Villiers to be her brother, he was so erect, so high-nosed, so superior—had brought in a tray of drinks and sandwiches, the two men foregathered on one side of the room and the two women on the other. Effie found her nerves at breaking-point. She wondered what would happen if she suddenly leaped from her chair screaming, and ran about the room, knocking over the furniture and throwing the vases and books at the two exasperating Villierses. She would enjoy doing that, she felt. Instead she braced herself to listen to a new dissertation of Mrs. Villiers' on a certain remote ancestor who had had the distinction of being guillotined in the French Revolution.

But every ordeal must end, and at last she and Walter were free to go out into a starred blue midnight which by its high remote stillness and calm brought Effie's feverish emotions into a semblance of quietude. She slipped her hand into Walter's; she opened her lips to tell him that she knew about the check; but before she could speak, he himself began, on quite another subject.

"I just want to tell you there's something up the wind in the bank, bigger than I had any idea of. But I don't know what it is. Of course Burton fights everything Villiers does, and there's talk of a new man coming in, on the board, and Villiers doesn't want

him, so I take it he's Burton's. But there's something behind it all, and so far I haven't been able to put my finger on it. I can't get a word out of Bishop, but I stand by Villiers in everything, and that seems to be satisfactory. I wish I could get on the real inside."

She replied in the way she had always done, with comfort, encouragement.

"Oh, but Walter, you've only been here such a short time—you can't expect to have the bank handed over to you to play with, you know. I don't know anything about such things, but I'm sure you're getting on wonderfully."

"I'm holding my own," he said complacently, "but they're a hard-boiled crowd. Make good or get out; that's their motto—and they give you a kick to help you along. Still, I don't need to worry."

"Of course you don't," she cried. "You're just as able as any of them, hard-boiled or not."

They had reached their own door. "We had a deadly time tonight, didn't we? But it was good business. And tomorrow night'll be quite a different story!" There was expectant pleasure and eagerness in his voice.

To Effie it was as if he had cried aloud: "Tomorrow night I'll see Lora Evans!" And she knew that she could not ask him about the check now, that she did not dare. She might learn too much. And as she lay awake that night, facing her fears, facing her apprehensions, she determined that she would keep silence for a while, at least. Keep silence, and see what happened. Keep silence, and discipline herself to a self-control she hated. Once more she remembered her mother's quaintly gentle maxim: "Proceed as the way opens." If for no other reason, it would spare Nancy and James Terry the shock and disillusion of seeing this particularly nauseating sort of trouble between their parents.

A little wistfully Rascoe watched her run across the grass. She made the vision of Lora Evans look battered and shopworn and greedy. He wasn't in the least in love with either of them, but he assured himself that he could understand their values. Swimming in the moonlight—he would have enjoyed that. But he must stay for the party with Lora, and the Ardberrys, and Miss Stokes and his hosts.

Nancy was climbing into the car beside Copley Villiers Junior. "Hello everybody!" she cried; and, "Hello!" they chorused back. Margery Villiers was having a good time this summer; she looked brighter and prettier and far more approachable than she ever had before. Timmy Gray's attention pleased her wonderfully, for she had never had a real suitor. Nancy knew perfectly that Timmy, a sharp, self-seeking youth, with good connections but no money, was on the lookout for a wife who would bring him advancement socially and financially, and had pretty well determined that Margery was his best chance, so far. So he was

Chapter Twenty-one

"I'M sorry," said Nancy mockingly, "that you can't come with us—but you'll have your de-ah Mrs. Evans to console you. And she's so much older—and wiser—than we are—oh, it'll certainly be better for you to be with her, Rascoe."

Nancy stood, lovely and laughing and slim, on the terrace, and Rascoe Blaine lounged in one of the wicker chairs and looked up at her. "You like to rag me, don't you?" he said. "Yes, you are young, Nancy."

"And glad of it. *Hoo-oo!* —Here come Cop and Margery, and Timmy Gray. Cop asked him for the other man because he talks to Margery. We're going to have dinner at the Beach Club, and dance until the moon rises, and go in swimming. Not so bad. Farewell, Rascoe; don't forget me in the wiles of your elderly charmer. I still think it would be better for you to join our childish revels."

being very nice to her, but watchfully waiting for some one as well off, but more attractive personally, to come along. Since she had not yet made her début, her parents wouldn't consider any engagement at present, anyway—so it was Timmy's game to keep himself to the fore in her thoughts and feelings, but not to press too hard.

"How are you, darling?" asked Copley impudently, as Nancy slammed the car door.

"Wonderful—only not very darling!"

"Oh, yes, you are—to me."

"A little less broadcasting of the sugar, Cop."

"Don't you like it?"

"No, it's fattening." Nancy giggled.

"Don't let's go to dinner at the Beach Club. I'm sick of the place. There's always sand in the salad. Let's go up the Post Road to the Hunt Inn."

Nancy considered. She would much prefer to go to the Inn; it had a reputation for good music, marvelous food and a gay crowd. She had never been there. But—she did not like Copley in his sticky moods. At the Beach Club there would be people she knew, and she would not have to dance with him so much. With impartiality she weighed the question. "No," she said at last, "no Hunt Inn for me. Any inn is likely to be raided any time, and I'm not going to be mixed up in that sort of stuff. Too tiresome. The Beach Club isn't exciting, maybe, but it's safe."

"You're great on playing safe, Nancy," grumbled Cop.

She decided to flatter him a little. "But I have to, with you," she said prettily. "I don't trust you for a second, Cop, and you know it."

He relaxed into a smile. "But let's go to the Hunt Inn. Hey, you back-seaters, wouldn't you rather go up to the Hunt Inn than to the Club?"

"Good Lord, no, Cop," said Timmy Gray promptly. "An inn is all right for a big party, specially arranged for, but we can't take Margery and Nancy there alone. It wouldn't do."

"Besides, Mother and Father wouldn't want us to, Cop," added Margery dutifully. "They'd have a fit."

"They wouldn't know it—but since we're all so good and noble, we'll go to the Beach Club, and if you get ptomaine poison from the food, don't blame me."

"We'd have to come back there anyway for our swim," Nancy consoled him. "Listen, Cop: Ariana Wood's coming to visit me soon, and we might have a party at Hunt Inn then. Maybe Rascoe'll desert his sweetie and come along."

"Who's Rascoe's sweetie?" asked Copley. He loved personal gossip.

"Oh, he's wild about that exotic cousin of Mr. Bishop's."

"Who—Lora Evans?" Copley chuckled. "Get out—she wouldn't bother with Rascoe; he's not got a nickel. Everyone says since she and Fred Dearman had that row that she's been out hunting for something good, but a sucker like Dearman's hard to find, especially since Lora isn't as young as she once was."

"I was just telling Rascoe that she was an ancient of days."

"How the Bishop family ever produced such a wild bird as Lora I can't imagine. If it wasn't for them, she'd have been gone long ago. But they keep her along, and even Mother invites her once a year or so to something."

"That must be a big lift for Lora," said Nancy, but the sarcasm passed over Copley's head.

"It is. See here, Nancy, let's slip off and take a ride tonight and cut out the dancing, will you?"

"Maybe. Maybe not."

"Don't do it if you don't want to," Copley said huffily.

"If I'm not a success," said Nancy, "it wont be because I don't look like one. Mother, I do think I've done well."

"I sha'n't," said Nancy serenely. "You know that."

"You treat me abominably!" he burst out in fury.

Nancy laughed. "Listen, Marge and Timmy," she cried: "Cop's running a temperature. We'll vote on whether he plays along like a good boy, or whether we hand him over to, say—Belle Thompson, for the evening." Belle Thompson was a fat and languishing girl who had long cherished a passion for Copley, and was very artful in drawing him into twosomes from which he could not escape. She made him ridiculous, and he feared her.

"Now, see here—" he protested, but in the general acclaim he relapsed into a sheepish good humor. Nancy was quite capable of maneuvering Belle Thompson up to him, and he knew it. Then she would dance away and have a perfectly beautiful time with every other man at the Beach Club, leaving him anchored by this eager lumpish weight. Copley decided to play along like a good boy rather than endure again such agony; and seeing his resolution, Nancy sighed with relief. They could go ahead now for a festive evening. She felt very clever and accomplished to have managed him so well. She was determined that he shouldn't give a general impression of a special claim, at least for a while. Later, perhaps, if she wanted him—but there was always a doubt in Nancy's mind if she did really want him. The Villiers money, the Villiers position, yes; but Copley himself wasn't, she secretly admitted, so much. He was admittedly dull about most of the things she cared for, and he was so pasty. Margery was dull too, but Nancy liked her and felt sorry for her. Carefully she saw to it that Margery wasn't neglected or ignored, and she knew Margery was grateful. . . . .

Meanwhile Effie was not having so pleasant an evening as her daughter. The day itself had been hard; she was still in a wearying conflict of thought; and now to dress and appear an amiable, carefree hostess to welcome Lora Evans under her own roof with no sign of her real feeling—this was harder still. She hoped she was doing it well, but she saw Mr. Bishop watching her.

"You look tired," he said presently.

"I didn't sleep last night very much. But I'll be all right when I've had a cocktail."

"That doesn't sound exactly like you."

She was watching Lora Evans talking to Walter and Jack Ardberry, though there was nothing new to see about it; she was leaning and laughing and drawing them on in her usual style. "Maybe the four thousand wasn't enough," thought Effie grimly.

She dragged her attention back to Mr. Bishop. "I wonder what does sound like me," she said. "I'm not at all sure that I have any definite personality."

She spoke absently; she hardly knew what she was saying, and she was not at all prepared for Mr. Bishop's reply. "You have more personality and charm than any woman I know," he remarked in his usual quiet indifferent voice. "Don't stare—I am not paying compliments; I'm only saying what I've felt from the first moment I saw you. And you are the most sincere soul I have ever met. Too sincere."

EFFIE gasped. "I'm not specially sincere," she said at last, "if sincerity means saying and doing only the things I feel are true. But don't dissect me, Mr. Bishop. You know far too much. I'm going to turn you over to Miss Stokes and Mrs. Ardberry and tell them that you're a very dangerous man—"

"Do you think I am a dangerous man?" asked Mr. Bishop. Something in his tone checked her intention, focused her interest on him again. What on earth was he getting at?

"Very dangerous. But I like you enormously—and I appreciate all you've done for me, more than I can tell you. I feel that it has been far more than I know, too. Now, please—" She drew him toward the two women who were talking to Rascoe Blaine, a very sulky Rascoe, not pleased with his present companions. Effie left Mr. Bishop there, and as the cocktails came, shifted her guests about carefully. Rascoe was pleased to fly to Mrs. Evans, and Walter was brought to take his place. Effie remained in the group with Ardberry, Mrs. Evans and the young playwright. It was the closest she had been to Mrs. Evans since her arrival, and it gave her an opportunity to look again at her and wonder what there was attractive about her. "Rascoe's been pining for you," she began. —"Don't look questions at me, Rascoe—of course you're going to sit beside her. I wouldn't have the heart to deprive you."

"And I have the place on her other side?" asked Jack Ardberry. "Have you the heart to deprive me of that?"

"Yes, I have," said Effie, "because I haven't the heart to deprive Walter of it. He'd feel more aggrieved than Rascoe if I did."

"I don't like that," said Lora Evans gayly. "I can't endure not to be thought a dangerous woman. When wives begin to plot to put me beside their husbands, there's no fun in being there."

"Perhaps I know that, and that's why I do it," said Effie.

"Oh, if that's why, all very well," said Lora Evans. "I'm more than happy in that case."

The two women looked at one another for a quick sharp instant of antagonism. The man did not see. "Good Lord, I wish my wife were like that," grumbled Ardberry. "She comes down on me like a ton of bricks for being too attentive to other women. She says it makes her ridiculous."

"She doesn't mean it," said Effie. "Nothing a husband does makes his wife look ridiculous. That's just a stereotyped complaint that we find useful when we want to scold you a little." She drank off her cocktail, looked again at Lora Evans.

"You're giving away the show," said Rascoe Blaine. "I always thought women felt awfully aggrieved by a husband's gallivanting."

"But, what d'you mean, gallivanting?" parried Effie. "I can't call Walter's most justifiable attraction to Mrs. Evans exactly gallivanting. You'll have to define your terms. But do it on the basis that marriage isn't necessarily a monopoly any longer—if it ever was."

She became aware that the other four had stopped talking, were listening. "But this is treason to the sex," cried old Miss Stokes. "And I, an ancient spinster, am the first to cry it."

"Maybe it's merely sauce for the goose," offered Lora Evans softly.

"And maybe you're right," said Effie. "What do you think, Mr. Bishop?"

"As a bachelor and a lawyer, I decline to give any testimony which might degrade and incriminate me," replied Mr. Bishop.

"In which case we may as well go in to dinner," said Effie. She saw Walter and Mrs. Evans draw together as they went out to the dining-room, and she was miserable. She drew on her vivacity, began to talk, to laugh, to rally her guests. The atmosphere of the party was electric with danger. Everyone felt it, was stimulated. The animation was sharply gay, uneasy, nervous, uncontrollable. Even Mr. Bishop was caught in it, and came out with a constant, biting wit, quite unlike his usual quiet sallies. The dinner was a mad success.

AFTER dinner, when they had gone out to coffee and liqueurs on the terrace, the same wild spirit prevailed. Argument and discussion over the most trivial subjects became a parade of smart, too-smart, phrase-making, verbal trickery, fireworks. Effie led it, but Walter had little to contribute. He grew silent, and still more silent. No one moved to go until after midnight; but at last they left, reluctantly, old Miss Stokes declaring that she hadn't enjoyed herself so much in years, Jack and Zena Ardberry echoing her. Mr. Bishop kissed Effie's hand. "I feel rejuvenated," he said.

"For which," said Lora Evans, standing beside him ready to go, "I am not certain that Mrs. Reyburn should be thanked. At your age, Clarence, youth is dangerous."

"I am exactly two years and three months older than you, Lora," replied Mr. Bishop blandly.

"Oh, you wretched liar!" she cried, but there was temper in her voice, and she was clearly dashed. It spoiled her usual theatrical exit.

Rascoe Blaine, being a house guest, was left beside the Reyburns. "Say, did you hear what he said? Why, she must be forty-five, if she's a minute—let's look in 'Who's Who' and find out how old Mr. Bishop is. I've always wondered about her age—of course I know she's had her face lifted a couple of times, but everybody does *that*. Still I didn't think—Lord, I'll bet she raises merry hell with *him* all the way home. Not that he'll care, imperturbable old devil! Wasn't it funny! I'm going to use it in a play."

"I don't see that Mrs. Evans' age matters to anyone particularly," broke out Walter.

"Not a bit," agreed Rascoe. "Only the situation was so *perfect*—"

"I don't see it," said Walter. He stalked into the house.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Rascoe. "I—did I say something offensive? Why, I'd use my own mother in a play if she gave me anything to work with!" He promptly forgot Walter. "Golly, what a night! I haven't been to a party where people actually talked in years! Mrs. Reyburn, you'll be having a salon next winter—a New York Madame du Deffand—"

"Oh, better go to bed and sleep it off, Rascoe," said Effie goodnaturedly. "I'm tired."

She ran upstairs, to find Walter glowering and combative.

"I am fed up with your pet Blaine," he began, "—bad-mannered little rat. I want you to get rid of him."

Effie temporized. "Don't be hard on Rascoe—you know, it *was* awfully funny, Walter. If Mrs. Evans didn't pose as so young and such a fascinator—and it was dreadful of Mr. Bishop. But I dare say"—she chose her words and drove them home—"he gets annoyed with her eternal vamping—and grabbiness—and *grafting off men*—"

Walter swung round. "What d'you mean?" he demanded.

"But everyone knows that's how she lives, Walter. On one pretext or another she gets money out *(Please turn to page 148)*

Dollar Sign

Illustrated by W. K. Starrett

by Carol Denny Hill

A young writer, who knows well the ways of youth in New York, tells the love-story of two who thought themselves very superior.

They'd agreed that most people devoted their time to reading junk. Finally Gilbert asked her to tea.

AT the end of the summer after her third year at college, Alice Baird had come to New York. Because she had to, really. Absolutely had to.

It had been a terrible summer at home, in Blakefield, Vermont. Nobody there understood her. She couldn't talk to anybody there. Not really talk. Because people thought she was stuck up. They thought that she believed she was too good for them.

For the first time, that summer, Alice used to close her bedroom door every night—and leave it closed. Alice would go to bed early—nine o'clock—because it made the days shorter that way. And then, about half-past ten, her mother would turn off the radio, and Mr. Baird would put down his copy of the Montpelier *Globe*. They'd come up to bed too. The narrow old-fashioned stairs would creak a little. They'd start undressing, in silence. Then gradually the hum of their voices—getting more emphatic with that hushed sound that always comes into people's voices when they're talking about some one else, and not wanting to be overheard.

"I told you, Fred!" her mother would assert in a low sibilant tone. "When you give a child more advantages than its parents—what thanks do you get?" And her father would say something about business down at the bank then. He didn't see any use in going on about Alice. He didn't know what to do about her.

Her mother's voice again in the same old phrases: "Ashamed of her own father and mother; too good for her home since she's been to college. . . . . Books she reads. Mencken! Poisoning her mind."

Alice, in her room, would be burying her head in her pillow—crying, wishing she'd never been near a college, wondering why she couldn't stop being stiff and queer with her father and mother—why she couldn't stop criticising them—the things they did and said.

She didn't feel superior! It wasn't that. But they were so hard to talk to. They thought De Maupassant wrote too much about sex; and they laughed when she'd try to talk about something besides—well, church suppers, and weather-stripping and radio batteries. They kept saying "He don't" and "It don't" when she told them that it wasn't correct. Wouldn't they ever learn?

They, nor anybody else in Blakefield, ever talked about Nietzsche or even Havelock Ellis, or religion, or thought.

Mr. and Mrs. Baird were really upset when Alice said she wasn't going back for her senior year at the State University; and they were bewildered too. Alice told them she didn't think it was worth it—worth the money and the time. They reasoned with her that they could comfortably afford to have her finish.

But Alice couldn't. Three years—well, each year had made her more discontented, more confused. The way life seemed in college, and the way it really was—which was which?

So Alice went to New York to get a job. And her ambition was—like most college girls'—"to get with a publishing company," to surround herself with thousands of books.

She was lucky enough to find an opening in one of Fifth Avenue's most famous bookstores, selling books—for twenty-two dollars a week. From nine to six, she dusted off books, stacked them, made up cash-receipts, wrapped up books. And seldom had time to read them. . . . .

In the seventh row of the balcony of the Theater Guild, in order to see one of those plays put on the New York stage to "raise the level of the theater," Alice Baird was sitting, and next her was the young man who had bought the tickets—Gilbert Carr.

It had been three months since the afternoon Gilbert had come into the bookstore and had asked her for a volume of Pirandello's latest plays and a novel of Gautier's. They'd talked, agreeing that most people in New York devoted their time to reading junk; then said good-by. Several times again, he'd come in to get a book. Each time they'd talked about books, and about Gilbert's struggles to become a successful architect through the prolonged process of being a draftsman; and finally, one Saturday afternoon, Gilbert had asked her to tea with him in a small and quite normal place in Greenwich Village.

They found they agreed in almost every respect; and they understood each other—which, they both so often said, was everything.

As she watched Gilbert's pencil making fast, sketchy little curves and lines on the margin of his theater program, Alice considered that there were other things which—which did add to Gilbert, besides just understanding. She liked the healthy sunburned color of his skin and his high forehead with the shallow hollows at his temples, and his way of looking at her as though he thought she were beautiful, making her feel that she was, even though she knew she wasn't.

The pencil made faster sweeps along the cream-colored program. Watching it, Alice was fascinated. She liked Gilbert's long nervous hands.

"How's your translating on the play going?" she finally asked, breaking the silence that had lasted ever since they'd found their seats. Gilbert had been working on a thing of Sacha Guitry's.

He looked up from his sketching. His eyes swept over her approvingly. He liked the whiteness of her skin, the straight hair that was brushed back from her forehead leaving a sharp widow's peak; he liked her eyes—not big ones, but widely set apart—and her full lips.

"Rather slow," he answered her question. "I'm doing work on a few poems now for the *Dial*—to make some extra money. And I'm just starting the second act of the play. The French is damn' hard to get sometimes—get it over so that it clicks. You know?" Without giving her time to do more than nod her head, he went on: "When I get through I'll bring it to you. I want your opinion."

"I'll adore that!" Alice enthused. "And, Gilbert," she added, "I've been reading that volume of Molnar's plays you gave me to go through. They were fascinating! How *can* people bother to go and see most of the stuff that's playing in town, when they can read plays—and see ones like this!"—pointing to the program.

Gilbert laughed a little contemptuously. "I know, Alice. More money than brains. But that's America. And New York." His tone was entirely understanding.

The curtain rose.

Walking home after the play, to where Alice lived on East Fifty-third Street, they both agreed that it had been an unusually excellent play—free of the awful platitudes and triteness that cluttered most of New York's theaters, free of spectacular million-dollar settings and bare legs, and really much too good. New York couldn't—wouldn't be able to appreciate it.

"This, Mr. Decker, is stonework that will frame the door; in the corner is the carving on the door itself."

"It's a quaint system, Alice," Gilbert was saying in a rather cryptic tone, as they reached the door of the house, "too damn' quaint, when people like you and me, with the brains to appreciate the best in New York, can't collect enough shekels to be able to sit in the orchestra. While all these *nouveaux riches*, almost sticky with diamonds and dullness, literally live in third-row seats!"

"Yes, I know," Alice said, as she opened her front door. Then: "Come on in for a while." She led the way up to the first floor, to the living-room, which was a rather charming room of a doctor's home, where Alice lived on the top floor. It was deserted now, with only a bridge-lamp burning. So they sat down on the divan, Alice continuing along the same trend they'd been following.

"It simply makes me weep, when these people come in—people who buy five and six books a week—and they simply read trash! Why, if I could buy books—can't you feel the thrill of buying that many at a time? Ones that you've wanted for ages—Cabell and Havelock Ellis—all the things you crave and crave?" She sighed, and dropped her head back against the divan, gazing ahead of her thoughtfully.

Gilbert, exhaling pale gray spirals of smoke, regarded Alice as she sat there beside him. Seeing the uninteresting lines of her inexpensive round-necked dark dress, above it the curve of her throat as her head was bent back, he exclaimed softly:

"Square-cut neck—in a brilliant blue! That's what you ought to wear at night. And small pearls around your throat."

Alice glanced at him quickly, her heart racing. "I would if I could, Gilbert, but it's our usual complaint—money."

Gilbert smiled at her. "With half the money of those floppy cream-puff-looking souls wabbling into their cars tonight at the theater, you'd be magnificent!" He leaned toward her, let his lips brush against her arm—and stood up.

"I'd better go, Alice," was all he said.

Up in her small bedroom, later, as she was getting ready for bed, Alice caught up her blue kimono, and deftly poked its folds into a low square at her neck, regarded the reflection in the mirror, sighed, and dropped onto her bed. . . . .

Alice was dressed early, long before she could expect Gilbert to come. She'd made it last as long as possible—bathing, spreading on her bed her things to wear, unrolling new silk stockings, putting out her only set of silk underwear. And she laughed a little at herself—and how funny it was that you always put on everything that was the nicest, when you were dressing for a date. Lingerie and all!

It had been a week since she'd seen Gilbert. He'd been working days and nights too—on his play, and at his office. And that morning he'd sent a note saying he'd have marvelous news to tell her—that they were having dinner together. And with the note, Gilbert had inclosed a small Arabian silver box, old and different-looking. He had meant it for a vanity case.

It was lying on the bed now, too, next to freshly cleaned white gloves, that persistently clung to their smell of gasoline. It had been almost hopeless, trying to find a compact that would fit it! But it was adorable, and the first thing Gilbert had ever given her. So unique. Like Gilbert, somehow.

She put some drops of perfume on her throat, as she slowly finished dressing, and ran a comb repeatedly through her short heavy hair.

The sound of the doorbell downstairs made her snatch up gloves and the small silver box, and race down the two flights. At the head of the third one, she paused, to walk slowly down to meet Gilbert, because he always said he thought she came downstairs so well—not just clumping down.

But when she reached the reception hall there was no one there but the maid, who handed her a special-delivery letter—from her father.

"Square-cut neck in a brilliant blue," he exclaimed. "That's what you ought to wear at night!"

Then the bell again, and Gilbert was standing there. Laughing, and excited. So she stuffed the letter unopened into her bag—it wouldn't make any difference if it waited.

As Gilbert took her hand, he said: "I never was so relieved in all my life as when you called up to say you could come tonight. You're the only person who—well, who could understand just what everything's going to mean. And you'll be able to help me put things over. And appreciate the joke too—or the irony, rather!" He smiled down at her.

"I'm awfully glad I could, too," Alice answered him simply, not adding that she'd have come any time with him, no matter what else had been planned.

It wasn't till they ordered dinner, and were sitting opposite each other in one of those small, peaceful places off Fifth Avenue where you find candle-light and amazingly light dinners for a dollar and a quarter, that Gilbert began to tell her his news.

"I've got a job on that ought to be the break for bigger and better things! We'll have decent seats for shows. We'll use the taxis of this great city! And we may do lots more." Gilbert looked deep into Alice's eyes. He made the color surge to her cheeks.

She dropped her eyes. Then raised them quickly—mocking him a little—flirting—trying to cover what she was feeling—the warm thrill that rose through her.

The pencil made faster sweeps. Watching, Alice was fascinated.

He moved forward in his chair, leaning his arms on the table. "I've been working like a fiend all week. And I've got the stuff here." He indicated his brief-case on the floor beside him. "I want you to see my drawings. I've had a chance to work out my own ideas. The firm has a bid—now don't roar—for an Italian villa, to be built in New Jersey—for a duck from Indiana!"

"And you're going to do it?" Alice interrupted breathless, too excited to think his last remark funny.

"Only the detail stuff. He sent in a picture of what he wanted." Gilbert ground out his cigarette impatiently. "But the point is, Alice, you're coming with me, over to the old boy's rooms tonight. He's at the Ritz, of course. And he wants to see these plans tonight: Wants his marble palace built overnight, practically." Gilbert reached down for his brief-case. "Money talks! Need I say more?"

Alice was impressed and startled. "But Gilbert," she protested, "why on earth do you want me along? I don't know anything about it. And I don't know your millionaire person or—"

"You're the one additional thing I need to put my point over with!" Gilbert interrupted her, laughing. "You'll see what I mean in a minute. And too, don't forget the old boy's from the great open spaces. He'll be knocked over when he sees you. A New York girl—and all that sort of thing. You know?" Then as he was taking out his sketches, he added, more seriously: "This thing is going to work out into a big thing for me—for us! But the best part of it is, that I've got an awfully good idea here, for the doorway to his villa! And I'm going to use you for a decoy—just in emergency. You'll understand in a second."

"Taking dinner from him, and the theater—and snickering—" Her voice broke. "It's like doing it to Dad!"

Carefully, Gilbert spread the blue and white sheets with their delicate lines.

A minute passed. Alice was staring at the lines of a drawing, the design for the carving around the doorway and one for the iron grille of the door itself. Simple, graceful lines. It fascinated her to study them, thinking that Gilbert had done it.

"Well—what do you think of it? Don't you see it? The point, I mean?" Gilbert asked her after a few minutes, eagerly.

Alice glanced up. "I think it's beautiful," she told him.

"But don't you see it—the dollar sign?" Gilbert asked. "The design—the motive. Don't you get it?" He reached for his pencil.

She looked down again at the drawing, puzzled. The dollar sign?

Gilbert was leaning over the table again, his pencil tracing rapidly on the edge of the menu there. "Look!" he explained excitedly. "You see, it's where our dollar sign came from. This—" And he sketched two bundles of staves with a serpent twined around them. "It's on the back of some of the Spanish money even now—on the peseta, I think it is!"

"But Gilbert, aren't you afraid the man will be furious?"

"Why should I be? In the first place, he'll be too dumb to get it. He's rolling in money that he hasn't had long. He's old as time too—about fifty. And all he can see are his castles in New Jersey! I think it's a knockout idea—don't you? Funny as the devil. And it puts the right coat of arms on at least one marble palace in America."

Alice raised her head from over the drawings.

"But," she protested, "some of his friends might see the point, and tell him—"

"The kind of friends a man like that'll have visiting—" Gilbert shrugged. "Why, Alice, he's never even been to college." Gilbert said it laughingly, yet seriously too—almost as though he were pleading with her to understand the man.

"I know, but—" Alice started to protest again, but before she could finish he had hurried on:

"And *you* didn't get the meaning of the design till I pointed it out."

So they went over to the Ritz to see the man from Indiana. His name was Mr. Decker.

Waiting outside the booth in the lobby, while Gilbert phoned up to Decker, Alice thought of the letter from her father. She took it out of her bag and tore it open. As she pulled out the folded sheet of quite ordinary white paper, a check fell into her lap. And she wasn't due for her allowance for another week.

It was for seventy-five dollars. Quickly she glanced down the page of her father's small writing. There was a page of bits of news from Blakefield; then:

"Your mother and I thought you could use some money and maybe get that blue dress you said something about in your last letter. We like the sound of this young man Gilbert. Wish the check was a little bigger. But wishing don't change it much. I hope it'll be enough for a dandy dress. The blue sounds kind of pretty—"

The door of the phone booth near her clicked shut. Quickly Alice stuffed the letter back into her bag, trying to swallow the lump that seemed suddenly to be closing her throat—wishing so terribly that she'd opened the letter when it had come. "Wishing don't change it"—*doesn't* change—

She wondered why they'd sent the check. She hadn't asked for a dress—just mentioned Gilbert and what he'd said that night about blue and a square neck—

"He's waiting for us upstairs. The bellboy will take us up, Alice," Gilbert announced, coming up to her. He took her arm and led her across to the elevators on the opposite side of the lobby.

(Please turn to page 129)

IN TUNE WITH

JOHN ERSKINE

is a college professor, and in 1905 was writing "The Elizabethan Lyric." Then he turned to subjects like "The Moral Obligation to Be Intelligent" (1915); and this led, evidently, to those delightful novelties "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," and "Adam and Eve."

He feels not merely the moral obligation to be intelligent, but to be entertaining as well; and when a real scholar has both the will and wit to phrase lightly some of the deeper thoughts, you get an unusual production—like his "Warfare or Companionship?", which you will find on another page. His picture appears below.

Photo by White

Photo by International Newsreel

ELMER RICE

is author of the play which remains the most triumphant on or near Broadway—"Street Scene." It is just about what its title says—a scene on a New York street in front of an ordinary six-flat building. The entire action takes place on the walk, on the steps or in the windows of the flats; and the play is simply a dramatic distillation of the hopes and fears, passions and ambitions, triumphs and tragedies of six ordinary families living in six cheap flats.

A new play by Mr. Rice is announced; and he is the author of nine other plays, at least, that were produced before "Street Scene"—plays like "On Trial," and "For the Defense."

He is a native New Yorker and like Mr. Sheriff, his English rival who wrote "Journey's End," he is a barrister. That is, Mr. Sheriff, being British, is a barrister; Mr. Rice is a lawyer, which is American for much the same thing. A recent photograph of Mr. Rice appears above.

MILDRED McCOY

The hope of the American theater in these days of its decline (so cry the critics at the various wailing walls convenient to Broadway) lies in the Little Theaters.

We are not certain that the American theater, big or little, has declined so much. There may be a deceiving aureole about the memory. "Bill Jones aint the man he used to be," observed Hi. "No," agreed Si. "And he never was." At any rate, the Little Theaters hold much of hope; and they certainly have been good schools for actors.

Miss McCoy—whose picture appears above—had her first stage experience with the Provincetown Players before going to Broadway in "These Days," "The Marriage Bed," and other plays. She is the daughter of John McCoy, the actor; and her mother was a successful writer of plays.

Our Times

Photo by J. D. Joloff

MARY PICKFORD

Of all the favorites of American motion-picture audiences, Mary Pickford seems to stand most secure. Her closest rival for the endurance prize of popularity is, indeed, her husband.

Those of us who wondered, before she spoke out so effectively in "Coquette," whether she could "talk," forgot that she made a stage début at the age of five in a stock-company in Toronto and later played on Broadway in a Belasco production, "The Warrens of Virginia."

At last she is to appear, and also to be heard, with Douglas Fairbanks, in "The Taming of the Shrew."

Photo by United Artists

GENEVIEVE FORBES HERRICK

was a co-ed at that most charming of co-educational schools, Northwestern University at Evanston, Illinois. From the campus she stepped to the staff of the Chicago *Tribune*, where she proved extraordinarily adept in gaining the presence of important and conspicuous people, and also adept in getting them to talk in her presence. In other words, Mrs. Herrick—whose photograph appears above—became just about the best and most famous newspaper girl in America; and she became the beneficiary of some most unusual and interesting experiences.

The short story, she discovered, has several advantages over the news-story as a form of narration of some things you've seen. We publish "Her First 'His Majesty'," by Mrs. Herrick, upon another page of this magazine.

Photo by United Artists

RONALD COLMAN

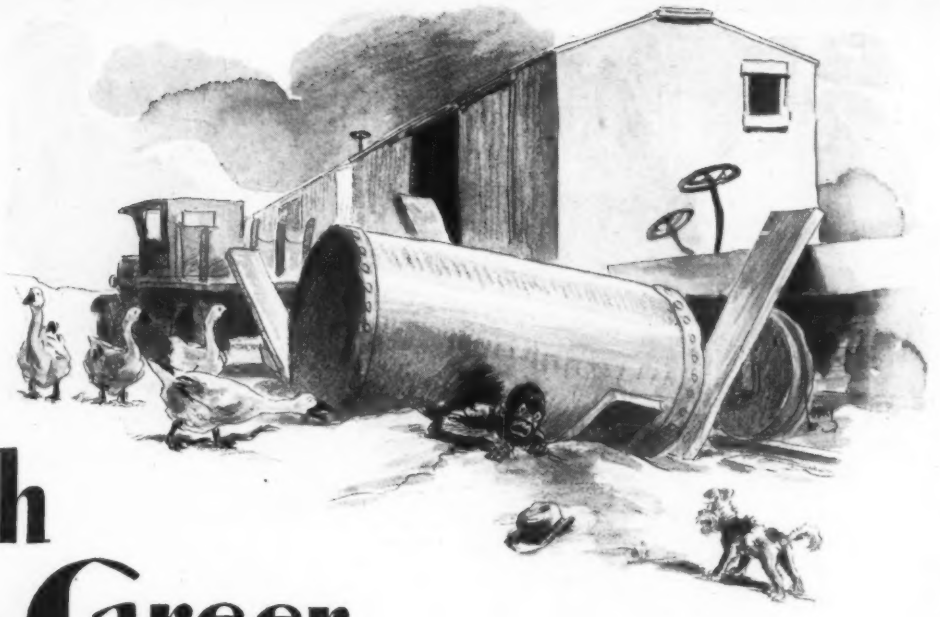
The difficulties with motion pictures from the first have arisen from one simple fundamental fact: they came into being as a result of a successful series of mechanical inventions; they were not, primarily, the fruit of art impulses.

Inventors suddenly supplied machines capable of conveying entertainment, and with nothing evolved for those machines, the entertainment had to be adapted, abruptly, from books and magazine stories and from the stage.

No sooner were the picture people fairly on the way toward developing an art for the silent medium of lights and shades on the screen, when the inventors thrust upon them voice-machines and started the problems all over again.

These have been met most effectively so far, we think, in "Bulldog Drummond" and by Mr. Colman playing the name part. The picture is significant chiefly for its selection of what is expressed by sound and what is still left to the eye alone.

The hero of many a matrimonial and motorcar smash-up trades in his taxi for a truck and quickly achieves—



"B'iler drap down an' Ipecac's under de b'iler. . . . . Li'l low place in de ground 'kep' him from gettin' squashed."

The Crash of His Career

By Arthur K. Akers

Illustrated by Everett E. Lowry

THAT "Home Sweet Home" had been written by a single man was the firm conviction of Ipecac Ingalls, small, colored and married. For Ipecac, home was chiefly a place where he took orders. In more senses than one, he was on the point of learning. For Susie, his wife, had conceived the notion that the misery in Ipecac's back which had kept him doing light work, like sitting down driving a free-lance taxi, for four years, was a mere subterfuge on Ipecac's part, and had acted accordingly. So right now Ipecac was on the little end of a big argument.

"Whar at my taxi?" he was inquiring of her with as much heat as he dared show in the domestic circle.

" 'Spect hit's in de junk-pile by now, whar at hit b'longs," returned Susie coldly. " 'Whar at de taxi?' is somep'n you aint got to pester 'bout no mo'. De big bu'nin' question wid you, from now on, gwine be: 'Whar at de truck?' "

"Truck?" Ipecac broke out all over with fresh gooseflesh and qualms. Trucks were associated in his mind with hard work, lots of it and regular! Besides, Ipecac had quit driving trucks, ever since that white lady drove her sedan right spang in front of a furniture truck he was piloting, simultaneously with watching a personable colored girl cross the street. Ipecac never had seen that girl—or that furniture truck—any more.

"Huccome truck?" he repeated now.

"Done swap in yo' ol' taxi fo' paht payment on truck fo' you," Susie broke the news. "You c'n step out an' kiss dem ba'becue stan's an' poolrooms good-by now, 'ca'se dey sho is gwine miss you from now on. Stahtin' in de mawnin', you says: 'So long, Loafin'; Howdy, Work!' "

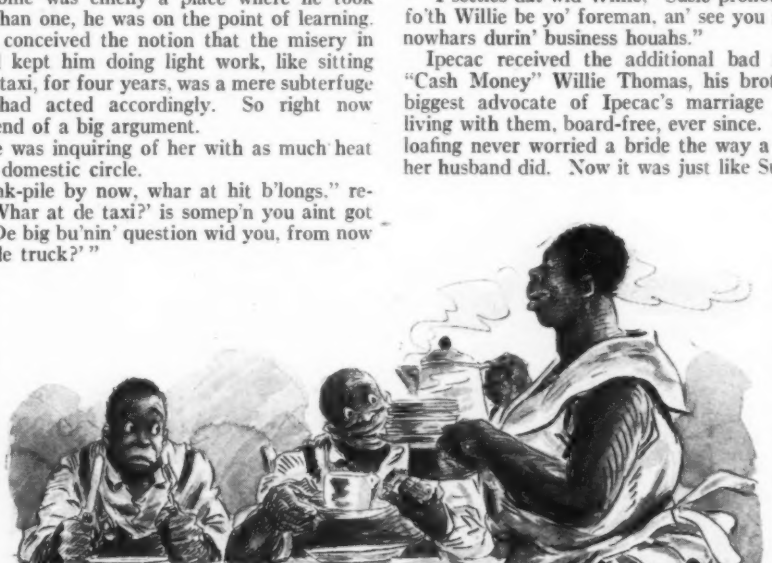
Ipecac writhed inwardly. Things couldn't be worse. Or at least he thought they couldn't. But Susie's next words proved his mistake. They could.

" 'Nother thing I's noticed 'bout you," she continued. "You works best wid a boss over you. An' only time you works den is when he's lookin'. *I* gits you a boss."

Mr. Ingalls groaned at this newest insult, and awaited the worst.

"I settles dat wid Willie," Susie pronounced his doom. "Hencefo'th Willie be yo' foreman, an' see you aint set down in de shade nowhars durin' business houahs."

Ipecac received the additional bad news with wretchedness. "Cash Money" Willie Thomas, his brother-in-law, had been the biggest advocate of Ipecac's marriage to Susie—and had been living with them, board-free, ever since. But somehow a brother's loafing never worried a bride the way a little rest on the part of her husband did. Now it was just like Susie to pass out a position to Willie and a job to Ipecac in the new trucking business.



Susie interrupted: "Willie, honey, finish up dem cakes, ... Ip'cac, quit eatin' an' git gwine!"

Mr. Ingalls groaned some more, and felt tenderly and tentatively of his back.

Susie saw him. "Git yo' han's off yo' back!" she instructed sharply. "Aint nothin' de matter wid hit but rust, from not usin' hit none. An', 'sides, aint nothin' better fo' back-mis'ry like yourn dan layin' hund'ed-pound sacks of cotton-seed meal 'cross hit reg'lar all day—in an' out of ol' truck."

Ipecac said nothing. When Susie's hands began to close and unclose that way, it was time for dogs to hurry under near-by houses and husbands to shut up.

"Truck be heah early

in de mawnin'," pursued Susie, "wid gas in de tank, r'arin' fo' you to git up a sweat. 'De Ingalls Truck Comp'ny, All Kinds of Heavy Haulin' Did Cheap'—dat's you."

Her husband winced at the description. Yet there was a ray of light—maybe he would get an office to sit in Sundays.

"Who gwine be de haid of de comp'ny?" he hazarded through his gloom.

"*I* is!" retorted Susie surely. "I's de haid of anything whut *you's* mixed up in! An' I 'ranges fo' de business whut you does. Willie, he de vice-pres'dent an' f o r e m a n. An' you, you's de truck-driver."

"Jes' wanted git hit straight," m u m b l e d Ipecac weakly. Times were no better than he had imagined.

"An' you wants git yo' rest early t'night, 'ca'se you sho is got a big day's work stahtin' in de mawnin'," Susie closed the discussion firmly. . . . .

Ipecac awoke next morning feeling that something was hanging over him. Then he remembered the details, and looked hopelessly out of the window. Susie was revealed as already up and out—examining the much-used one-ton truck that he saw parked before their front gate, and containing all of Ipecac's equity in a former glorious life of ease—his taxi.

Five seconds devoted to side-swiping a row of parked cars. Then squarely in front of Ipecac and his cargo of lamp-globes shot a blue roadster.

Willie interrupted his gazing by clamoring at his door. "Git up, boy! Heah 'tis sevum 'clock, an' you's fo' yeahs late to work! Git up!"

Mr. Ingalls committed murder, mentally, and arose reluctantly. Might as well be stirring before the president of the new truck-company got mixed up in this.

Scarcely had he donned the overalls and shoes that constituted dressing for him during the summer months, when there were more, larger and worse complications. Calhoun Pond, the Fourth Avenue colored realtor and insurer, was calling. Calhoun had a handful of blanks, a fountain pen and a practical mind.

"Mawnin', Miz Ingalls!" Ipecac heard him greeting Susie on the sidewalk as she examined her latest deal in trucks. "I rushes over soon's I heahs 'bout yo' husban' gwine in business. I rep'sents new insu'ance comp'ny now whut ain't know 'bout him yit, so I c'n fix up de insu'ance you 'bleeged to need on dat truck—wid him drivin' hit. Dat Ip'cac c'n have a' automobile collision in de middle de Pacific Ocean."

Ipecac disliked Calhoun Pond some more. But Mr. Pond's sales-approach and appeal evidently gave Susie pause. There was too much truth in them. Ipecac's chauffeuring record was written all over the white folks' books in insurance-offices and police-stations.

"I wuz *'lowin'* to break his back wid a stick if he gits in no wreck wid *my* truck," the able-bodied wife and superior of the new truckman mused sufficiently loudly for Ipecac to hear her. "But hit sho would be nice fo' me an' Willie to have piece of change to spend while Ip'cac's in de hawspital an' cain't work none."

"Sho would," agreed Mr. Pond. Then the further and ulterior purpose of his visit emerged in lower tones.

"Miz Ingalls," he put it into words, "tomorrow de Fo'th Av'nue Afro-'Merican Business Men's 'Sociation holds dey big annual open meetin'. Ev'y member 'titled to fotch one good-lookin' lady to de big ba'becue dey givin' back of de Fair Grounds at one o'clock. Ip'cac be workin' den, an' I ax you be de lady go wid me: us be back befo' he git done haulin'. An' I got fine big car wid de cut-out busted; ev'ybody know 'bout you when you rides in dat car. Aint need no hawn."

Susie considered. Ipecac had not been educated by her that sauce for the goose might also be sauce for the gander. If Ipecac got to looking around at personable colored girls on the sidewalks, why, that was reckless driving; but Calhoun Pond and herself, now— Calhoun was the catch of Enon Ridge. And if anything fatal happened to Ipecac,—which was practically certain if he

kept on trying to drive and watch women on the sidewalks at the same time,—it might be well to have the foundations in on a new and more imposing marital structure than she now enjoyed.

"De ladies whut goes to de 'Sociation meetin' is all policy-holders, of co'se," Calhoun put in a further master-stroke of salesmanship.

"Make dat pol'cy fo' plenty," Susie rendered herself eligible without further delay. "Aims give dat Ipecac big fun'ral an' myse'f a long trip. An' he got to leave me handsome!"

Again, unfortunately for Ipecac's peace of mind, she raised her voice on these final remarks to Mr. Pond. Ipecac disliked for her to get so definite about his demise.

"You signs right heah," Calhoun indicated professionally, spreading the application before Susie. "And after dat, ev'y wreck is fo' de best. Aint nobody lose but whoever he hit."

Susie signed. Ipecac sighed, and sought breakfast.

"Cain't work on no empty stomach," he grumbled his way into the kitchen, where his brother-in-law and foreman, Cash Money Willie, was polishing off a pile of wheat cakes slightly lower than the Woolworth Building.

"Aint nothin' make a boy eat like bein' kin to you by ma'iage!" further complained Ipecac as he seated himself bitterly in front of a smaller and colder stack, and poured black molasses over them with a liberal hand.

"Susie say git yo'se'f stout," Willie greeted him pleasantly but firmly. "Yo' first job today gwine be haulin' scrap boilers to Mist' Greeninski's junk-place. I goes 'long wid you to show you how git 'em up on de truck."

"To *he'p* me git 'em up on de truck, you means," corrected Ipecac.

"Whut you think a vice-pres'dent is fo'?" countered Willie indignantly.

"Aint nobody never found out," returned Ipecac nastily.

Susie interrupted the argument by entering the room and it. "Willie, honey, finish up dem cakes. Is you want some mo' cawf-fee?" she began her remarks. And, "Ip'cac, quit eatin' an' git gwine!" she ended them. "Heah de key to dat truck. Yo' firs' stop's de flat-car on dat li'l sidin' at Fo'th Street an' Seaboa'd Railroad. You lays two thick planks from de car to de truck, an' stahts ex'cisin' wid de b'ilers, rollin' 'em down planks from de car to de truck. Don't drap one of 'em, or yo' time gwine be all took up wid gittin' hit back on de truck by yo'se'f. Willie, you ride 'long in de seat an' see dat he git up a good sweat."

"Listen, Willie," he murmured. "You c'n go on home. I's gwine be laid up heah a long time."

Ipecac swallowed his breakfast and resentment. With both executives lined up against him, there was mighty little use in the hired help bringing in a minority report.

The truck, too, had a lot of personal peculiarities. "Sho gwine be hahd keep Mist' Greeninski from thinkin' dis heah truck b'long wid de rest de junk," he grumbled to Willie as they bucked and rattled through the lower streets of Birmingham toward the siding. Twice Ipecac narrowly missed collisions with other and nobler vehicles. "Sho is ambitious truck," he quarreled. "Brakes aint work right, an' ol' gas aint cut off twel you kicks hit in de stomach twice."

"Hit's insured," retorted the vice-president airily. "But *you* aint."

Susie hung around headquarters and listened for reports. No news was good news when Ipecac was abroad in the land at a steering-wheel. And the boiler job was good for eight dollars, cash money, on receipt of signed receipts. Another good thing about junk boilers, they weren't perishable. Whatever happened, they could not become shopworn to excess in Ipecac's hands.

Meantime her mind reverted to Calhoun Pond—personally and professionally. He had spoken of delivering Ipecac's collision policy to her in person that afternoon. With Ipecac at the wheel, Susie felt that the forenoon would be better. Besides, she desired to see him. Mr. Pond was always soothing to feminine eyes and ears. Moreover, he might have his car parked out front where she might get a look at it. And seeing would be not only believing but enjoying pleasing anticipations of riding in it to the big barbecue beside a man who was not only eligible in case of accidents to Ipecac, but financial as well. Further, nothing dwarfed Ipecac like standing him alongside Calhoun, physically, mentally and vehicularly. And you never could tell what was liable to happen. That was why Susie had insured the truck. And part of why she sought speech with Calhoun. But why she decked herself in her finest finery for the purpose was something that was nobody's business.

Hence, Susie was shortly present and prominent upon the sidewalks devoted to the darker portions of Birmingham's population, headed for Fourth Avenue on business, social and other matters.

There, accidentally, she encountered the vice-president of the firm, just leaving a pool-parlor.

"Ol' sun so dawgone' hot I's 'bleeged git me li'l rest," he explained his absence from the immediate vicinity of their business activity.

"Dat right, don't strain yo'se'f," Susie acquiesced. "How Ip'cac gittin' on wid de b'ilers?"

"Not so good," the second-in-command reported with becoming gravity and head-shaking. "He git one dem b'ilers roll' up on dem planks 'tween de car an' de truck—an' de planks busted. B'iler drap down den 'tween de car an' de truck, an' Ip'cac been doin' right smaht studyin' 'bout hit ever since."

"Dat jes' like Ipecac!" snorted Susie. "Tryin' lift a b'iler back up wid he mind 'stead of he muscles. Why, aint he put he back to hit?"

"Well," pondered Willie, "he kind of cramped 'bout dat: you see, Ip'cac's *under* de b'iler."

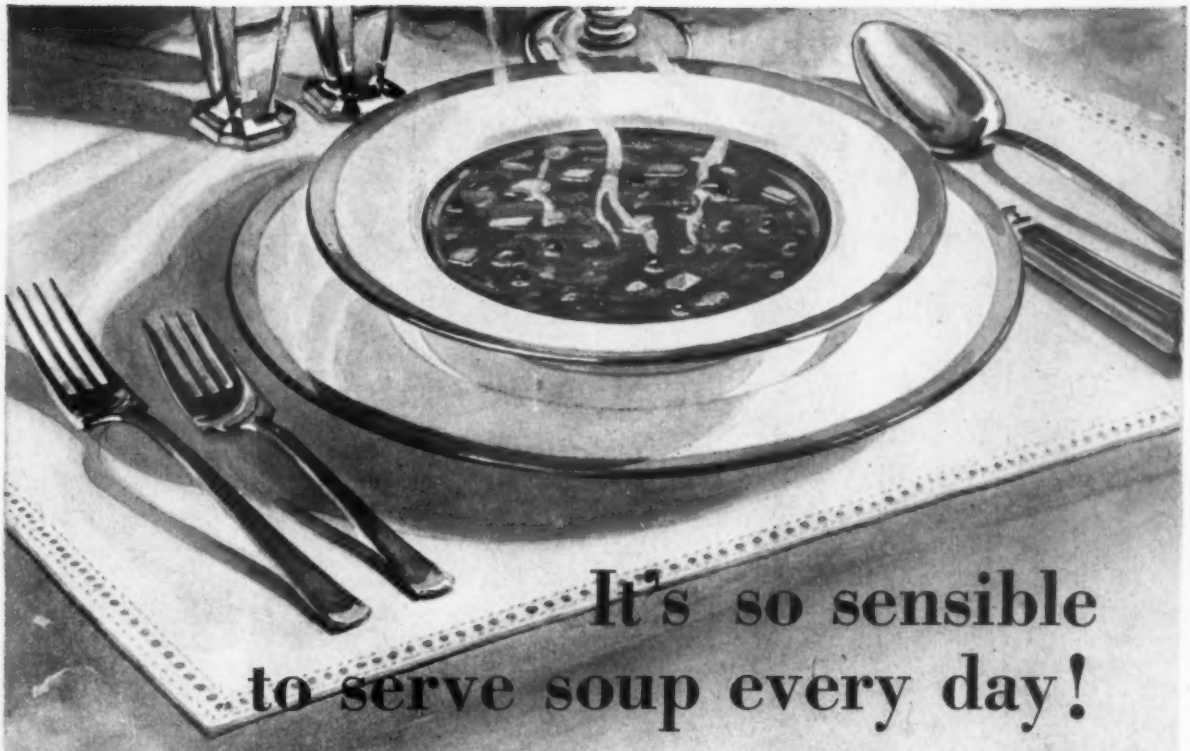
"Dat jes' like him too!" persisted Susie. "Let b'iler drap on him to keep him from workin'!"

"I gwine finish diggin' him out, soon's de sun git li'l furder down," Willie completed his explanation and outline of his plans. "Dey wuz li'l low place in de ground dar whut kep' him from gittin' squashed."

Susie saw nothing in the situation to prevent her pursuing her original course. Indeed, the latest demonstration of what Ipecac was heading for made haste imperative in the matter of getting her hands on some kind of policy naming her sole beneficiary, at the earliest possible moment. The boiler might slip farther. . . .

"How 'bout dat c'llision policy?" she was coyly interrogating Mr. Pond a short time later. "Sho feels nervous widout hit. Whut time you gwine call fo' me to ride to de ba'becue wid you?"

"Jes' fixin' fotch hit," Calhoun improvised. "You sho is look good in dat dress. You gits five hund'ed dollars if Ip'cac [illegible] in



It's so sensible to serve soup every day!

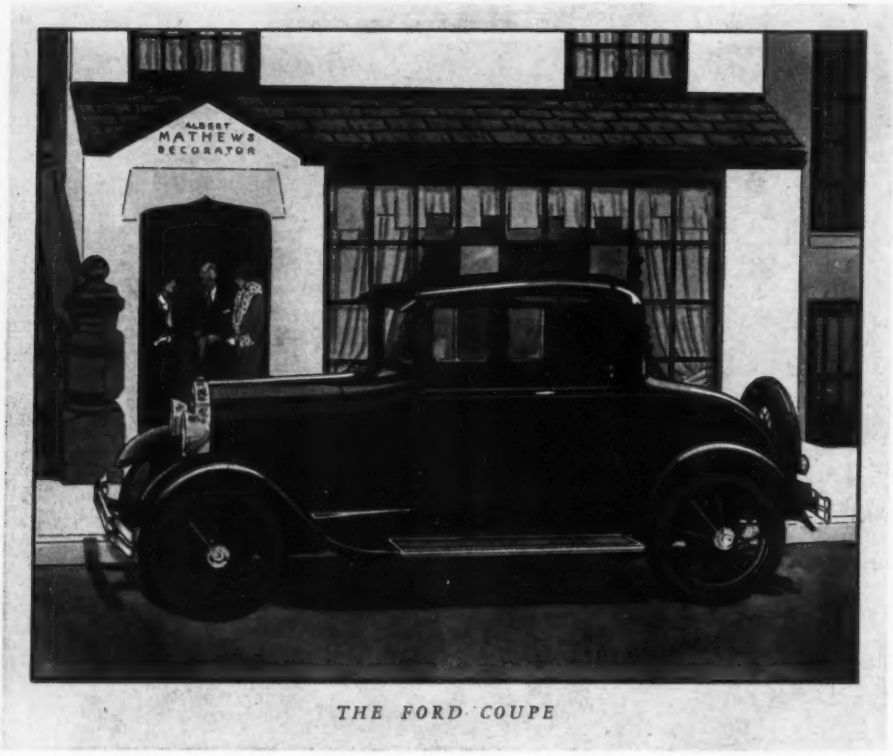
Haven't you noticed how people who used to serve soup only for special occasions are now serving it every day! Soup is such a delicious and healthful food. Campbell's 21 soups—already cooked, make it so easy and convenient to have a constant variety of soups.

With a number of different Campbell's Soups in your pantry, your meal-planning is easier. A soup a day is the modern way. There's a luncheon or supper in Campbell's Vegetable Soup with its 15 different vegetables. 12 cents a can. Make it *today's* soup!

Every little thing I do,
Campbell's Soup, I owe to you.
Once I feel your warmth inside,
I just beam with health and pride!

EAT SOUP EVERY DAY AND ENJOY A DIFFERENT SOUP EACH DAY

Consider the *unseen values* when you buy a motor car



THE FORD COUPE

Unusual number of ball and roller bearings in the Ford contributes to smoothness, reliability, economy and long life

IN MANNER of manufacture, as in performance, there is much that is distinctive about the Ford. Principally it concerns the unseen values which have such a great bearing on economy, reliability and long life. Fundamentally it is an expression of the Ford policy and the Ford method of building a motor car.

In designing the Ford, we decided first on the kind of car we wanted to make. Many months were then devoted to the designing of new machines and new manufacturing methods which would enable us to sell it at a price within reach of all the people. The production of such a car at such a low price is even more unusual than the car itself.

Not in exterior things only, but throughout the Ford you find the same high quality of materials and exact, careful workmanship. Prominent among its unseen values is the extensive use of ball and roller bearings.

There are more than twenty of these in the Ford—an unusually large number. In type and kind they are carefully selected for the work they have to do and are as adequate in size as in number.

Being comparable to the jewels of a fine watch, they prevent unnecessary friction and wear, contribute to smoothness and quiet, reduce up-keep costs and add thousands of miles to the life of the car.

Studying the operation of these bearings you can see their value to every Ford owner. Steering is made easier and safer because of the roller bearings in the steering gear and because the weight of the car is carried on roller bearings in the front wheels and front axle king pins. The uniformly good performance of the Ford rear axle is due largely to the roller bearings on the rear axle pinion and the differential. These are held to such close limits that adjustment is unnecessary.

From the engine-to-the-road, in fact, the entire drive of the Ford on all forward speeds is wholly on anti-friction ball and roller bearings. In addition to smoother operation, this saves gasoline, gives the car more speed and power in first and second speeds, decreases noise, and increases the durability and efficiency of the transmission gears.

Similar good results are apparent also in the drive shaft, the generator —wherever ball and roller bearings are used.

There are definite reasons, therefore, for the smooth-running, alert performance of the Ford, and for its unusual economy, reliability and long life. Throughout it has been built to endure—to serve you faithfully and well for many thousands of miles.

Ford

FORD MOTOR COMPANY
Detroit, Michigan

wreck. De prem'ums due now, fawty dollars fo' fo' weeks—an' canc'llable, is de comp'ny git lookin' up Ip'cac's record. De rate's propo'tionate to de risk, de pol'cy say. You sho is cute in dat red hat. Call fo' you at half-pas' noon-time tomorrer, in my loud car."

"Take de fawty out de five hund'ed—you aint have to wait so long dat way, wid Ip'cac drivin.' I be ready like you say," Susie consummated both deals. "An' now 'scuse me while I scratch up some mo' business fo' dat truckin' comp'ny I is."

IN Alley G arose sounds of truckmen returning by night. Democratically and indignantly—respectively—vice-president and driver were wending their homeward way to the evening meal.

"Sho' gits' yo'se'f good rest under dat b'iler—while I has walk nine blocks to de shade in a pool-room," the executive half of the pair criticised the conduct and attitude of his inferior-by-marriage.

"Yeah," returned the latter bitterly. "An' I been dar yit if white folks aint come 'long an' prize up dat b'iler 'nough fo' me to git out. Us still got git dat b'iler on de truck befo' Susie git her money."

"Cut out dat 'us' talk!" instructed Willie—followed by a loud: *"Look out fo' dat post!"*

Ipecac avoided the telephone company's property by the width of a small hair. And it seemed unnecessary and unwise to tell a member of his wife's family why his attention had been so near-disastrously attracted. But Ipecac's heart was yet fluttering; not from the threatened wreck, but from the fleeting glimpse he had just had on the sidewalk of the same personable-appearing colored girl who had closed his last appearance as a truck driver. Just looking at that girl took Ipecac's mind right off the road. Yet he never got a good look—just a glimpse, and a near-wreck was the routine on those rare occasions when she gladdened his eyes even briefly. Ipecac sighed and returned to earth and marriage to Susie.

And Susie was awaiting the firm with supper and more orders.

"Got somep'n easy fo' tomorrow's business," she outlined. "But Ip'cac sho' got keep he eyes on de street den."

"Aint *nothin'* easy 'bout work," gloomed Mr. Ingalls.

"Shet up! An' listen to whut you gwine do!" instructed Willie authoritatively.

"Tomorrer's de day you watch yo' step," Susie addressed her lord and driver. "I got de c'llision pol'cy, but dey aint no profit in hit wid *yo'* load."

Ipecac wriggled apprehensively. He didn't like the advance notices Susie was putting out about this thing. He liked them even less as she plunged further into the details.

"You gits high sides fo' de truck," she instructed, "an' stacks 'em on. Dem things is big but light. Pile 'em twel you gits big load, an' watch out fo' de trolley wires. An' I's li'ble git blinders fo' you, too, like ol' plow-mule, keep yo' mind on yo' business an' off dem gals on de sidewalks."

"Whut us gwine haul?" he inquired over his coffee.

"Lamp globes," snapped Susie. "Dem big White Way lights globes de white folks puttin' up on de South Side heah. You gits 'em from de Frisco depot an' trucks 'em 'cross-town, stacked high an' stahtin' at noon-time when dey be ready fo' 'em. An' is you let nothin' happen to 'em, you gwine heah li'l birds singin' whut you aint know wuz even livin' befo'. Willie gwine 'long to keep yo eyes off de sidewalks an' yo' foot on de brake, too. But firs' you gwine git dat b'iler fo' Mist' Greeninski!"

Ipecac grew ill—but illness did him no good. Susie was firm, and business prospects good—for all but the driver. He thought about the traffic and that truck, and craved something different to haul, but without results.

"An' nemmind comin' home to no dinner," Susie guarded specifically against any embarrassing revelations of wifely philandering in Alley G. "I aint gwine be heah—got business engagement at noon-time 'bout de insu'-ance on yo' truck. Is you git hongry, eat yo'se'f dis heah chunk of cold meat an' keep haulin'."

With which Susie thrust a lump of fat pork, newspaper-wrapped, into Ipecac's reluctant hands, and his day and diet were disposed of, so far as she was concerned.

Ipecac gloomed forth later at the wheel of his hated truck, Willie beside him. Willie had found quite a long cigar on the sidewalk and was demonstrating the social difference between a vice-president and a mere truck-driving brother-in-law with it. Ipecac wasn't demonstrating anything except that the truck wasn't working right.

"Why aint you hes'tate at dat stop sign?" questioned Willie sharply when Ipecac sailed past one at the next intersection.

"Fo'gits de right place to kick dis heah ol' truck," quarreled Ipecac. "An' my back hu'ts, right whar at hit used to jes' befo' I wuz fixin' to git broke down wid workin' too much."

"Dese heah light globes aint heavy, jes' marked *'Handle wid care,'*" Willie deprecated the difficulties Ipecac was trying to introduce into his calling. "An' I hires boy he'p you wid de b'iler."

"Dat aint whut pester me mos'," Ipecac enigmatically covered his case. No use in telling any brother-in-law that the big trouble with his business was that driving so temperamental a truck took up all his time, leaving none to devote to further sidewalk searching for that good-looking girl that kept filling his mind.

It was nearing noon when an exhausted Ipecac and his perspiring temporarily employed assistant, under the able and stentorian direction of Foreman Willie Thomas from the nearest shade, finally raised the boiler left over from the previous day's business to the truck and effected delivery to the junk-yard where Susie could later collect.

"Now you eats yo' fat meat an' gits gwine on dem lamp globes," instructed Willie officiously. "I gits me li'l wa'm ba'becue an' cawffee an' French-fry 'taters an' cawnbraid an' greens over heah to keep up my strength while you eatin' yo' cold meat."

Ipecac, unrolling his newspaper, realized anew that neither social nor nutritional equality were for him. But a morning devoted to boiler-moving made anything short of a paving brick taste good. And right after lunch things were scheduled to get a lot worse.

TO Ipecac's sorrow, the white folks at the freight-house were right ready for him. The globes were flimsily crated and stacked by the door, where loading could be speedy and their start prompt.

"Git on all you can," instructed his foreman. "De fewer de trips, de better de luck."

"An' de bigger de bust," mumbled Ipecac as he stacked them.

"'Member dem lamp shades aint b'ilers," further instructed Willie, "an' git keerful."

"So keerful now I done borrered me extra rabbit's foot fo' de trip," muttered his relative by marriage. "Both dem feet gwine be busy, too, when us stahts movin' dese heah big glass aigs."

"Step on de gas—an' 'member whar at de brake is," admonished Cash Money Willie as the last of a mountain of fragile glass globes loomed above and behind them. "An' straight down Twentieth Street—dat new pavement's smoother dar."

Ipecac's expression indicated that he had just mentally signed his last will and testament. Around the park, goggle-eyed and sweating, he drove, every undue noise in or about the truck causing him to break out coldly in excess perspiration over a fresh area.

"S-s-sho is actin' funny!" moaned Ipecac, sweeping the adjacent asphalt with apprehensive gaze.

"Shet up an' drive!" ordered his superior. "You done driv' dat ol' taxi so long you think somep'n's wrong if you aint heah pahts rainin' on de pavement all time when you ridin.'"

"T-t-taint jes' dat!" chattered Ipecac. "I got a funny feelin' too."

"Hit aint funny feelin' ails you; hit's funny *look*," amended Willie. "You bawn dat way—an' git a lot wuss aft'wahds."

"H-h-heah come Twentieth Street!" gibbered Ipecac, slightly grayish about the gills. "Rabbit's hoofs, *do yo' stuff!*"

Before the groaning truck and truckman lay the long, gentle, traffic-jammed slope of the city's "main stem." Ahead of them, as far as the pop-eyed Ipecac could see, winked changing lights, red and green and amber, at the behest of which flowed and halted terrifying streams of street-cars, "dray wagons," automobiles, trucks and pedestrians. Beyond, far beyond, lay his destination.

"Now I lay me—" suddenly and piously howled Ipecac as they neared a red signal shining ominously before him. Then: *"I cain't stop de truck!"*

Willie looked and leaped simultaneously. He knew when to retire from the trucking business.

"Meet you at de place—an' show you how to unload!" he yelled in midspring.

NOW the truck was gathering speed. Ipecac didn't relish the idea of hitting the pavement from it—or of meeting Susie if he did. Frantic jiggling of every switch and button produced no desired effect. He shut off the gas, and the truck leaped ahead as though he had stepped on the accelerator instead. He jammed on the brakes, but they didn't brake.

Fast profane work on the part of a motorman saved a street-car lumbering over the next crossing. Ipecac paled to the color of a cooking-stove and hung on. The green-light cycle caught him just in time to avoid a smash-up with a moving-van at the next corner. Like a stopped clock, Ipecac was being right once a day. But every revolution of the truck's wheels was taking him farther downtown, deeper into the traffic mazes, more certainly into the crash of his career.

Ipecac thought of the nature of his load, and for yards was unconscious with apprehension. Everything Susie had said, every word of Willie's cautionings, came back to him with interest, mingled with the shrilling of police whistles, the shrieks of the almost-run-down, and the angry honkings of a hundred horns behind him. To his rear sounded the scream of sirens as the motorcycle police came down from the park, bent on giving Ipecac a full set of tickets and arranging a life sentence for him if possible.

Far behind, on the sidewalk, panted the vice-president and foreman Willie Thomas. From Fourth Avenue a business-seeking ambulance bet a little gas on a sure shot and followed Ipecac, its siren tied down with ominous sound. The next green light shot him safely past the heaviest traffic corner in town, and turned him loose headlong upon the second heaviest. By now Ipecac had no desire to stop. For the farther and faster he traveled, the louder the uproar of pursuit behind him. If those white folks caught him now, Ipecac could read the headlines in the extras, "LYNCHING ON DOWNTOWN STREET CORNER!" With himself as the lynch-ee!

Loosened by the lurchings and careenings as the speeding Mr. Ingalls wove his wild way through the traffic, the first crate of his load fell off—fell crashing, to shatter into a thousand tinkling bits just in front of the nearest motorcycle cop. Ipecac didn't like this sample of what was due to happen the

first time his rabbit's feet relaxed their efforts and laid down on him. He took one look back at a street jammed with white folks, all of them thinking about him, and started praying for wings instead of brakes. From being afraid he couldn't stop, Ipecac began to be afraid he would. At the moment the worst calamity he could imagine would be running out of gas.

Then he looked ahead and replaced his great fear with a greater one. Behind him lay bedlam. Ahead of him lay the wide swift stream of First Avenue's wholesale traffic and street-car lines, with the red light against him. But beyond *that* lay what instantly converted Ipecac to all religions at once, including the Mohammedan in case the rest were wrong! For, just starting across the thoroughfare he was plunging down, crept one of the long, long, freight-trains that often tied up the mid-town grade crossings.

With a howl of horror Ipecac endeavored to swing into the Avenue and avoid certain fatal wrecking on the railway crossing. He was going too fast to turn, but he wasn't worrying about that any more—he was turning. Fresh apprehensive shrieks arose from the sidewalks as those upon them saw first what Ipecac saw five seconds too late—five seconds devoted by him to rounding a street-car, side-swiping a row of parked cars, and curing a whiskered elderly gentleman of a case of rheumatism of nine years' standing in one life-saving leap.

Then squarely in front of Ipecac and his careening cargo of lamp-globes suddenly shot a large, noisy blue roadster. Its blue was succeeded for him by an enveloping flame-shot blackness. The bloodthirsty roar behind him blended into the song of strange birds, singing to him in the darkness—a darkness shortly punctuated by the eerie rise and fall of an ambulance siren that seemed going along just ahead of him.

CAUTIOUSLY Ipecac opened his eyes to a whiteness that hurt. He opened them again and was only slightly reassured. This couldn't be heaven, because Willie was present. And if it were, Ipecac would want a transfer to the other place in that event.

Willie continued to sit by his bed in owl-eyed gravity. Ipecac closed his eyes to improve the view. He hurt in seven different places, and he was all wrapped up in a lot of others. Then another surreptitious glance showed that his was but one of a long row of such beds, a dark face on each white pillow of the City Hospital negro ward.

"You aint in de truck business no mo'," Willie greeted his feeble further stirrings. "De po-lice done brung you heah twel you well 'nough to go to the jail-house."

Ipecac tried to care and couldn't. Being out of the trucking business was a relief that transcended all other details, past or future. He endeavored to turn over, and winced.

"Mighty nigh ruin me when wrecks dat truck!" he groaned.

Something apparently startled Willie out of a week's growth. He half arose.

"Dat *wreck* aint whut hu't you!" he stated solemnly. "Doctuhs says you hits de top of de blue car firs', and den hit de groun' in good shape. An' oh, boy, dem lamp globes den! But hit wuz whut come *after* dat whut plumb ruin you!"

"W-w-whut dat?" quavered Ipecac. "Is all dem mad white folks from up Twentieth Street git hold me?"

"White folks git hold of you?" declaimed Willie still more impatiently. "Boy, you must got unconscious early! Why, dey couldn't even git *to* you fo' while—let 'lone git hold *of* you! Whut you think you run into, nohow?"

Ipecac closed his eyes wearily and thought. When Susie heard about this. . . . A nurse was moving down the ward, across his gaze—a blur of blue and *café au lait*. Memory strove within Ipecac, strove on two counts—

"Hit aint de wreck," Willie further contributed to the cause of accuracy in accidents. "Hit's whut Susie done to you dey got you in de hawspital fo'."

"Susie?" It was Ipecac's turn to be startled. "Susie aint dar! Whar Susie come in?"

"In de car you hits!" Willie devastatingly completed his case. "Susie an' Calhoun Pond in hit—ridin' to ba'becue! An' *some* glass you scatters, big boy, when you crashes Calhoun's car! Dat street look like jes' after a big 'splosion in a dish-factory, wid you layin' dar all black in a foot of busted white glass! Den when Susie see who 'twuz hit her an' Calhoun—dat when *you* stahts needin' amb'lances, *an' how!*"

"Whar Susie now?" Ipecac made motions to rise and flee. She might not be through with him yet.

"She in de jail-house," her brother reassured him. "Fo' disawd'ly conduc,' 'sault an' batt'ry, cussin' a' awff'cer, reckless drivin', and blockin' traffic. Her an' Calhoun Pond. Calhoun still tryin' raise 'nough bail so he can git out an' pay off Susie's pol'cy so she c'n use dat five hund'ed insu'ance money fo' *her* bail. Dat man sho is busy!"

BUT Ipecac wasn't paying attention to Willie any more. Not since he had blinked his eyes sufficiently widely open to take in everything around him. After all, he decided as he saw more, if Susie had been stepping out behind his back with Calhoun, justice had unwittingly been done—not to speak of a new personal door that was suddenly and happily being opened for Ipecac in the situation at the moment: ever since he had gotten his eyes really open here in the hospital, in fact—in two senses.

"Listen heah, Willie," he murmured to the puzzled vice-president. "You c'n go on home. Don't bother no mo' 'bout me; I sees I's gwine be laid up in heah *a long time!*"

With which unaccountable statement, the bandaged Ipecac settled himself for an extended convalescence, his gaze fixed happily upon that personable girl of many a previously tantalizing sidewalk glimpse—approaching him cheerily now in the blue-clad person of his nurse!

HEART OF THE NORTH

(Continued from page 31)

particular cause she had for being so supercilious with the folk here and calling them "backwoods"? Bill Hardsock, who believed in calling a spade a spade, and then some, had an opinion of her which only his respect for Alan kept him from voicing. Bill considered her "plain lazy, and snooty, and something of a gold-digger." It was all right, he agreed, for Alan to help her out after Curt's death until she got squared away at something; but that didn't give her a "life-time hold on him, and no self-respecting girl would keep on taking money from a man, engaged or not."

But Father Claverly's opinion, gentle, deep-seeing, was the most devastating of all—because it was so gentle and meditative. Perhaps he alone, of all the people at Endurance, fully understood Alan's sense of fearful responsibility for having sent Curt Spaulding on that fatal patrol, and understood the sacredness to Alan of his promise to a dying partner. With infinite sorrow Father Claverly had seen that step-by-step development, that march of powerful circumstances, which had led to the engagement and would lead on to a tragic marriage. He saw that Elizabeth was a wise, cool-headed girl, very clever at managing relationships for her own ends. Watching her relations with Alan Baker, he saw her coolly studying the Sergeant, binding him to her by the subtlest of bonds, enmeshing him till he could hardly break free short of dishonor. Whether or not she had given herself to Baker, he was not certain, but he did know that with her it was a question of policy, not of character.

Now, when Baker's commission had crashed, he saw Elizabeth delaying the marriage, skillfully putting pressure upon him to obtain what she wanted. Knowing Inspector Haskell's infatuation for her, the good priest observed how cleverly she was holding the Inspector off, maddening him with disdain and aloofness, but never decisively cutting him until she was certain what Baker would do.

WHEN Elizabeth came in the door she nodded coolly to Alan's warm greeting.

"I want to talk to you, Alan, about something very important to us both. Unless you're too busy—"

Waiting, painfully aware he could never answer her arguments, Alan glanced out the window, at the river and at his far-away wilderness. A mile down the broad Mackenzie a canoe, a small patrol craft with outboard motor, came whipping around a headland where Keewatin spruces marched down to the water-edge. The solitary, uniformed figure in the stern was driving it at a reckless clip, entirely heedless of stray ice-cakes still floating down from Strong Woods tributaries. Half-leaping over the water, it scattered a big flock of pin-tails right and left as it streaked through a field of slob-ice and skimmed on up toward the Mounted post.

Alan thought: "That's Bill Hardsock coming. And coming wide-open. A dead Indian on a mud-bar would never bring him home *that* fast! Something's happened."

Elizabeth saw the craft too. But she glanced only once at it, entirely uninterested. Police work—patrols, arrests, map surveys, treaty money, pelts to be stamped, bickering Indians—all this bored her, now that the novelty of it had worn off. She never had understood how her brother had become attached to so crude and backwoods a profession when good positions at Winnipeg and Calgary had been offered him.

Her eyes came back to Alan; and with cool impersonal gaze she considered this man who was to be her husband.

She liked his natural-born leadership over other men; admired his rugged honesty—especially in contrast to Haskell's lack of it. In their life together, Alan would always be loyal to her; she could always depend upon him. And he could get her what she wanted of life. Much better than he himself realized, she knew he had qualities that would take him far in any other profession: a good intellect, ambition, the ability to work hard, and—most valuable of all—a rare capacity for friendship. More than any other person she had ever known, he seemed to be a collector of stanch warm friendships. She knew the inestimable worth of this talent that made people instinctively like him.

All in all, Elizabeth felt that if only he did not choose to bury himself here in this northern backwoods, Alan Baker was by far the likeliest man, of several she had known well, to lift her out of genteel poverty to a more agreeable plane of life.

She said: "You know what I want to talk about. When your term is up next month, are you going to reënlist or not?"

Alan stirred uneasily, forgetting Bill Hardsock and the approaching canoe.

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He knew that Elizabeth was set, heart and soul, on his taking a good-salaried position down in Victoria which Colonel Steele, commander of his regiment in the war, had been wanting him to accept. But Alan, knowing he was not trained for that position, was loath to take a job on a friendship basis; he preferred to stand on the self-respecting ground of capable work. And to leave this country where he had found freedom and happiness was an intolerable prospect.

BUT there were arguments on the other side: this blind alley he was in, the rank injustice done him—a dozen powerful arguments. He said slowly:

"It's hard to decide, Elizabeth."

"What is there to decide about? You don't like things as they are here now, do you—a sergeant who takes orders and is liable to be demoted any day and who is compelled to do another man's work for him!"

"You know I don't like it, Elizabeth."

"You don't think it's going to change? I hope you aren't expecting a commission any more now!"

"I'm not! I got that knocked out of me." A bitterness welled up in his voice. "I might get transferred as sergeant to another post where I'd be O. C., but that's the limit of what I can expect."

"You're not in love with the Service and 'loyal' to it—"

"Please don't be sarcastic, Elizabeth. I don't give a rap about the Service as such. It's taken seven good years of my life; it killed my best friend; it demands everything of a fellow and gives nothing."

"If you feel that way, then why do you want to stay?"

Alan started to answer, but he checked the words. His reasons were deep and intangible things—his friendships, the sense of being rooted in the country and his ramified duties, his unwillingness to desert comrades just when they needed him, the impression of having quit because a commission was not forthcoming.

Down on the river Bill Hardsock came skimming full-tilt up to the landing, swerved the canoe around in a complete circle to stop it, leaped out upon the planking, tossed the painter to a sleepy Loucheux. The pack of half-wolf Police huskies, patrolling the water-edge for fish, trotted up to him, tails arched jauntily over their backs, and smelled his pockets for tidbits and nudged his hands with their cold black muzzles. But Bill had no time for them now and he did not seem to notice Inspector Haskell a couple of rods away. At a lope he headed up the terrace, straight for Alan's cabin, as though Alan was the man to hear his news.

"You've got a position waiting, at four times your present salary," Elizabeth persisted, "with advancement sure, with a chance to make even more on the side."

She paused a second, to emphasize her next words. "If you intend to stay in the Mounted, I wish you would tell me so frankly, so that I can plan."

It was an ultimatum. She meant it so; Alan understood it so. But she saw too that it had antagonized him a trifle. Though she must be firm now, she must head off any break.

Dropping her coldness, she rose and stood beside him.

"Alan! Don't you realize how intolerable it is for me—not being with you two hours in a whole week? And if we were married, he—Haskell—he'd make it even worse. *You* know why he's sending you out on these patrols and letting you be here just long enough to manage the post. When you're gone he forces his company on me. If I'd repulse him, he'd—he'd take it out on *you!* I've got to let him—"

A slow red crept into Alan's face and his fist clenched. He had wondered why she allowed Haskell to be so much in her company. Mrs. Drummond had mentioned it, significantly. He himself had seen it. It had never occurred to him that Elizabeth had been permitting it for his sake.

Elizabeth saw how sensitive a spot she had touched.

"All he knows how to do is to send in the report of your patrols, but he's O. C. here now; and the more efficiently you manage his territory, the more credit to him. You're working for *his* reputation and advancement all the time."

Her sudden warmth confused him.

He thought: "How can I blame her for not wanting to live here in the North? Her brother died here; she hasn't any friends; these folk don't understand her. If she wants to live in a city, that's as natural, as much her right, as my wanting to live in the woods."

She went on, confident now, pulling at a button on his jacket: "And, Alan, we could be married right next month, in Edmonton; and we could spend weeks and weeks on a honeymoon in the Blackfoot Selkirks where I went once with—with a girl friend of mine; and then in September we could go on across to the coast. . . . . Couldn't we, Alan?"

Bill Hardsock came past the alcove window, hatless, excited. Elizabeth saw him, and realized that her talk with Alan was broken. But she did not greatly care. She had given him her ultimatum; she had headed off any antagonism; and what she said about Haskell had galled him as nothing else could have done.

She said: "You've been here less than an hour; we've had less than ten minutes together, and now—now something else happens and you'll be gone again." She kissed him quickly and turned away.

At the door she met Bill Hardsock. With faint aversion in her glance, she tripped past Bill, not speaking, and left the cabin.

Chapter Three

AS Bill Hardsock stamped in, Alan stared. Normally as unexcitable and workaday as any plow-horse, Bill was breathless and wide-eyed now, his fiery-red hair tousled, and drops of sweat on his bulldog face.

Some two years younger than Alan, stockier, half a head shorter, Bill was a rough nugget of pure gold. Since Montgomery bought out and Spaulding died, he had been Alan's right hand in managing this territory.

He burst out: "Oh, Lord, Alan, Sammy-hell sure popped down-river! The *Midnight Sun*, bringing up a raft of furs from the Ramparts country, and gold dust too, a whole wad of it from the Peel and Arctic Red placers—down there, mouth of the Big Alooska, when she was taking on wood, half a dozen men bounced her in broad daylight, robbed her there, right this close to us—"

"Robbed her? *Wh-aa-t!*"

"That's what they did. They came over the side like as if they was ord'nary trappers, got a clean drop on the crowd, had the run of the boat for better'n half an hour—"

Alan leaped to the all-important question. "They didn't escape, Bill? They didn't get away with a trick like that?"

Scarcely hearing him, Bill kept pouring out his news. "They took more'n three hundred pounds of dust, and sorted out half a dozen packs of the best, lightest furs. Alan, they shot and killed Jimmy Montgomery. He was the only one that drawed a gun against 'em, and a rifle bullet got him cold."

Alan could not seem to believe; it was not a thing to be realized, not to be felt to its depths, in a single moment.

"And if Father Claverly hadn't stepped in and stopped a rush, Alan, they'd have shot up the whole deck. They slung the dust and furs into their canoes, and— Did they get away? What brought me busting up the river? I'll say they did—clean, slicker'n a whistle!"

IN the pause then, Alan fought to shake off his daze. It was all in his hands—the pursuit, the capture; he had to make the plans, fling out a patrol, get into action.

He demanded: "Who were they? Trappers, did you say?"

"Don't know who, Alan. But strangers. Five whites and one 'breed. That's what Skipper Ashmun said they looked like."

"*Strangers?* Can't be—in this country."

"But that's what they were. Nobody on the boat had ever seen a single one of 'em."

Alan did not believe this, but for the moment he passed it up.

"Which way did they go? Have motors on their canoes?"

"No, paddle-craft. They whipped up the Big Alooska."

For a little space Alan stood thinking. Why had those bandits staged their robbery there at the mouth of the Alooska, instead of farther down, at some lonely reach along the Mackenzie? In an instant he saw the answer to that question. Swiftly picturing the Alooska country, he realized how shrewd their choice had been. They had chosen with an eye to quick escape—to the best hiding-place in all the Mackenzie country.

As he pictured them whipping up the Big Alooska, fleeing up that lonely spruce-buried river past MacMillan's trading post, his thoughts leaped to Joyce MacMillan, and a fear came into his eyes.

Bill said: "They'll have to pass MacMillan's place, Alan. Ten chances to one, Dave's gone out somewheres after spring peltry and Joyce is there all by herself—"

"But maybe they wont stop," Alan argued. His words were more a prayer for Joyce. "They'll probably try to sneak past—" He broke off: "Bill, go down to barracks, get Ped, tell him to have the launch in shape to *travel*. Tie a couple light paddle-canoes onto the boat. Roll our things all together, and don't let it take you more than five minutes. While you're doing that, I'll go tell Haskell."

Halfway down the slope Alan came upon Larry Younge, who was spreading Inspector Haskell's bed-clothing upon the grassy terrace to sun. An older man, past forty, a native of this waterways country who had spent his boyhood years living with Crees and Chippewyans, Larry was by easy odds the best bush detective in the whole division. In the woods he could beat the keenest of the Indian trailers. Nothing escaped his sharp eyes: a bent twig, a waterfowl flushing, a bird's alarm call, a faint moccasin-print on a portage trail, were outspoken words to him.

But in matters of discipline he was worse than Bill Hardsock—older, more set in his ways, more resentful of personal affront. Months ago Haskell had "busted" him from a corporal, and had been trying to make Larry knuckle under by humiliating him with orderly duties. Waiting for another month's pay so he could buy out of the Mounted, Larry was going about his "squaw-work" with stoical face, chalking up his personal

A pair of parents, much perplexed by their children, begged the son and daughter to do what "they"—the parents—used to do when they were young. The children obliged . . . . Nina Wilcox Putnam wrote the story; and you certainly are cheating yourself if you miss it, in an early issue—

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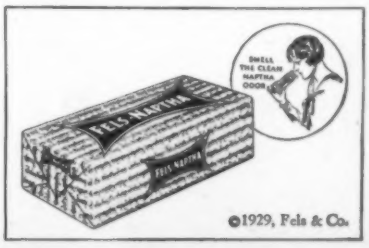

score against the day when he would be out of Service and could settle with Haskell in man-to-man fashion.

Alan bade him: "Larry, drop that. Go and help Bill. He'll tell you what's up."

As he hurried on down, Alan was feverishly wishing for more men than he had at the post. Just now he was woefully short-handed. A sergeant and three constables were over west in the mountains, registering claims and keeping order at a wilderness mining camp. A corporal and two constables, loaned to a detachment farther south, were out on an all-summer patrol in the Salt country, trying to catch a roving band of Indians who were wantonly slaughtering the wood buffalo there. That really left only himself, Bill, Larry and Pedneault, for the two fresh constables, Burgoon and Whipple, would not be of much help on a patrol of this sort. Inspector Haskell would be a valuable man; he was a crack shot, cool-headed, with plenty of nerve and a courage ground into him by three years of battle along the Somme. But he probably would not go; patrol work was a matter for non-coms and constables, in Haskell's opinion.

Alan speculated: "But my party's strong enough—if only we can meet up with them before they reach that hiding-place."

IT was rare for Inspector Haskell to allow his temper to get the upper hand. He had learned self-control in the hard army school, and he considered that any exhibition of temper was a plebeian thing. But when Alan Baker came into the cabin, Haskell was thoroughly and hotly angered.

A dozen things had happened this morning to irritate him. Constable Whipple, his stool-pigeon, a thin clerkish recruit whom he had brought along to Endurance, had repeated several infuriating jokes about him which the men were bandying back and forth in barracks. The nickname "Spring-heel Johnny," referring to his rapid rise to inspectorship, enraged him—because it was the truth. A few minutes ago Bill Hardsock, plainly carrying important news, had brushed past him as though he had not existed, and had taken the news straight to Alan Baker. And just now through the open door he had seen Baker order Larry Younge to drop work assigned by a superior officer and do something else.

To be so patently ignored by his own men when any matter of importance came up, made him appear a nobody. To have Baker issuing orders and getting a patrol ready without first consulting him, seemed to him a gross violation of discipline. He had formerly been forced to let Baker have his way in managing the post; but now, shocked at realizing how very little he himself amounted to here, and confident that his six months of experience made him capable of running the detachment himself, he had sworn he was going to come down on these men and come down *hard*.

But the vital cause of his anger was a deep and smoldering jealousy of Baker because of Elizabeth Spaulding. Her cool inaccessibility maddened Haskell; and her comparison between him and a ninety-a-month sergeant cut his pride to the quick. In the garden this morning a remark of hers, a thinly veiled hint that she considered him not exactly a man of honor, had struck Haskell like a slap in the face. The memory of it rankled; and his former easy assurance that he could take her away from Baker was completely shattered.

For months now he had been nursing the idea that if only he could bust and humiliate Baker, he could swing Elizabeth away from him. But no opportunity had arisen, no pretext that Superintendent Williamson would accept; and Alan Baker had somehow failed to walk into a couple of shrewd traps laid for him. And Elizabeth had remained inaccessible, and lately sardonic.

AS Baker hurried into the cabin Haskell swung on him:

"Don't you know better than to come bursting into an officer's quarters without knocking and asking permission? Go out and try it again."

His words went past Alan unheeded. Alan's mind was in too much of a turmoil. . . . . Jimmy murdered, Joyce alone there on the lonely savage Alooska, those six bandit strangers escaping with their loot. . . . . There was but one thought in his mind—to get away in the big scarlet-gold launch with his men and overhaul those two canoes before they were lost beyond all pursuit.

Forgetting even his salute, he came across to the desk. As though checked by the look on his face, Haskell did not repeat the reprimand. Instead he listened silently while Alan reported the robbery, murder, escape.

"They're heading up the Big Alooska toward a muskeg country lying back there in the northeast," Alan explained quickly. "It's called the Thal-Azzah, the Land of Many Waters. It's ten thousand square miles of criss-cross waterways—lakes, channels, slow creeks, and soup-thin bog all covered with flags and willows. Canoes don't leave tracks, and we couldn't comb through that much country in a year. They're heading for the Thal-Azzah; that's why they staged the robbery at the Alooska mouth—so they'd have a straight shoot into that muskeg. If they reach it we might never get them. I'm going to take the launch and the five men I've got—"

Haskell stiffened; then, in sarcastic tones: "*You've* got? Just a second, Baker. It would be a little better form to give your report and possibly make suggestions, and then allow me, as Officer Commanding here, to issue orders. Instead of that you come thumping in, with some wild guesses and hasty half-cocked plans, and say, 'I'm going to take *my* men,' and '*I'm* going to do this and that.'"

Alan stared at him in surprise. After all the long months of the winter past when he had initiated every patrol that went out, he was totally unprepared for this testy reprimand. He sensed some change in Haskell, some sudden tightening of authority, some stubborn decision to be the boss here. An anger rose in him at Haskell's choosing to bandy personalities just now when those two canoes were whipping up the Alooska.

Trying to fight down his impatience, he said: "I suppose it was tactless of me. But all along I've been—"

"Yes, certainly—acting as though you were O. C. You didn't appreciate tolerance when you had it. You can take note that from now on you haven't got it! I'll issue orders about this patrol."

ABRUPTLY he turned away to the wall behind him where a map of the Endurance Country was tacked up. A big six-foot-square mosaic, it was the Inspector's own handiwork—a synthesis of government reports, explorers' sketches and Indian accounts. Though a few of the larger details were correct, in Alan's eyes it was a clumsy and ridiculous piece of charting. It showed rivers where there were no rivers, heavy forestry where only willow muskeg existed, and big lakes where a muskrat could not wet a foot.

As he waited, swearing at this loss of precious minutes, Alan happened to see Constable Whipple over in a corner, making inventory entries at a table. He said:

"Whipple, you'd better knock off on that and get into fatigue clothes. We'll need all the men on this patrol."

Whipple did not obey him, or stir, but waited for the Inspector's orders.

Alan later remembered, to his heavy cost and sorrow, how Whipple had sat there in the corner, listening, scratching away with a pen, while Bill and Larry and Pedneault were down at the wharf feverishly making ready.

In helpless exasperation at Haskell, he thought: "Good Lord, aren't you ever going to get through studying that crazy damned map?" Back of this change in Haskell, this angry decision to run Fort Endurance according to his ideas of straight-laced army discipline, Alan sensed a smoldering hostility against him personally. And he was aware of the cause of that personal feud; he knew Haskell was madly in love with Elizabeth.

There were aspects to George Haskell's character which Alan could not understand. At the very first he had rather liked the man. A tall regimental officer, with stern, regular features, with good breeding and superb education, he made an instantaneous good impression. In spite of his being a political appointee with no Mounted record to speak of, Alan had rather thought he would catch on here in time and make a fair officer. Of his keen, whip-lash intellect Alan was fully aware. Of his personal bravery, too, there could be no honest doubt. Alan remembered an incident last winter when Haskell stepped in between two drunken Indians and took their deer-knives away from them, and then knocked their heads together when they drew guns on him.

But something lacked in George Haskell—something that undermined all his other qualities. In a hundred little incidents Alan had seen that lack; and it killed whatever respect he once had had. Haskell was without a compelling sense of honesty; at bottom he was not a man of integrity.

But just how dishonest Haskell could be in a showdown fight—Alan had that discovery still ahead of him.

PRESENTLY, turning around from his map, Haskell said: "I see that the Big Alooska, about a hundred miles northeast from its mouth, divides into two branches."

To hurry this talk up, Alan stepped around behind the desk, and pointed at the map as he spoke.

"Yes, that fork is called the Big Leavings. But it's farther east than your map shows; it's nearer two hundred miles. Here's MacMillan's trading station. Here's the Forks. The right branch leads southeast through this—it should be marked timber country. The left branch goes northeast into the big muskeg. About here is where the Thal-Azzah should be marked. They're heading up this left branch for the Thal-Azzah——"

Haskell interrupted, demanding: "How do you know they're doing that?"

"I don't *know*, but it's a sensible guess. They seem to be pretty well acquainted with this country, and the Thal-Azzah is a hiding-place made to order."

"Humph! Maybe." Haskell lighted a cigarette, and went on studying the map.

A rash impulse swept through Alan. He turned, and glanced at the open door, as though by simply walking out he could end this intolerable, maddening delay. But he checked himself, fought down his impatience.

Haskell at last made up his mind. Turning again, he ordered:

"You'll take the launch and the five men, Baker, and go up the Alooska. If you don't overtake those bandits before reaching the Forks, leave the launch there, split your party, three men each, and follow up both those branches—"

Alan objected: "But three men against six—six who pulled a trick like that robbery—three mightn't be able to handle them."

"Do you want a battalion?"

"When I go up against those six, I want all the men I can have. They've got murder charges over them; they've got a fortune in their possession; they're going to put up a finish fight."

"Three men can handle them. Three men with the Law behind them—"

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They are caused by germs in the mouth which get the upper hand when body resistance is lowered by over exposure, change of temperature, and emotional disturbances, all of which are coincidental with seeing a football game.

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Alan interrupted: "A city cop may be a squad by himself, but in the bush a man is a man. A legal bullet don't kill any deader than an outlaw bullet. Men who'll hold up a big steamer in broad daylight and who face the gallows if caught, aren't going to be paralyzed by the sight of a uniform. I believe my party shouldn't split. We ought to stick together and whip up that left branch. That's the fork they'll take——"

"You're merely guessing," Haskell said coldly. "You don't know which branch they'll take."

ALAN tried a last despairing argument. "Look here. Suppose my guess *is* wrong. Suppose we do whip up the north branch, and discover they've followed the south. We could easily drop back to the Forks and trail them. It's timber country; Larry would be sure to find tracks on the portages. There are Indians at fish weirs, all along that branch, to give them away—"

"Your reasons are good but not conclusive," Haskell insisted. "If those men are as shrewd as you make out, they *can* escape through timber country. By my plan you would be sure to overtake them on one branch or other."

"Yes, and have half my men shot up. I'm responsible for them. *I* know what that kind of responsibility means. You're hog-tying me with orders I know are dead wrong."

Haskell tapped the table with his penknife. "I've always given you my reasons, Baker, and listened to yours. If you refuse to obey orders, you'll stay here at the post, and I'll put Corporal Hardsock in charge of this detail. Take your choice."

Alan was not the fool to believe Haskell was bluffing. The man would keep him here and bust him for refusing to obey orders. He had been waiting months for just such a chance. It was a question of holding out against those ignorant instructions or getting away with the men and making the best of it. Perhaps, after all, he would catch up with the bandits before they reached the Forks.

Beaten, weary of arguing, he gave in. "All right, Inspector. I'll follow both branches."

To cut off further delay he whirled abruptly on his heel and strode out.

At his cabin he buckled on his belt-gun, caught up his rifle, then hurried down to the wharf.

Burgoon came down from barracks; and a little later Whipple came and timidly took his seat in the launch. While Alan and Bill and Younge were storing aboard guns, grub, tent and blankets, Factor Drummond tramped down to the wharf to toss a carton of cigarettes and a deep-felt, "Good luck, fellows!" to the patrol. On the terrace above, with a book in her lap, Elizabeth Spaulding watched casually.

Then Frank Pedneault, demoniac driver of the powerful launch, slid into the wheel seat and slipped in the gears; and swinging the big scarlet-and-gold craft out into the current, he headed north, down to Mackenzie.

They were at last away on the pursuit.

But Alan's ardor had gone. Premonition whispered, and its whisper chilled him. As he glanced around at his men, at the men he was leading, he was thinking that tomorrow this time two or three of them might be dead—somewhere up the spruce-buried Alooska.

Chapter Four

DURING that swift dash down the Mackenzie, Alan kept picturing that lonely trading station up the sub-Arctic Alooska; and he tried to vision what was happening there. As Bill had said, the bandits would have to pass the place; Joyce would be alone there, in all likelihood.

His thoughts were not enviable. . . . . "They used Margaret Fournier as a means of making their get-away from the steamer. It worked so well that they might try the idea again. They might try to use Joyce as a sort of hostage to protect themselves."

But somehow he did not greatly fear they would do this. They probably would not stop at all, but would whip on past—on for the oblivion of the Thal-Azzah. And if they did stop. . . . . "They'd not be able to commandeer Joyce so easily as they took Margaret Fournier. *I* wouldn't want the job of trying to make a hostage of Joyce. She's had to handle too many insolent 'breeds and sub-chiefs, there at the post." He remembered the gun she always carried, his own gift to her on her twentieth birthday. A black automatic, a tiny thing like a toy, it nevertheless was blunt and effective as a terrier bulldog. That big red-bearded bandit who had threatened to put a bullet "squar' atween" the eyes of Margaret Fournier would likely get one between his own if he tried any brutality with Joyce MacMillan.

To Alan it seemed pretty clear that Bill in his haste and excitement had made a mistake about those men being strangers to everyone aboard the steamer. It didn't look possible. There simply were no strangers in this country. When any newcomer started down north over the Three Rivers route, the Police quietly made it their business to find out who he was. In summer a few hardy trippers made the trip from Edmonton, via the Athabasca, Slave and Mackenzie, to Hershell Island in the Arctic, but the season was too early for them. The Norman oil rushes had ebbed several years ago, and their riffraff and shady elements had completely vanished. Only the permanent population of trappers and traders, with a few prospectors and people on government or mission service remained. The country itself might be huge as a dozen States, but all the routes into it were guarded, and in respect to its people it could have been a cross-roads hamlet, where Jean Baptiste knew precisely how many muskrat pelts Sandy MacDonald had taken in last year. Alan himself was personally acquainted with every one of the few dozen whites from Chippewyan to Arctic Aklavik.

IT occurred to him that possibly these men had come down north by plane, but he brushed the thought aside, knowing it was nearly impossible. Airplane movements in the western provinces were too strictly supervised; licenses were issued only to people of repute. And all along the northern edge of the city country the Police posts were keeping an especially sharp watch on aircraft, guarding against whisky smuggling to the Indians and against big-game hunters flying in to kill wild swan or slaughter caribou out of season. Moreover, from what Bill said, these six men, uncouth and shaggy-barked, were not of the swift clever type of bandits who would use planes.

There was an added argument, the weightiest of all, against these men being strangers. They knew this country intimately. It took years to learn the ins and outs of so huge a region. But *they* knew.

Alan concluded: "They aren't strangers, of course. Bill just made a mistake."

Half-hidden between two blanket packs, Constable Whipple sat fingering his rifle, peering ahead anxiously, as though at any moment he expected to meet the outlaw canoes here on the Mackenzie. Alan watched him with something of scorn in his eyes. He thoroughly despised the constable, not so much for his timidity as for his sycophancy. At Endurance, Whipple was constantly spying upon the other men, listening with long ears, reporting everything that happened and a lot that did not.

Burgoon, sitting beside Whipple, was entirely unconcerned and apathetic. It made no discoverable difference to him whether he was policing up barracks, or going along to capture six outlaw riflemen, or lying on the grassy terrace swiping his hat at bumblebees. Alan often had wondered how Burgoon ever had got into the "Awkward Squad," and how, once in, he had ever graduated from it. He was an inoffensive Neanderthaler, slow and dull, but honest and obedient.

Leaning forward in the wheel seat, Frank Pedneault was watching ahead, keeping a sharp lookout for ice and floating trees. A reckless soul with a thirst for speed, with all the proverbial luck of a drunken man in avoiding disasters, with quick coördination of brain and hand, he had a genius for running the swift, powerful Police launch. And he was in his element now; and he had sufficient excuse for his demoniac driving. With hat pulled low over his eyebrows and a dead pipe clenched in his teeth, he was laying a scarlet-and-gold streak down the Mackenzie, tearing through waters perilous with heavy pans and half-submerged trees and miniature icebergs from tributary overfalls.

On either side, the spruce-clad shores a mile away were a shimmering dark-green under the warm sun, with gleams and patches of silver from stances of canoe birch. Trout creeks stair-stepped down from the flanking hills to join the stream of streams, *La Gran' Rivière en Bas*. Little black bears were ambling along the far shores, followed by scavenger foxes. Belly-deep in shoal water an occasional deer or broad-faced moose or caribou that had strayed from the general migration, stood watching the man-thing scud past, far out in the middle, like some gigantic water-bug.

FORTY miles below Endurance, sweeping near to shore around a great bend, Alan looked ahead and sighted the *Midnight Sun* out in mid-stream, plowing steadily up south. At his gesture Pedneault swerved the launch and snubbed its headlong speed, and Bill began unlashing one of the canoes. As the two craft drew nearer, Alan rose up and signaled that he wished to come aboard the steamer. The boat stopped; a ladder was let down. Paddling across in the birch-bark, he and Bill hurried up on deck.

Margaret Fournier was safely back on board. Several of the men, hastily patching one of the smashed canoes, had followed a mile up the Alooska and found her on a willow island where the bandits had set her off.

When Alan came on deck, almost his first sight was Jimmy Montgomery's little girl, sitting on a pile of cargo, showered with care and attention from everyone. As he glanced at the tiny golden-haired tot, Alan thought of her mother dying less than a year ago, of her young father cut down today by an outlaw's bullet; and he had a swift vision of the bleak orphanage, the friendless and homeless life, which lay ahead for her, now that Jimmy was dead. He remembered one savage November day last fall at Endurance when he had buttoned her snugly inside his great-coat and taken her up to his cabin, and remembered how broad had been Jimmy's smile at his former partner playing with his child.

Alan was not deceived by the attention she was getting now. "Everybody is all sympathy for her today, but that'll cool mighty quick, and then—she'll be thrown into some orphanage, maybe along with half-breed and Indian children. She's Jimmy's child; Jimmy was my partner; it's up to me to do something about her."

With nothing more definite than this in mind, he directed Ashmun, the white-haired skipper:

"You put her off at Endurance tonight. Give her to Elizabeth. Say I'll be back in a couple or three days."

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Its active, penetrating foam removes decaying impurities from those hard-to-reach places where the ordinary toothpaste cannot go.

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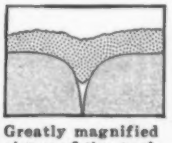
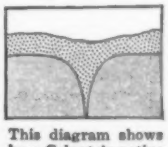


Greatly magnified picture of tiny tooth crevice. Note how ordinary, sluggish toothpaste (having high "surface-tension") fails to penetrate deep down where the causes of decay lurk.



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FOLLOWING the old captain below, Alan stepped softly, hat in hand, into the one well-fitted cabin of the steamer. The realization of death, which Bill's report had made him feel only to a degree, crept over him with a chill shudder as he entered the dim room; and it swept over him like an engulfing wave as he stepped up, haltingly, to the berth there and bent over the still form of his comrade.

Stone-silent, he stood beside the berth looking down for the space of half a minute, sick at heart, his eyes blurring. Why had it had been Jimmy who was cut down—a young man, a young father, the best and the bravest of them all?

Then, like a small whisper in his loss, a thought came, edged with pride in Jimmy and the manner of his death:

"You were the only one who drew a gun. You *knew* they would kill you—a belt-gun against six rifles; but you stood up and shot. You were always that kind; and so was Curt. Now you're both gone; now I'm alone, of us three."

Bill following, he turned and went out of the cabin.

In the companionway Father Claverly, waiting for him, asked gently:

"You want Jimmy to be—his lobstick to be there at Fort Endurance, Alan?" And when Alan nodded, he added: "Then I'll see to the arrangements. What faith was Jimmy?"

Alan hesitated. Jimmy had been of no faith—except perhaps the faith of shooting square with people, of personal bravery, of clean self-respecting manhood. Alan felt that the question of creed was of no import, but he could not say that to Father Claverly, whom he deeply respected.

He said: "I think—Anglican."

"In that case— Brother Holland of the Aklavik Mission is on the steamer; I'll ask him to stop off at Endurance." He shook Alan's hand, and said: "God go with you and Bill and the others on what's ahead. If we've little crime like this in our country here, it's because we have men like you—and like Jimmy was—to punish it."

Alan went out into the sunshine of the deck. With a dozen men crowding around, he questioned Skipper Ashmun briefly.

"Bill said these men were strangers. That can't be. Didn't you recognize them at all? Haven't you got some idea who they were?"

"Alan, I positively never seen a man of 'em till I looked up and there they stood p'inting their weepons at us. And I see just about everybody going up and down the river."

The other men, old-timers from a dozen different points along the great waterways, nodded to what Ashmun said.

Alan questioned: "They use any disguise—masks, handkerchiefs, anything like that?"

"No sir, Alan, they didn't. They wasn't shaved real fresh, but that wouldn't keep me from knowing 'em if—"

"They just don't belong here," a trader cut in. "And they never showed up in this country till they pulled this trick. We been talking it over; nobody ever seen 'em, and that's that! You wouldn't forgit 'em; they're a queer outlandish bunch. Short of 'em dropping out of the sky, damned if I can figger 'em."

"And they knowed the lay of the land like a book," another man spoke up. "That's the queerest part of't."

Alan was fairly staggered. Then Bill *had* reported accurately. The men were strangers. It was almost impossible to conceive of six men entering this country unknown, unseen. Then, granting they had, granting them strangers, how did they come to know the lay of the land so perfectly—where to strike, when to strike, and how to escape by a straight shoot to their one superlative refuge, the Thal-Azzah?

In all his years of Police service he had never met quite so dark a circumstance as this.

He thought of the possibility that some one acquainted with this country was behind the scenes, directing everything. But that did not explain these six strangers being here or who they were or how they had got into this far northern wilderness unknown, unseen.

The sun was inching down the western sky; the day was passing; those two outlaw canoes had a lead of many long hours.

As he and Bill went down the ladder, the rail was lined with people wishing them a quick capture, wishing the criminals a swift and speedy justice. Alan did not hear, did not care. But as he stepped into the canoe and with a shove sent it skirling toward the launch, he did hear one voice from some man on the steamer; and it rang in his ears like a croak of evil prophecy:

"Going after men like them, Alan Baker, you'd better take your luck along!"

Chapter Five

IN the kitchen of the MacMillan trading post Joyce had lighted candles; it was nearly eleven at night, and the twilight creeping out of the dark spruce forest had laid a purple mantle over the tiny clearing.

Though hardly knowing just when her father would return from his fur-trading trip, Joyce had kindled a fire in his room and prepared a supper of scones and breaded mushroom, and willow ptarmigan which she herself had shot that morning. Now she was setting the table, resolutely keeping busy as her best defense against lonely hours and brooding thoughts.

As she stood tiptoe at a pantry shelf, away from the crackle and sough of the cookstove, Joyce heard some peculiar noise somewhere out in the night. She went over to the window and there heard it more distinctly—a faint drone that rose and fell with the ground winds drifting out of the spruces. Frowning a little as she always did when puzzled, Joyce stood listening intently, with the candle-glow tangled in her wavy black hair, her pretty face whiter because of the darkness beyond.

The puzzling sound grew louder, plainer. Then suddenly Joyce knew. The Police launch—coming up the Big Alooska! Coming slowly because of the treacherous channel, but driving on through the twilight in spite of the danger.

She knew the launch went out only on matters of importance. And this patrol must be *very* important, to bring the men up a perilous river at this hour.

Flinging a cape about her shoulders, she went through the trading hall, musky from fresh spring peltry passed over its counters; out into the sharp pine-scented air; down to the canoe-landing at the river bank. Whatever their mission was, the men must surely stop here; the Alooska on above was altogether impossible to travel while the deep dark lasted.

AS she stood on the mud-filmed planking, with the whispering breeze molding cape and dress closely about her vigorous young body, Joyce tried to pray that Alan was not leading this patrol. Her girlish pride was crying out that she did not want to see Alan Baker again. Her rational mind—and Joyce could be very rational and pitiless with herself—was warning that it would be better for her if she never saw him again at all. But no pride or rationalizing could beat down the secret throbbing expectancy of meeting Alan, of hearing his voice, in a few minutes more.

It had been months now—a desolate stretch reaching back across budding May and thawing April and blizzardy March to white silent February—since he had come here to visit her. In those four months Joyce had forced herself to repeat, as a lesson in dauntlessly facing bitter truth: "He doesn't *want* to come any more. He's got Elizabeth now. She's there at Endurance—with him."

THROUGH the whole winter past, Joyce had been slowly realizing that her return to this northern waterways country had been a terrible mistake. Once she had been away, free of it all. With the true instinct of colonial Britishers for their children, her dad and mother had sent her out to school. That had been in better times for Dave MacMillan, before those two big fur companies began to grind him between their millstones of competition. He had sent her to a good school, a solid old English institution in Ontario. When she finished she had been given a place with a government bureau where her knowledge of Indian languages and customs made her uniquely valuable in preparing pamphlets and texts for the Mackenzie agencies. Independent, earning a good salary, with friends and sports and work she liked, she had given it all up and returned to this isolated fur post on a sub-Arctic river.

Looking back now on that fateful decision, Joyce could see clearly her motives in returning. For one thing—a minor reason to her then—this country was her home, and always would be her spiritual home, regardless of where she lived. She had been born and reared here, and only when she was away from it had she realized how much a part of her it was.

Then her mother had died; and her father, alone here, crushed by the relentless competition of big companies out to "get" him, had morally gone to pieces. Alan in his letters had written her the sorry facts. Her duty had been clear as a call to her. "If I return, I may be able to stop that; I may help Dad back to where he was." And so she had come.

She knew that other folk were wondering at her loyalty and thinking her foolish, and shrugging shoulders at the hopelessness of a girl trying to lift Dave MacMillan above the whisky and Indian-woman life to which he had sunk. But Joyce did not consider it foolish, and she could see no great loyalty about it. Whatever his demoralization now, her father had been the best of fathers to her. She could look back across the years and see him, on bitter winter mornings, coming with frosty breath into her room, kneeling by the stove, whittling shavings, building a fire so that his little girl could dress in the warm. She remembered that when he was expected back from some trip, she used to stand at the window for hours, her face pressed against the pane, waiting for his bearded, overpowering hug. The earliest recollection of her life was of her father pulling her on a toboggan across all those white leagues to Fort Endurance so that she would not miss the joy of Christmas. On money pinched from trading and from his own traplines along the Alooska, he had sent her outside to the school, and made her independent. When he himself was floundering and sinking, he had held her above the water. If he was broken and gray and gnarled now, it was partly for her.

It had been her mother's death, the in-

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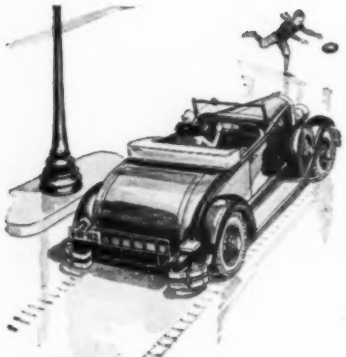
THE only individual in history, ancient or modern, whose picture and signature are found in every city and town, in every country in the world, is King C. Gillette. This picture and signature are universal sign-language for a perfect shave.



"Women Drivers" are Safer Drivers

Only 1 out of 23 accidents involves a woman driver

Hundreds of thousands of women, who represent nearly 10% of the city drivers today, rely implicitly on WEED CHAINS for safe traction. They consider WEED CHAINS as necessary as good brakes.

The Philadelphia Chamber of Commerce, after analyzing thousands of automobile accidents, pays high compliment to the woman driver. This analysis shows that in only 1 out of every 23 accidents was a woman driver involved. Think of it —1 out of 23. But men were involved in *the other 22.*

Women drivers are safer drivers because they seem to consider more, the rights of others . . . they dread to cause injury and pain . . . they realize the waste of repair bills.

AMERICAN CHAIN COMPANY, *Inc.*
Bridgeport, Connecticut

WEED CHAINS can be obtained at any service station, garage, tire or accessory store. Be sure you get genuine WEED CHAINS, for maximum safety, best traction and long wear. The name "WEED" is stamped on each red connecting hook.

Note: any garage man, filling station attendant or taxi driver will be glad to put your chains on for you.

WEED CHAINS

consolable tragedy of God withdrawing His hand, which really had broken sturdy Dave MacMillan.

And Joyce was beginning to realize with the passing months that her patient battle was anything but futile. Slowly, so slowly that only she could see it, she was winning her struggle, she was lifting her father out of his bewildered demoralization. Shame was at work; he never was drunk now in her presence; his trips into the bush were less and less frequent; he was talking now with her about plans to abandon this hopeless post and go with the H. B., who wanted him as a factor. He was looking up, with new courage. If only she were given another season or two she could salvage his life.

Down in Ontario, debating what path to take, Joyce had thought of asking her father to come and live with her. From a money standpoint, considering her salary, that was the sensible thing to do. But she had chosen to return here. At that time she had not fully realized the secret and irresistible reason of her return. But now, face to face with a personal tragedy which forced her to disillusioned thinking, she looked into her heart and saw there the real motive.

She had come back to be near Alan Baker. She had come back in the passionate hope that he would ask her to marry him.

THERE had been an unspoken understanding between herself and Alan that when the road ahead was a little clearer for both of them, they would be married. Then Elizabeth had come; and that fatal patrol, with its indelible effect on Alan.

Month after month Joyce had waited for word of his marriage to Elizabeth. The word had not come. She wondered. . . . . Surely something lay back of this long delay. She could only guess at the reason, but during the lengthening months the belief had been born in her that something had arisen as a barrier to the marriage. And as she stood there on the planking now, awaiting the patrol, with her heart thumping at the prospect of seeing him and talking to him once more, she knew that tonight she would come a little closer to discovering whether her wild guesses were truth or only wishful hoping.

Across the river from her, ptarmigan were bleating and chowing in a jackpine drogue. On beyond, a mile away, she heard the honking, flackering calls of ducks and geese and wavies in a large marsh where often she had gone to gather eggs. *Le Poulailler du bon Dieu,* "God's own poultry-yard," she had once heard an old French *méti* speak of it. From a jumble of low rocky hills to the north came the cry of a wolf; and Joyce suspected it was the female of the marauding pair which she had tracked down in a skiff of May snow, finally shooting the male. In that wolf call she seemed to hear the savagery of the lonely northland; in the vesper song of white-crowned sparrows from near-by thickets were its hidden beauties; in the delicious living air, its sparkling vitality and zest of life. And in all of these, blending them into one tone, brooding over the twilight solitude of this spruce-buried river, was that mystic and elusive spirit of the wilderness which had whispered to her in cities far south and lured her back, and had been an abiding friend when human relationships betrayed her.

DOWN the river a great yellow eye blinked through the trees; and swinging around a bend, played up across the water. In a few moments more it picked her out, there on the landing; and Joyce stood bathed in the blinding shaft of the launch's searchlight. The craft came on and on, till, shielding her eyes, she distinguished its outline and caught the glitter on rifle steel.

The engine ceased; skillfully, gently, the launch nosed in toward the landing. A figure stepped past the searchlight and stood holding the painter on the half-deck of the bow, and Joyce knew now, her eyes seeing only him, that Alan Baker led this patrol.

She did not stir, but watched him jump out upon the planking, yank the two-ton launch alongside, and throw a hitch over a wharf post. She heard his voice: "Ped, you stay and watch the boat. The rest of you pile out and stretch your legs while you've got a chance." Then he turned and came to her in the half-darkness, his hand outstretched.

Joyce tried to welcome him calmly, as though his four months' absence had been a casual thing which she had not even noticed. But in that moment she was thankful for the deep twilight, and she stepped back a little, where the shadows of a low-sweeping balsam veiled her face. About the only rag of pride left to her was the fact that Alan Baker did not know or remotely guess her heart toward him.

With her first question, after their greeting, he asked her:

"Has anybody passed here lately, Joyce?"

"Not that I've seen. Nobody in the last four days." She was debating whether to call him "Mr. Baker" or "Sergeant" or the old, intimate "Alan."

"But surely they did. . . . . Were you here all day?"

Then Joyce noticed a tautness in his voice, and she saw he had brought five men with him on this patrol. It was no routine work, no ordinary pursuit, this time.

She answered: "I was out hunting this morning, and I slept a couple of hours this afternoon. They might have passed then. But they couldn't have gone by while I was here and awake."

"What time were you asleep this afternoon, Joyce?"

"I can't exactly—our clock isn't—probably from about four till six."

ALAN half-turned to Hardsock. "Bill, you heard what Joyce said? They couldn't have reached here this morning, so they must have passed here after four. We're nearer up with them than I figured. We'd better stay here till the deep dark breaks; we've cracked one rock on the nose already. And at night this way we can't sight those men on ahead. They'd hear the launch coming and dodge aside into some creek."

He turned again to her: "If it wont be imposing, Joyce, will you give us a bite to eat and some coffee?"

Imposing—an hour of his company, setting a meal for him, learning the truth of his relations with Elizabeth! But Joyce merely nodded and invited the patrol up to the trading store.

Ahead of the men, they went up the path together, Alan shielding her from brush overgrowing the trail; and as they went he told her briefly of the robbery, the murder, the escape up the Alooska.

The news fairly stunned Joyce, as it had him when Bill reported. And with her there was an added reason. Before Alan finished she was grasping his arm in sudden fear, and crying:

"My dad! He's on east, up-river—up there somewhere! He's bringing down some furs. Alan! What if he runs into those men?"

"Good Lord!" Alan breathed to himself. "If they meet Dave—they're not the kind to let anybody go past alive and report their whereabouts!"

For Joyce's sake he tried to lie convincingly. "They may not meet him at all, Joyce. And if they do, why, they'd hardly shoot a man down wantonly, if for no other reason than it doesn't pay. They've got charges enough against them as it is. And they wont rob him; their canoes are riding heavy now."

He saw that his lie succeeded with Joyce, for she began questioning him about the

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This year more than three-fourths of the cars shown have been of so-called high-compression (a 5 to 1 ratio or better). The new models will raise the proportion even higher. Yet *three years ago only about one-tenth of all new cars were of this type!*

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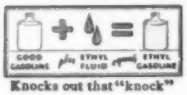

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details of the robbery, wondering who these six strangers could be, and giving him some information about the water stages on up the Alooska.

As they stepped into the trading hall and Joyce was no longer merely a girlish figure beside him in semi-darkness, Alan glanced searchingly at her, keenly and shamefully aware that he had not visited her since mid-winter and that he had left the whole burden of her father's battle upon her. The long months of absence seemed to have invested her with an element of strangeness for him. How very vital Joyce was! In their old days, seeing her often, he had not especially noticed that quality of hers, but now it struck him forcibly. Her voice was alive; her dark eyes had a sparkle like a fire within them; there was vigor and lightness in her step; the proud poise of her head made him think how apt was her name among the Yellowknives—Dahr-Neseeppi—Young Deer Running down the Wind. Firm-muscled from paddling canoes and swimming and hunting in the bush, her body was lissome and graceful as a young poplar. Already this spring her face and throat and hands were tanned to a delicate olive. Except for the darkness of her eyes and rich wavy hair, Joyce showed nothing, Alan thought, of her French heritage from her mother.

It was little he knew of the ardent wild-born nature so deeply hidden in Joyce, so rebellious and airy and mocking toward her other heritage of sturdy Scotch-Canuck.

THEY went on back to the kitchen, and Joyce set about getting a meal for six hungry tired men. With Alan awkwardly trying to be of help and apologizing for all this trouble, she hastily fried caribou *placottes,* made two large pans of biscuit, and a small kettle of coffee.

As he set extra plates and cups on the table, Alan asked himself:

"Isn't she wondering why I haven't been here for so long? I'd think she would wonder at least why I stopped helping her about Dave. But she hasn't mentioned it; she must not have missed my help much. It was pretty shabby of me to stop like that, even if—" He recalled how Elizabeth, jealous of the comradeship between him and Joyce, had asked him to let Bill attend to any patrol work up the Big Alooska. Elizabeth's reference to "that MacMillan girl" had antagonized him at times; it seemed a little cruel considering the hard lines Joyce was in. He wanted to tell Joyce just why he had stayed away. But that would be throwing the blame on Elizabeth. And it might sound as though Elizabeth was already saying whom he could and could not associate with. So he kept silent.

A question from Joyce broke into his thoughts.

"When are you and Elizabeth going to be married, Alan?"

He glanced at her quickly. She had turned her face away from him; she was putting a plate of food in the oven to keep warm for Pedneault.

He said: "We haven't—we're—we don't exactly know yet."

There was a pause. A swift color had flown into Joyce's cheeks; a little feverishly she was repeating to herself those surprising words: "He doesn't know yet, he doesn't know yet! Does that mean—mean he's doubtful if it ever—"

"But it'll be this summer, I suppose?" she questioned, poking at the stove and still not looking at Alan.

"I don't know. Yes, I guess so, Joyce." Then he explained, reluctantly: "Elizabeth wants me to get out of the Mounted."

Joyce gasped. Out of the Mounted—she could not imagine such a thing! The work was a part of Alan. What would he do without it? And what would Fort Endurance do without *him?* What would Bill do without Alan—and Mr. Younge and Ped and these other men? And she herself, if he left. . . . . Something cold and anguishing gripped her at the thought of his leaving this country. At least he had been near her during the lonely months past.

She asked: "But Alan! What would you turn to? The Mounted has been your work—"

He mistook her meaning. "Well, I've got the offer of a job down in Victoria. It's pretty good, as far as money goes. And Elizabeth would like it there. I haven't exactly decided. It's a big step to take."

Those few reluctant sentences were a revelation to Joyce, like a white light beating upon something which had been dark to her. Alan didn't want to go! Elizabeth was trying to force him. She wanted to live in a city; she wanted the things which that salary would bring her; she was using Alan to get what she wanted.

With swift intuition Joyce saw the all-crucial question: Would Alan get out of the Mounted? She was still uncertain what he truly felt for Elizabeth, but from his own lips she had learned one thing which an hour ago she had not dared hope could be true. The marriage was not sure; it might never be!

Chapter Six

DURING the meal, as Joyce at the head of the table poured coffee and watched a pan of biscuit in the stove, Alan kept glancing at her, wondering how any girl could stand the isolation and poverty and lonely battle she was enduring.

His absence had sharpened his eyes to another thing here. As he glanced around the kitchen and through the door into her bedroom, it hurt him to see how dingy Joyce's home was. She had valiantly polished and mended, but the place was as bleak as any trapper's shack. There wasn't a dish on the table that wasn't cracked; the cook stove seemed about to fall to pieces; the utensils were old and worn out. Her room was bare of carpet, with only a small deer rug beside her bed. Remembering the *chic* blue velveteen suit she had worn when she came north two years ago, it tugged at him to realize she had bought no clothes for herself since then.

Two whole years here, two years out of her young womanhood, the choice time of her life, sacrificed at this isolated trading post, giving up everything that a girl holds dear! Alan thought of the *méti* expression, "Fallen upon *les misères;*" and without suspecting the greatest tragedy of it all to Joyce, he felt that she indeed had fallen upon evil days. She ought to get out of a life like this; there was a limit to her bravery and spirited strength.

Alan reflected: "Maybe in the long run it wouldn't be so much a tragedy if Dave *does* meet those canoes up-river and doesn't come back home."

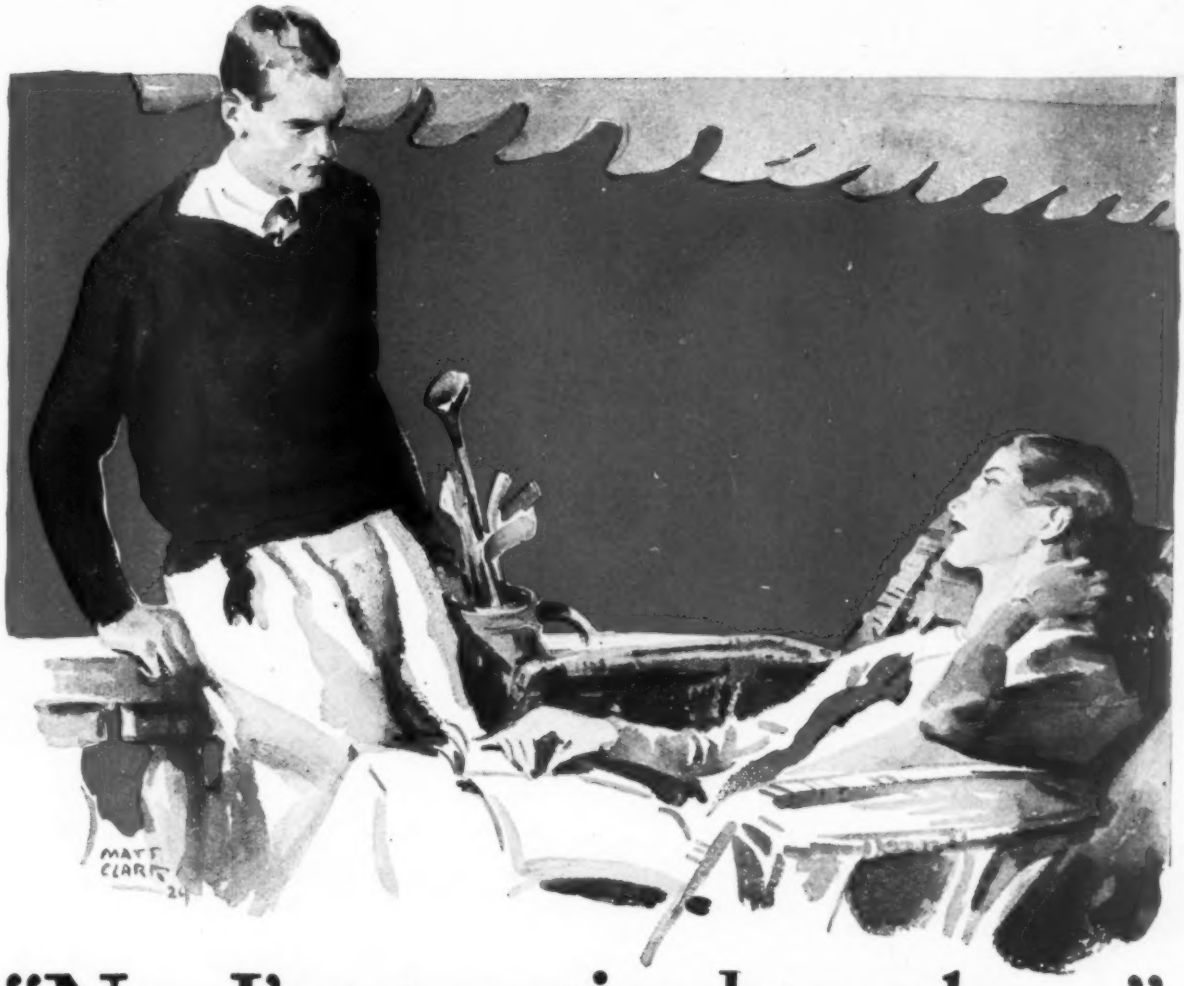
As the men were pushing back their chairs and reaching for pipes, he felt some one prodding him with a boot under the table; and looking up, he saw Larry elevate an eyebrow at him.

"Wants to talk with me alone," Alan surmised; and he nodded to Larry. To the other men he said rather sharply: "You men, put away your pipes and police up these dishes. Don't leave a stack like this for Joyce."

Casually going outside a few moments later, he glanced around and saw Larry waiting for him a dozen yards away, over near the storage shed. Sauntering across, he asked quietly: "What's up now, Larry?"

Larry flipped his cigarette aside. "Say, Alan, did it seem sorta queer to you about these men we're after being absolute strangers around here and yet knowing all about the country?"

"Why, yes, it's been a puzzle."



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GLAZO

"Did it ever occur to you that maybe some one who's onto the ropes around here might be behind the scenes directing things, Alan?"

"It's a possibility, but I couldn't think of anybody to fit that bill."

"Well, neither could I, but—" He broke off, and jerking a thumb at the storage shed, he bade: "Come in here with me, Alan. I want to show you something."

As he lifted the heavy bar, he said apologetically: "I guess it's my nature to pry around just noticing what's what. I've stumbled onto several things that way, but I never got a eyeful like this before."

Producing a pocket-flash, he played its yellow shaft upon a pack of furs lying on a low shelf.

"Alan, you see that wolf-skin they're wrapped in? That's what caught my eye. It's a Yukon wolf-pelt, probably from the Kayukuk headwaters in the Endicott Mountains. The Mackenzie and Barren Ground wolves around here, they aren't so dark and they haven't got so broad a tawny stripe down their backbone. It made me curious, so I pried into the pack and seen these dark otter. They come from the Yukon, too. I thought to myself, 'There's no wolf or otter like them in Dave MacMillan's trading territory'—"

"But Dave trades some with the Loucheux, Larry; and they might have got the pelts from the Yukon-iho-Tannah—"

"But say, Alan, look—hold the flash a minute—look here." Larry pulled out several of the rich, dark-gleaming otter pelts and rolled back the fur at the broad end. "Take a good look at them blue stamp marks."

Alan bent closer and he suddenly gasped. "Good Lord! They're L. & H. furs! What're they doing *here*, Larry—in Dave MacMillan's possession?"

"Stolen. What else? What's more to us, Alan, I checked on them serial numbers, and this bunch is one of the packs stolen from the *Midnight Sun*." He added slowly: "Maybe we don't know yet who them six strangers are, but now we sure's hell know who's directing 'em!"

HURRIEDLY they searched for other stolen peltry, but found none.

In low tones, there in the darkness, they talked the situation over.

There was little that could be said.

Through the door Alan's eyes were upon the trading store, upon Joyce's room. She had gone in there; he could see her moving between the candle and the window.

Larry finally asked: "You're going to arrest him, Alan? An accomplice that way, even if he didn't have a hand in the actual killing. . . . It'll be hell on Joyce."

Alan stirred. His voice was torn with pain. "I don't know just what I'll— But I'll have to do something about it."

After a little silence he directed: "Larry, you go down and relieve Ped. Don't tell these other men anything about this yet."

When Larry had gone, Alan left the musty-smelling shed, barred it again, and walked up along the side of the trading hall to Joyce's window. She had come into her room to set her clock by Bill's watch and to mark the day of month on her calendar. Her act struck Alan as an epitome of the isolation of this trading post where she was cut off from all the rest of humanity. He wondered what the day of the month or hour of the day could mean to Joyce, who lived by the dawn and twilight. She must want to feel that she was not utterly apart from the world of men and women.

As he came up, purposely cracking a stick, he had a glimpse of her whole room. Its furniture was a dresser, a chair originally straight but with a pair of rockers fitted to it, a sheet-iron stove with wood-box against the wall, and a bed which Alan knew had been a condemned barracks cot. But Joyce had somehow lifted the bleak room almost to cheeriness. There were birch-rind creels of great-spurred violets and Arctic primulas and adder's-tongue on the dresser, some sprigs of bright-red berries above it, a wolf-rug across the foot of the bed, and on the dresser a picture of himself, of her former employer down in Ottawa, of her dad and mother. Alan thought that the school pennants, the magazine covers and illustrations tacked on the bare log walls, had surely been put there by Joyce to remind her of happier times and to keep her courage up.

JOYCE heard him; she turned to the window and recognized him in the weak light.

He said: "Joyce, I've got to talk with you. Maybe you'd better come out here where we'll be alone."

She must have noticed his agitation, for she consented quickly, with wonder in her eyes: "Why—yes, I'll come." Forgetting to wind the clock after setting it, she stepped to the window.

As Alan helped her down, trying to say lightly, "It's unlucky, Joyce, to come through a window," he felt the hard bulge of that little bulldog automatic pressed against him. At least his gift was still protection to Joyce.

When she stood beside him, looking up, silently asking what he wanted to speak with her about, Alan found himself without words to begin. Joyce had utterly no knowledge of her father's guilt. Remembering her fears for her dad when he told her of the bandits whipping on up-river, he knew there was nothing "put on" about that fright. She did not even remotely suspect that her father was in any way connected with the robbery or those bandit strangers. She had stood some hard blows; but this one—her father a murderer in the eyes of the law. . . . . How could he tell her?

He suggested: "Let's go a little farther away, Joyce. I don't want Whipple overhearing this."

Rather aimlessly, he led her a stone-toss west of the storage shed to a little clear place in the Keewatin spruces where the earliest dawn light was already graying the reindeer moss. Deeper in the woods a porcupine was gnawing at an ash sapling. A mottled snowshoe rabbit, not yet fully changed to his summer-time brown, hopped past as silently as a wraith. Belated waterfowl high overhead were honking northwest to their rookery grounds in the great Thal-Azzah. From deerbush thickets near at hand white-crowned sparrows, which less than an hour ago had sung their wistful little evening songs, were now beginning their daybreak calls.

Long afterward Alan was haunted by the memory of Joyce standing there before him in the gray light, all innocent and unconscious of the blow about to fall.

TRYING to prepare her in some measure, he told her of Larry going into the shed, happening to notice a strange pack of furs, examining them, seeing the L. & H. marks and the serial numbers. He hesitated a moment then, with Joyce frowning perplexedly at those strange furs being in the shed; but there was no mercy possible now, and he took the final step.

"Joyce, I hate myself for telling you this. But you've got to know. Those furs in your father's shed are one of the packs stolen from the *Midnight Sun*."

"Stolen—from the *Midnight Sun*? But Alan! What—what's it doing *here*?"

Even yet she did not understand.

"This afternoon while you were asleep, Joyce, your father, or else one of these bandits, put the furs in there. That pack is—it must be his share in the arrangement. Joyce, your father is in some way connected with these—these bandits."

Realization came slowly, bewilderment at first, a shock as the terrible meaning dawned

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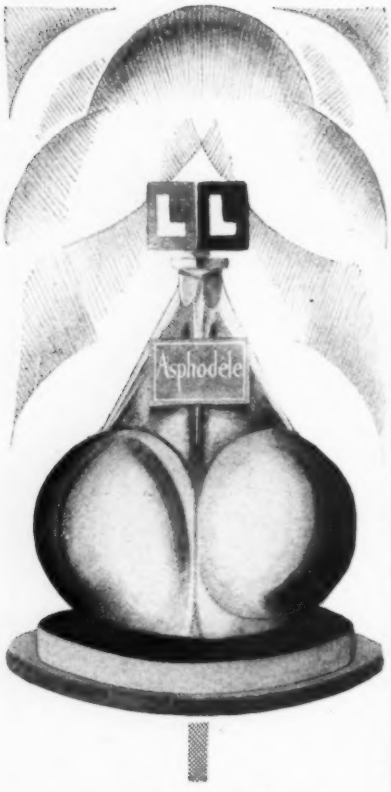

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upon her, a growing anguish that hurt him as few things in his life had ever hurt. Then sharply, like an instinctive defense, came passionate disbelief—and anger; and she drew a little away from him.

"I'm sorry, sorry," he said in heartfelt sympathy. "Your father used to be my friend. And he's *your* father; that's what hurts the worst."

Joyce drew still farther back from him, with a defiant toss of her head, with her eyes flashing. Alan saw now that her anger was against *him*. And Joyce found words then, a torrent of angry, stinging words.

He believed her father guilty, and had gone prying around for evidence! He was blind! Heartless! A man-hunting wolf! Inhuman! Worse!

Alan had seen Joyce handle insolent Indians and breeds, shooting their dialects at them like fluted Yellowknife arrows; but with him, with Bill, with her father, she had always been as quiet as a summer wind.

Without a word of reply, Alan took all she had to tell him. When it all ended, when Joyce turned away from him and broke down, sobbing in anguish, he could not endure that.

He pleaded: "Joyce, we can't afford personal feelings now. We've got to work together. That's why I wanted to talk with you. I want you to help me out."

She listened to him finally; looked up, with tears still glistening on her cheeks.

"Alan, I don't believe—oh, I can't believe—about that pack!"

"Joyce, we've got to believe. The pack is there. No use going over to see if it is. Larry and I made no mistake. If we're to help your father, we mustn't blind ourselves to the truth."

CALMER now, a little contrite, Joyce was all intent on finding some explanation which would clear her father.

She suggested eagerly: "Don't you think those furs might have got there some way besides—besides— Why, Alan—that pack was planted there! Don't you see? Those men knew you'd find it, and stop, and investigate, and arrest my father! That would give them time and chance to escape—"

As considerately as he could Alan interrupted her. "No, Joyce. Larry and I talked that possibility over. If those men had reasoned as you suggest, they'd have put the furs in a conspicuous place where we'd have been sure to find them. Larry's discovery was pure accident. The pack wasn't planted. Let's not fool ourselves. We have to look at the evidence as others will see it. He's absent for four days, just at this particular time. There is the question of these bandits being strangers and yet getting about the country so well. There's the fact that he was bitter against the big companies and probably was tempted to retaliate against them in the only way in his power. And, Joyce, there's the bale of furs; that evidence alone is enough to prove a connection—"

Against it, Joyce was setting all she knew of her father's nature. In her whole life she had never seen him enter a penny of false debt against the most ignorant Indian, or deviate a hair's-breadth from his word of honor. He went beyond honesty in his dealings with the Indians. Many a time in winter when starvation caught the thriftless bands, she had seen him give lavishly, losing hundreds of dollars, even though he knew that when spring came and they were *du plein ventre* again, they would sneak their peltry to one of the big companies and snicker in their lousy deerskin *tokas* at making a fool of Trader MacMillan. She often had thought that the only person in the world her dad had ever wronged was himself.

She simply could not believe him guilty of this crime. But from Alan's words, "as others will see it," she realized that her faith was of utterly no consequence. It would be blown away like a wisp of frail smoke at the first blast of the law.

She asked at last: "Alan, do you have to arrest him? Only you and Mr. Younge—and I—know about these furs being here. If you would—if we could some way cover it up—"

She checked herself. She could not bring herself to put Alan in such a position. She met his gaze squarely. "No, I wont ask that of you. But you said there was something I could help you with, Alan."

"There is. The question is: How deeply is your father in this? I can't think he'd go the whole way with these men. Perhaps they lied to him about their intentions. If I catch those six, they're going to lie and throw as much of the blame on him as they can. If I can have the truth as a working basis, I can nail their lies. We can't hope to save him from a penalty, but maybe we can save him from—from the worst."

Joyce started at the specter this aroused. Into her thoughts flitted a memory of a time in far-away Ontario when she had listened to the hammering of a scaffold going up. A man had been hanged there!

ALAN said: "You stand a better chance of getting the truth from him than I do, Joyce. When he comes in, try to find out what you can."

"Shall I tell him you discovered the furs, Alan?"

"Not yet. He'd probably try to escape. He'd become an outlaw. He can't escape; and to try it would merely be damning himself double."

"You mean I'm to watch him and gather what hints I can and perhaps ask questions that seem innocent?"

"That's it. Do that for me. I'm going to stick with you, Joyce. I wont see your dad railroaded. I'll help him to the limit I can—"

Bill Hardsock came out of the store and looked around for Alan. The sky was graying; the few big stars which had appeared during the brief period of darkness were fading out. The dark shadowy river was still dangerous, but the minutes of this day would be invaluable.

He faced Joyce again in the ghostly morning light. How brave and comradely a girl she was! And in spite of her hard life here, in spite of her efforts to be a good bush-loper, how winsome and girlish and adorable she was!

She offered her hand and he clasped it; he bent nearer her and kissed her, as more than once he had done in the years past.

She did not draw away. She looked up at him with steady eyes, neither resisting nor yielding, but seeming to ask some great question of him.

She went with him down to the wharf and stood watching the patrol embark. A gray smoke-mist rising from the water made travel doubly dangerous; and as Pedneault slid into the wheel seat, Alan gave him orders to proceed carefully. He himself stepped out upon the prow and crouched there, holding a boat-hook, to search ahead for bars and granite rocks.

At the first bend above, he turned to look back. Vaguely through the mist he saw Joyce still standing on the wharf in the gray chill of earliest morning.

When the mist had hidden her from him, he turned his eyes ahead. Somewhere on up the spruce-buried Alooska were those six bandit strangers, rifle-armed, desperate, and certain to give battle. Against them he was pitting his life and the lives of his men today.

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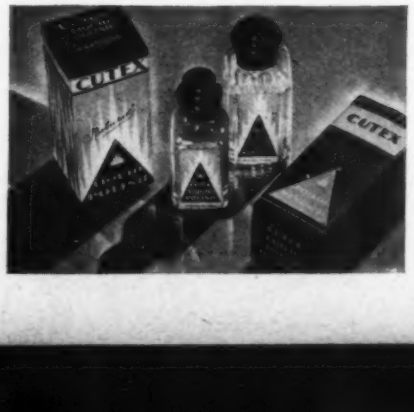

KING'S CREW

(Continued from page 49)

early as she did except that she smelled the coffee that was being cooked for Stivers' breakfast. When it was ready, she went into the kitchen and took it away from him —also the morning papers.

DUVEEN started to read the papers before she took the first sip, and then forgot the coffee completely until long after it had become stone cold.

HELEN TREMAYNE'S HUSBAND KILLED.
WEALTHY HOLLYWOOD MAN STABBED.
MYSTERY SHROUDS TRAGEDY.

It was strange, thought Duveen, to play up Hélène's name even in the headlines that way. One would have thought that Boyd Tremayne would have eclipsed his resplendent wife, if only for a moment, by dying with a spectacular flourish. But no, the spotlight was unwavering.

Absorbedly Duveen read on:

"Mr. Boyd Tremayne, 53, of San Antonio Terrace, Hollywood, was stabbed to death last night at about seven o'clock. The presumable murder took place in his wife's dressing-room on the main floor of his residence.

"Mrs. Tremayne, formerly Miss Hélène Delavan of El Paso, Texas, has disappeared. So also has Mr. David King, president of the King Airplane Manufacturing Company, and an intimate friend of the Tremaynes', an invited guest last evening at the Hollywood mansion for the dinner which was never eaten.

"What actually happened may possibly be made clear to a coroner's jury. The facts which are known so far are these:

"According to the stories told by the servants belonging to the household, Mr. and Mrs. Tremayne expected to dine at home with two guests, Mr. Rudolph Einmetz, the eminent scientist and financier, and Mr. David King, who is a neighbor.

"Apparently Mr. Tremayne expected only one guest, Mr. Einmetz, because when Mr. King arrived, quite early, Mr. Tremayne seemed surprised and angry. The late Mr. Tremayne was, according to the testimony of his servants, a choleric man rather apt to fly off into fits of temper. He was especially sensitive about his wife's friendship with other men, and in this instance was exceedingly unpleasant about Mr. King's presence in the house. Gossip, which had recently been brought to his attention apparently, had linked Mrs. Tremayne's name with that of Mr. King. Mr. King, the servants testify, offered to leave, but Mrs. Tremayne insisted that he remain. Mr. Tremayne, it is reported, overruled her objections by force and stated that if she ever saw Mr. King again, he would ruin her beauty forever. He, it is alleged, struck his young wife once. Mr. King interfered, and while he held Mr. Tremayne powerless, Mrs. Tremayne fled to her room. Mr. King, the servants say, then admonished Mr. Tremayne to keep his hands off from Mrs. Tremayne or he would kill him.

"Mr. King then left the house.

"Shortly thereafter Mr. Einmetz arrived. Noticing Mr. Tremayne's overwrought condition and inquiring as to the cause of it, Mr. Tremayne gave a brief explanation. Mr. Einmetz suggested that the entire trouble could doubtless be smoothed over if Mr. Tremayne would go and talk quietly to his wife.

"This Mr. Tremayne decided to do.

"Nothing further happened for some time; and the servants, who had been standing around in the service quarters listening to what was going on, decided that all the excitement was over and somewhat belatedly went about their tasks of serving the dinner.

"When the preparations for the meal had been completed, the butler entered the drawing-room to announce that dinner was served. There was no one there but Mr. Einmetz.

"The butler inquired as to the whereabouts of the rest of the family, and Mr. Einmetz informed him that he had not yet seen Mrs. Tremayne and that the master of the house had not been in evidence, except for a few moments when he, Mr. Einmetz, had first arrived.

"The butler, after some hesitation, took it upon himself to go to Mr. and Mrs. Tremayne's apartments, which were in a wing of the house, and knock on the door.

"There was no reply, and after several repetitions he summoned Mr. Einmetz.

"Together they broke down the door and found the body of Mr. Tremayne lying upon the floor of his wife's dressing-room. He had been stabbed with an ordinary paper-cutter, the instrument passing through the upper part of his heart.

"Mrs. Tremayne was nowhere to be seen, and repeated search of the house failed to reveal her presence.

"Patrolman Crane, the officer on the beat, happened to be in the kitchen, in the discharge of his duty in the matter of a suspicious-looking huckleberry pie, and upon learning the available facts, reported to headquarters, and acting upon orders, went over to the King residence to detain Mr. David King until detectives from city headquarters could take over the case. Mr. King was not to be found. Members of his family disclaimed any definite knowledge as to his whereabouts.

"Detective Horace Morse of the Homicide Bureau is in charge of the premises at San Antonio Terrace, and District Attorney Ortmayer has been recalled from his vacation to assist in the investigation.

"It is believed that the arrest of Mr. David King, which is expected at any moment, will clear away whatever mystery shrouds the death of Mr. Tremayne."

THAT was all that the paper had to say upon the subject, but it seemed to Duveen that it was plenty. The newspaper did not come right out and accuse David of murder, but the implication certainly was fairly definite, most especially in that last paragraph stating that the mystery would be cleared up as soon as he was apprehended.

Nothing whatever was said about that explosion which Duveen had heard over the telephone, but then that had probably occurred after the paper had gone to press.

It made Duveen feel very grown up to have David in a scrape. Usually he was the one who had to haul the others out of holes by the scruff of the neck. This was really the first time that he had been in serious trouble himself. Duveen only hoped that she would be a successful lieutenant in the absence of her chief, and that she could carry on in such fashion as to earn his approbation when he returned to his command.

At about the time that Duveen had finished with the newspaper even if not with her coffee, a disturbance at the front of the house aroused her concern and her curiosity.

Tracing down the noise, she found that their belligerent guest, Mr. George Porter, was arguing with a policeman at the front.

George was fully dressed now, and showed only cursory traces of his yesterday's combat. There was an eye that was slightly discolored, but George was the type to whom a blue peeper is not entirely unbecoming. His was so bland and youthful a countenance that a badge of wear-and-tear like that did not make him look absolutely dissolute and disreputable. At least he did not impress Duveen as repulsive, though she, of course, having two brothers herself, may not have been an average and impersonal judge. To her he looked better than she expected.

He turned back to her apologetically. "The cops wont let me out."

"No, I suppose not. But it wasn't your fault, and I'm sure we can make the police understand later that you had nothing to do with it."

"With what?" George asked; and then, because Duveen looked at him sharply, he hastened to explain. "Don't think I'm fresh. I just asked because I don't really know what it is all about, and I was thinking how much I'd like to help you if you'd only show me where to grab hold and lift."

SPECULATIVELY Duveen regarded him. George was bigger than any other man she had known, and in a purely boyish physical way he was the handsomest chunk of humanity she had ever seen.

And he had an honest way of looking at you, too. That also was boyish. She had no feeling, in his case, as girls are apt to have with most men, that he had a sex-speculative eye. To all appearances George was just as honest about life as she was herself. He knew that he was superior to any situation that he had ever been up against, and acted as if he expected to continue to assert that superiority. He was good and knew it, that was all—not offensively conceited, just confident.

"Was there anything special that you wanted to get away for?" Duveen asked.

"Just for a couple of breakfasts," George told her with a grin. "You see, I was kind of dainty about my meals yesterday, and—"

Duveen laughed. "Breakfast will be ready right here in a few minutes, and I'm afraid you'll have to eat it on the premises. The police seem to have an unwarranted prejudice against any of us leaving the house."

It has already been intimated that George Porter was not afraid of girls. They always liked him too instantaneously for him to work up any fear of them. But this one puzzled him a little. He admitted right off the reel that she belonged to some order of human being different from his own stratum. She did not classify with anyone whom he knew. Therefore he treated her with respectful if curious deference. Figuratively speaking, he walked around her much as Tightwad walked around him, making little tentative dashes toward friendliness, but all the time playing safe in case his overtures were not welcome. Toward Duveen, George felt a sort of wondering worship. She brought out the devotional quality that is in every man and which, when woman proves unworthy, guides him to religion.

"You might as well read this newspaper account of what happened last night, while you're waiting," Duveen told him. "I'll go up and see if Stanley — that's my twin brother — is ready. After that, I'll answer any questions that occur to you. You're sure to hear about our troubles anyway, and it will be better to explain 'em to you than to let you dope it out for yourself. Besides, I think Dave would want you to know. He seemed to have a lot of misplaced confidence in your way of doing things."

Duveen did not add that she had decided to endorse her absent brother's judgment. But as she left the room, she looked back at him with what could not help but be a glance of approval. In time of trouble George would certainly be a grand ally.

AT Duveen's insistent rapping, Stanley finally promised to get up, although he did ask: "Why the Samhill should I? This is Sunday, aint it?"

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Duveen passed on to her own room and slipped out of the dress she had on, washed her face, and into a fresh, crisp one of barred lawn, in flame and orange shades. She looked critically at her hair. It had not turned white in a single night. Neither were there deep lines of worry in her face. The dread tragedy that overhung her house had apparently not taken any noticeable toll of her beauty.

She clattered downstairs again. In the sort of a morning frock she had on, she always clattered. Later, in afternoon or evening clothes, she would step lightly and with dignity.

George looked up from the papers which he was painfully and slowly absorbing, and his heart missed a beat, the first one since the pendulum had been started. He had never had any experience to guide him in a case of this sort, but his instinct told him that this was the only girl for him. Love, or rather devotional insanity, had come his way and left him prone and unhorsed. He had been slapped down from his solid pedestal of indifference, and he could never be securely mounted again. He knew, too, that his environment, education and position in the world were such that he had almost no chance of ever seeing her again after this day was over; but that didn't make any difference. He had to adore her while he could look at her, even if all the rest was pain. Duveen made George feel humble. It was the first time that it had happened, and it was good for him.

Her physical and alluring presence had made him forget momentarily the newspaper story which was so engrossingly woven into the lives of the inmates of this house.

"Stanley will be down in a minute," she told him, "if he doesn't roll over and fall asleep again. In the meantime we wont wait, as I see Stivers is putting the toast-machine on the table. Come on, Mr. Porter."

For the first time in his life George sat, unthrilled, in the presence of a large amount of Class A food. The other and sometimes mightier instinct had made a playground of George's cosmos, and if Duveen had not urged him, it is doubtful if George would have eaten at all. As it was, when once started he responded to the stimulus of taste and kept on and on, but it was only a sort of rapturous accompaniment to the symphony of spring that was budding in his bosom.

GEORGE had instincts that guided and guarded him at this time even in the matter of assimilation of food. He watched the way Duveen ate and governed himself accordingly, even though it did seem as if it would take at least until noon to fill up the void, using the crumb-by-crumb method which seemed to be indicated. It was really rather a matter of wonderment that he hit his mouth at all, his optical attention was so intently confined to Duveen's face, trying to discover something unlovable about it, a blemish or a fleck of dirt that would make her seem like some one you could get companionably pally with. But it wasn't possible. Duveen's face, to him, was the cleanest, most adorably earnest surface that he had ever looked upon. Later he learned that she was probably the greatest kidder in step-ins, but even then he never entirely lost his awe at her sort of spotless intensity. Later he even saw her when she was anything but spotless as far as externals were concerned,—when she was covered with mud, grime and blood,—but she was the last word in unsmirched feminine sweetness even then. That was how high he placed her that sunny Sunday morning, and from that niche she never came down even when once she leaned over and kissed him on the eyes that had just ceased from seeing her—that time when she said: "George Porter, King's man of King's Crew, you're the bravest man I ever knew."

Chapter Six

WHEN breakfast seemed approaching a finish,—Duveen with amused understanding had been trailing George's appetite as long as she could,—the lady of the house opened up the avenues of conversation.

"As you have seen by the papers, the members of this family are more than ordinarily under a cloud. But I think that if I use my powers of persuasion, I can get you past the police guard and out of the house so that you can go about your regular business."

George considered this. "Would you rather I didn't stay?"

"It isn't exactly a question of what my preferences are," Duveen told him. "It seems mostly a matter of your own life. If you stay around here, you'll get hopelessly mixed up in our family troubles."

"Gee, could I?"

"Could you what?"

"Get mixed up with your troubles? Help you fight the police and everything?"

Duveen regarded him severely. "We do not fight with the police every day," she told him primly. "Sometimes we are most decidedly on the side of law and order."

"Oh!" George subsided, abashed. Then his spirits revived under the stimulus of a new idea. "On those days I could do something else on my own hook."

At this stage of the conversation Stanley came down and began reviving himself with coffee and fruit.

"What's all the discussion about?" he asked.

"Mr. Porter wants to join the crew."

STANLEY was not so good-natured as he probably would be later, and he turned an appraising eye on their gigantic guest.

"Well," he said finally, "I will say this for him: He seems to be made of good durable material. That is certainly a prime requisite for membership."

"But we've never taken in a new member," Duveen objected. "The rest of us were just born members."

"True," Stanley admitted, "but this is the first time we've ever had a vacancy."

"A vacancy?"

"Well, a temporary vacancy. Judging from what the morning papers say, our commander-in-chief has taken leave of absence; and even if he does come back, the police are apt to see a good deal more of him than we will, at least for some time."

"You're not suggesting that Mr. Porter take Dave's place?"

"No."

"I couldn't do that, anyway," said George himself. "But I could be a lot of use in just ordinary rough work."

"I'll vote for him," declared Stanley. "Let's take him on, Sis, as a cadet until Dave comes back. Somebody ought to tell him, though, that he's apt to get killed, or at least heartbroken if he starts trailin' you."

"I'll take a chance on that," George decided.

"Just what many a handsomer man than you has said, Jack Gilbert. That's your own lookout, though, now. You can't say I haven't warned you that my homely but nevertheless charming twin has very little friendly traffic with men except those who are related to her. She slays them and tromps on their bleeding cadavers; that's what she does. It's often that I myself have scraped the gore off from her spiked heels." Stanley assumed an official manner. "I hereby propose George Porter for cadet membership in King's Crew, with the title of 'Wheel-horse of All the King's Horses,' and carrying therewith all the privileges appertaining thereto if any. All in favor say 'Aye!' Aye! Carried. Rise, Wheel-horse George Porter; you are now nearly one of us, especially after paying the initiation fee of—how much have you got?"

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"I voted 'No,'" Duveen objected after Stanley had run out of wind.

"That makes it a draw. George, you're half in and half out until Dave returns and casts the deciding vote. That, however, does not prevent your depositing the initiation fee and dues for six months in advance."

"Don't be silly or even grasping," Duveen squelched him. "The financial stringency is past."

"Only as far as you are concerned," Stanley amended glumly. "It was your signature that Dave instructed the bank to honor, not mine."

"It's practically the same thing."

"Not unless I take up a correspondence course in forgery. You might not want to spend money for the things I have to have—"

"If you mean a diamond bracelet for that woman over on Sonora Drive—"

"How did you find out about her? I mean there isn't any such a person."

"Obviously not."

"If you've been trailing me—" he muttered ominously.

"Can I help it," demanded Duveen, "that we're twins and that I can practically read your thoughts?"

"I hope you enjoy reading 'em now. Besides, you can't read street addresses."

"A carelessly mislaid letter helps a little with addresses," Duveen pointed out with innocent sweetness.

"You've read my letters," Stanley accused.

"Not intentionally. It was on your dresser."

"You didn't have to look."

"I didn't look but a little."

"You're nothing but a damn' prying female!"

"Stanley King, you take that back!"

"Try and make me."

"Say," interposed George, a little startled by the rising heat of the last few remarks, "you mustn't talk like that."

"You keep out of this," snapped Stanley.

"Unless you want to referee," Duveen added.

"Referee what?" demanded Stanley.

"The scrap we're going to have. You called me a prying female, and you've got to eat it."

"If you can't make me," asked Stanley cautiously, "are you willing to admit that you are one?"

"Yes," conceded Duveen incautiously.

STANLEY grinned. "Come on outside, so you wont get hurt when you fall."

"We can't go outside," Duveen informed him. "There's a cop out there with instructions to keep us inside."

"Quarantined, eh?"

"Like a measle."

"Downstairs will do, then. Come on, Wheel-horse."

Stanley led the way to the basement steps.

"I've got to take off this house dress," Duveen shouted as she went upstairs, "but I'll only be a second."

Besides the heating plant and a laundry, the King basement included an indoor swimming-tank and a few pieces of gymnasium apparatus on the floor around the edges—nothing elaborate or exotic, but enough for exercise before breakfast or on a rainy day.

On the door of this quasi-gymnasium was posted a sign:

"Men only from 7 to 8 A. M.
Women from 8 to 9 A. M.
Otherwise open to everybody unless door is locked."

Stanley saw George reading it and explained. "We usually hop into the tank when we get up. That rule on the door is to save time, and wear and tear on bathing suits."

Duveen appeared in a moment or so. She had on a bathing suit—an old faded green one. She looked tough as nails in it, but adorable. The amendation is George's. Still,

at that, even a critical observer would have been apt to admit that she deserved it—and always did under all conditions if you could read eye language. There was nothing blatant about Duveen's womanhood. Charm of sex, with her, was a shy and sensitive flower. You had to love her, at least a little, to discover it at all, and even loving her desperately (as George eventually did), you could still think of her with the reasonable part of your mind as a straightforward, hard-hitting dependable boy, a boy who had to be shielded from the consequences of his own bravery, but nevertheless a comrade in arms who could take a share of the bumps without squealing. You have to know a girl like Duveen in order to concede that there are any such. Men paid her the compliment of admitting her to their conversation and counsels on a quarreling basis.

"Take off that belt," ordered Stanley.

AROUND her waist Duveen wore a wide, noisy red leather strap on which was hand-lettered in white the words, *"Champion King Twin."*

"You took it out of my room," Stanley continued accusingly.

"Is your room the one with the collection of French postcards in the lower drawer of the chiffonier down under the pile of shirts?"

"Take off that belt, you snooper!"

"I'm not a snooper. Hilda, the upstairs maid we had last month, told me about the postcards. That's why she left—said we weren't a respectable family."

"There's nothing really wrong about those pictures," Stanley argued hotly.

"Oh, then there really are some. I was only making up what I said about Hilda. I'll look for 'em as soon as I've dumped you in the pool."

That was approximately the point where actions replaced words and began speaking with proverbial power.

Technically it is to be presumed that Stanley won because he managed, after a protracted struggle, to push Duveen over the edge of the tank. The only possible reason for withholding a decision in his favor is the fact that he had to go with her, owing to a circumstance scientifically called the resultant of forces. The forces, separated into their component parts, were momentum, gravity, slippery footing, exhaustion and the fact that Duveen had a hammer-lock on his Adam's apple that he had inadvertently forgotten to break before he threw her in. . . . .

In the water the commotion continued, but not for very long. Duveen was undoubtedly his master under aquatic conditions, and she held his head below the surface while she slowly counted ten, and then just as big bubbles were beginning to rise to the surface, she let him up.

Stanley gathered what strength he had and clambered out onto the floor. But Duveen was at his heels, and choosing a position near a mat, she threw him on it and sat astride his stomach.

"Say 'Uncle!'" she recommended.

"Damn."

"No. 'Uncle.'"

Stanley started to laugh. "What are we fighting about? I've forgotten."

Duveen contracted her brows. "I'm darned if I know."

"Then there's no use going on," Stanley pointed out.

"No, I suppose not."

Duveen let him up. She would have had to anyway, because Stanley had regained his breath, and he really was much stronger than she, though not so tricky.

Duveen plunged into the tank, voluntarily this time.

"Come on, Mr. Porter; you can wear one of Dave's suits. You'll find it in Number One locker."

George wasted no time. He knew something about the water himself, and Duveen

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looked as if she were having a lot of fun. Dave's suit fitted him much closer than it did Dave, but that only made George look like the Athenian statue that, physically, he was. Even Duveen, who had no other gods but Dave, could not help admitting that George was an eyeful. Even his skin was nice in a super-masculine way. And the way the muscles played tag underneath it was a great credit to the inventor of anatomy.

Stanley squished mournfully out of the scene in search of dry clothes. He had had enough exercise for the moment.

But Duveen and George spent a lot of time swapping trick strokes and comparing under-water endurance. Even at submerging George could beat her. That barrel chest of his held an ungodly reserve supply of fresh air, and Duveen had to come up almost a minute before he did.

When they came out of the tank, Duveen looked him over critically. "Dave says you need to take some boxing-lessons before you'll get the full good out of your strength."

"Yeah, I know," George admitted. "I just fight kind of natural. I get pretty good results, though."

"I should think you would. But you'd do better with more science. Let's put on the gloves, and I'll show you a couple of tricks."

DUVEEN did. Of course George did not attempt to hit her, but he did discover that even with his extra arm-length, she could break through his guard almost any time she wished to, and tap him where it might hurt if there was any force behind the blow.

"We'll do more of this," Duveen told him, "if you'll come over kind of often. You'd be worth training." Evidently she was appraising him much as a Spanish promoter buys prize stock for the bull-ring. "I suppose you don't know anything about fencing or broadsword work?" She indicated a rack of foils, sabers, masks and what not.

George shook his head. "I can shoot some," he said hopefully.

"Useful," Duveen assented, entering the asset in her mental catalogue, "but awfully messy and dangerous unless you're sure you're right."

"Hello below!" A voice at the head of the basement stairs.

"On the fire," returned Duveen.

"Wanted on deck by the Police Department. Detective Horace Morse calling in person."

"All right. Don't talk to him till I get there."

"But—"

"No. Don't say a thing to him, not even that it's a nice day. I'll be dressed in a jiffy."

Duveen left George to resume his clothes in the locker, and pattered up the stairs to her own room.

They all met presently in the living-room, where Stanley was trying to interest Mr. Morse in some stereoscopic views of the Taj Mahal and the Rock of Gibraltar on a cloudy day.

"You never sleep," Duveen accused Mr. Morse when she arrived—the last one.

"Not at the beginning of a case of this importance," he conceded.

"I didn't really expect ever to see you again," Duveen told him.

"Why not?"

She explained about the explosion she had heard over the telephone when she had been talking to him the night before, and how she had tried to go to his assistance.

Detective Morse wrinkled his forehead over that for a moment and then laughed. "They were taking photographs of the room. That was a flashlight you heard."

Duveen smiled. "You are a very good detective, Mr. Morse, to have figured that out so quickly."

"And you are a very good sport, Miss

King, to have had the impulse to come to my assistance."

"Both contestants," announced Stanley, radiowise, "bowed to each other, the plumes on their hats sweeping the ground. But it was noticeable that neither party removed his iron undershirt."

"Naturally," Duveen began, "you have come to ask us a lot of questions that we probably cannot answer; but before you begin, I wish you'd answer one or two of mine."

"The newspapers which you have read know practically as much as I do," Morse pointed out.

"Modest," commented Stanley. "An unusual trait in a detective."

"I didn't want to ask questions about what you know, anyway," Duveen explained. "What I'd like to find out is what you think. The newspapers don't dare print that, even if they know, for fear of suits for libel."

Morse was inclined to be suspicious, but he could not refuse to listen to her questions. "What is it that you wish to ask?"

"Chiefly how it would have been possible for my brother to have killed Mr. Tremayne. According to the evidence of the servants, Mr. Tremayne was very much alive when David left the house, alive enough so that he practically put David out."

"That is perfectly true," the detective admitted. "The only reason that the Police Department has for suspecting him is that it would have been quite possible for him to have reëntered the Tremayne house without anyone seeing him."

"Possible for him or anyone else, you mean," amplified Stanley.

"Well, yes. The only reason for specifying your brother is that he had a motive. And the fact that he has disappeared does not exactly help his case any. Even if he is not guilty, he'll have to come back and explain why he ran away on the same evening that Mr. Tremayne was killed and Mrs. Tremayne disappeared. You know that if it was not your own brother, you'd be just as positive as I am about this matter. I don't blame you two for feeling the way you do; but anyone outside the family—this young man for instance—will agree with me." He pointed at George. "You think that Mr. David King was concerned in the murder of Mr. Tremayne, do you not?"

George considered this painfully, not from the point of view of acquiescence, as it turned out, but merely in order to make his reply sound convincing. "I might think so," he answered finally, "except that I know different."

Detective Horace Morse gazed open-mouthed at his admittedly distant relative. "You know different?" he repeated. "What is it that you know?"

"I know Mr. David King did not kill Mr. Tremayne, because I did it myself."

"Oh!" Detective Morse regarded his remote relative skeptically. "You did it? What for? What with? When? Where?"

George looked badgered. "I'm not going to say anything that can be used against me."

THEY all laughed, at that. Duveen did even more than that. She threw George a look that he wore all the rest of his life just over his heart as a decoration for loyalty.

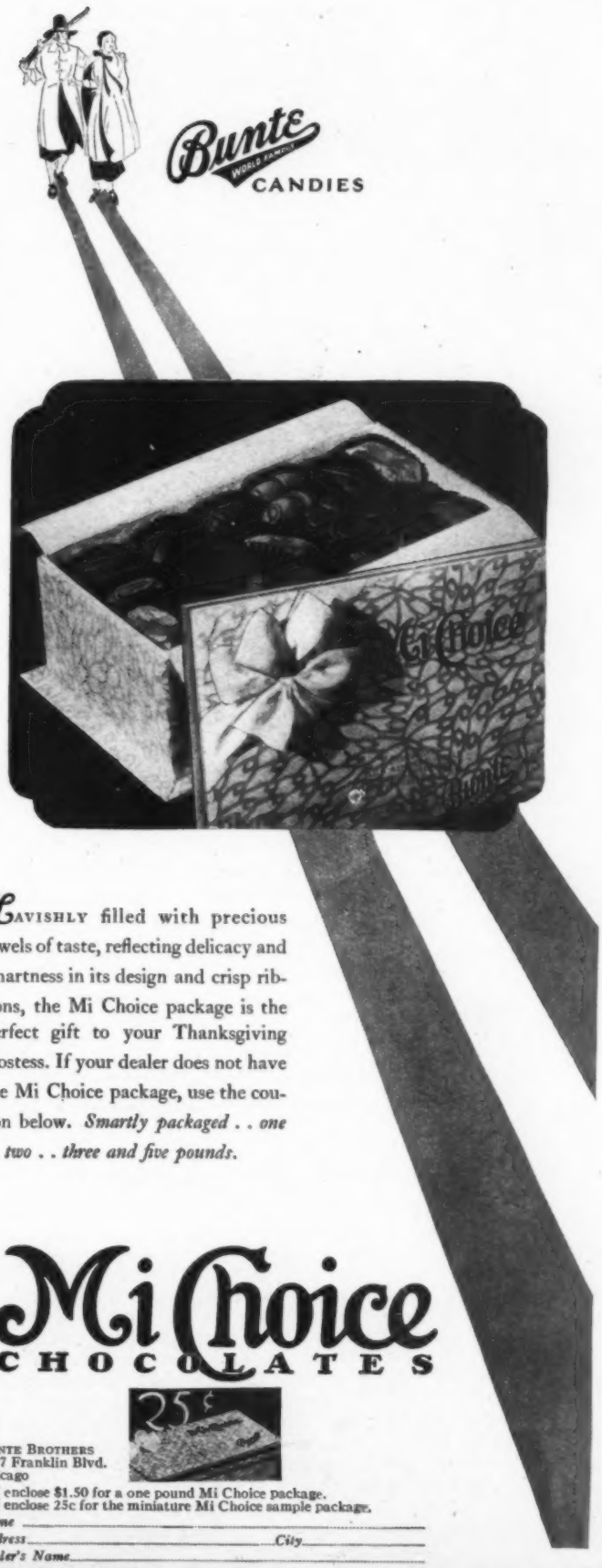
"Mr. Porter is being very kind," she said, "but as a matter of fact, he was upstairs in bed unconscious at the time the trouble occurred."

"Then why should the big simpleton go about bragging that he has committed a murder?" Morse asked impatiently.

"I don't know, I'm sure."

Morse looked from the demure Duveen to the furiously blushing George and grunted. "Humph. That's the reason, is it?"

"Everybody gets that way around Sis," explained Stanley, "but it doesn't do 'em any good."



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The detective dismissed George's devotional confession with the negligence which it deserved. "Well, the sane, logical conclusion, based on evidence and police procedure, is that Mr. David King killed Mr. Tremayne and then ran away with the motive and principal witness, Mrs. Hélène Tremayne. We have evidence from her sharp heel-marks in the lawn outside that she left by climbing out the window. Some one could have climbed in just as easily as she climbed out. In fact, the grass in that portion of the lawn near her room has been trampled on as if several people had been there. We haven't been able to get a conclusive male footprint, because the soles and heels of a man's shoes are wider and do not cut in as a woman's do, but there was evidently at least one man there who stood around for some little time, probably waiting and listening. Undoubtedly Mr. and Mrs. Tremayne were quarreling over the fact that your brother had been invited to the house at all. There was all the material on hand for as elegant a family dispute as anyone would want to listen to—jealous husband, beautiful and careless wife, a lover whose presence in the house was practically forbidden."

"All that is quite possible," Duveen conceded, "and the chances are that Boyd and Hélène really had a row along the lines that you suggest. But I don't see how my brother could have been concerned except as the *casus belli*. They were quarreling over him, not with him. It was one of those cases where 'the bone doesn't fight.'"

"Not ordinarily," Morse admitted, "but remember that Mr. Tremayne had threatened, in your brother's hearing, to destroy Mrs. Tremayne's beauty, if necessary, in order to keep her faithful. Suppose that your brother, anxious over Mrs. Tremayne's situation anyway, was waiting outside the window and heard or saw something that made him think that Mr. Tremayne intended to put his threat into effect. Does that supply a motive for reëntering the house by the nearest opening and—"

"But even if David had done that," objected Duveen, an absorbed and passionately partisan listener to the methodical arraignment set forth by this very clever, commonsense detective, "suppose he did go into Mrs. Tremayne's boudoir for the purpose of saving her from some sort of violence at the hands of her husband, that is no reason to suppose that he would kill Mr. Tremayne. My brother is not a murderer by instinct."

"I didn't say he was. The murder was doubtless an afterthought. He probably had to kill the husband in order to protect the wife."

THEN Detective Morse stopped. He had entered into a controversial discussion entirely contrary to habit and intention.

"There," he said with rather disgruntled finality, "is my entire case: fact, motive and method."

Duveen thought it over. So did the others.

It was George Porter who broke the silence and wrecked the theory, at least temporarily.

"The only reason why it couldn't have happened that way is that this bimbo David King aint the kind that would ever use a knife. He wouldn't have to. I've stood up and traded punches with him, and what he's got on the end of his wrists is all the weapon he needs if he's in the same room with anybody who wants to train to lie down and play dead. He's a fighter, what I mean."

"Under some circumstances you might be right," Morse admitted slowly. "It just happens that this is what we call a 'crime of passion.' In a row over a woman, all the ordinary rules that govern a man's life are thrown overboard.

"You're quite right in saying that usually American men do not kill by stabbing, but

unless there is some one else who had an equal motive and opportunity, we've at least got to suspect David King. His running away amounts to a confession."

"Mrs. Tremayne ran away too," Duveen pointed out.

"Yes. That makes her an accessory after the fact—even if she only disappeared in order not to be obliged to testify."

"She might have killed her husband herself."

"All right. She might. Even if that is true, your brother knows about it. He either did it himself, helped some one else do it, or saw some one else do it. In any case we want him here in the city of Los Angeles. And it will save everybody a lot of time, trouble and incidentally money, if he would come in of his own free will."

"Interesting idea," admired Stanley. "Why don't you write him to that effect?"

"I don't know his address, or I would. It would help a lot if one of you would do it."

DUVEEN had not paid any attention to the last part of the conversation between her brother and the police official.

"Isn't it possible," she asked, "that some one else might have been concerned—the servants, Mr. Einmetz, even a complete stranger?"

"Possible, yes, but not very probable. The servants and Mr. Einmetz were all on the other side of a locked door behind which the body was found. You may remember that they had to break it down. Whoever killed Mr. Tremayne was inside the boudoir."

"The body might have been dragged there from some other part of the house," Stanley contributed.

"No," denied the detective. "We looked for stains elsewhere, or the marks where stains might have been cleaned up. No sign. Mr. Tremayne was stabbed in the room where we found him."

"Fingerprints?" questioned Duveen from the depths of an abstraction.

"None at all on the knife, and none but those of Mrs. Tremayne and the servants on other objects in the room."

"Then that lets my brother out."

"On the contrary. The person who was clever enough to wipe off the knife-handle or to wear gloves in the first place was also clever enough to remove all other traces. But just in case we need them, we shall want to get a set of your brother's fingerprints from objects in his own room. I've got a man from the Identification Bureau outside in the car. May I have him in?"

Duveen gave her consent. Mr. Morse was nice that way—to ask permission rather than to come tramping in with a gang of men.

The detective went upstairs to David's room along with the expert. Stivers showed them the way.

"This affair of last night doesn't sound like one of Dave's adventures, does it?" mused Stanley when he, his twin and the neophyte George Porter were left alone. "One of us might get in a scrape like that, but David—"

"Let's not talk about that just now," cautioned Duveen, "not with representatives of the police in the house."

Following out that policy resulted in several minutes of dead silence, no one being able to think of anything except what was going on upstairs.

The vague tinkle of an electric bell penetrated from the service quarters. Duveen's consciousness warned her that this was the second time it had occurred.

Stivers was upstairs. Doubtless it was some one at the front door. Duveen went to answer it herself.

The little reception-hall—practically the only little room in the house—had no windows and was completely surrounded by other rooms. Therefore it was ordinarily

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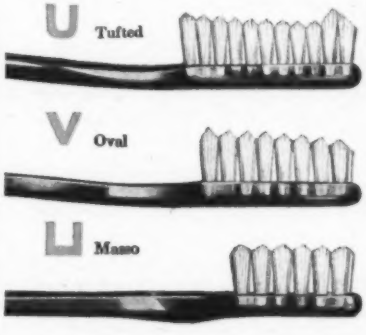

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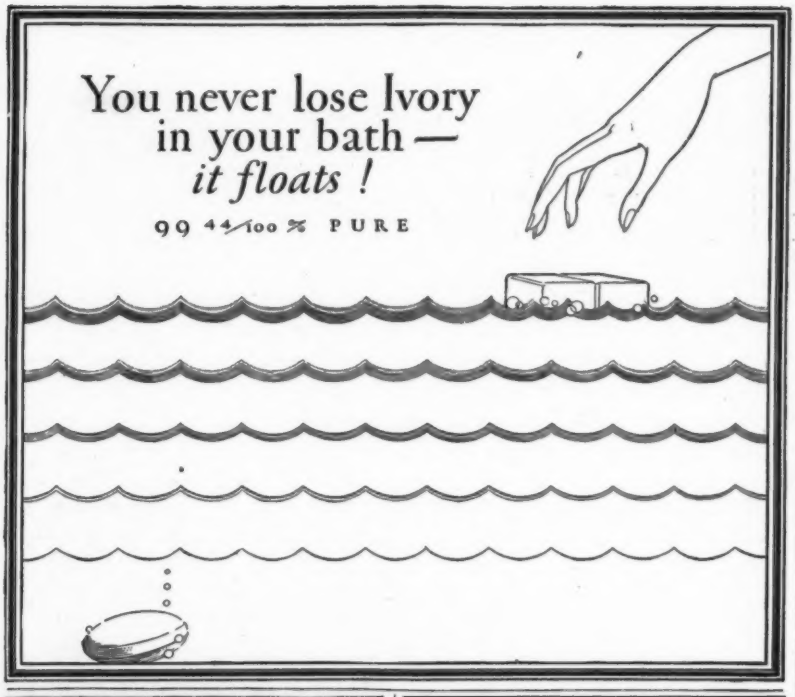

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rather dark, and a light was kept burning there even in the daytime. The hall light shone full on the heavy and solid oak door with antique hand-hammered hinges and brass-headed studding nails.

Duveen halted for a moment as something thudded against the panels. It was a curious sound, and she did not know quite what to make of it. A block of wood or a stone or a brick would have crashed. This was a combination of a twang and a thud.

While she stood there halted by this speculation, a narrow strip of white appeared under the door. Duveen looked down at it as it came far enough in to identify itself as an envelope.

Duveen stooped down to pick it up. Just as her fingers touched the paper, it was drawn back. Almost it disappeared, but her fingers and thumb gripped it in time, and she snatched it under the door.

It was an envelope, all right, a rather long tough paper one, and the other end of it had a drop of red on it.

It was addressed, in a handwriting that Duveen knew to be Hélène Tremayne's, to Mr. David King.

While Duveen stood, looking from the envelope in her hand to the crack under the door whence it had come, a thin red worm insinuated itself across the stone threshold and crawled toward her feet.

Chapter Seven

DUVEEN screamed.

After a second's pause feet came running toward her, heavy masculine feet, some from upstairs.

Moved by a not wholly explainable impulse, Duveen tucked the bloodstained letter inside of her dress, the red spot next to her body so it could not possibly show through.

George Porter got there first. His feet really in no way resembled the wings of love, but that's what they were and they carried him to her side in about two flutters. He held out his arms in case she should faint, but he was disappointed. Duveen merely steadied herself against a bicep and then stood up by herself once more.

Detective Morse was there by that time. He saw the blood even before Duveen pointed it out to him.

"I'll open the door," he declared, "and everybody else stand back."

They didn't, but he did. As he turned the knob, the door opened by itself.

A figure which had been kneeling on the doorstep against the panels of the door itself slumped, face forward, into the hall.

Morse gave a swift glance at it and said: "Don't touch him!" Then he ran bareheaded down the sidewalk to the street. He looked both ways and inspected the shoulder-high hedge which separated the King residence from its neighbors on either side.

Before he returned, the little group of people, herded inside the door by his command, had already noticed that a piece of bamboo approximately an inch thick and five or six inches long stuck out from between the shoulders of the unknown guest. They had seen also a similar piece of bamboo attached as a handle to a long thin-bladed stiletto or poniard, the point of which was buried rather incredibly deep in the oak of the door.

The presumption was that the other bamboo handle was likewise attached to a strip of steel that ran all the way through the chest of the man lying there across the threshold.

Morse came back and felt perfunctorily for the heart of the motionless visitor.

"Dead, of course," he decided. "Crane!" he yelled. "Where the devil were you while a murder was being committed in the front yard?"

He had to shout the patrolman's name a

couple of times before the uniformed officer came around from the side of the house.

"Where were you?" Morse demanded.

"I've just been patrolling the house and grounds, as ordered."

"Oh. Then wipe the chocolate frosting off your chin. You probably stumbled and fell against a piece of cake somewhere in the back yard."

"Yes sir." Under his hat, Mons. Crane whispered: "Damn' detectives! Showing off all the time."

"Drive these people out of the yard," ordered Morse, "and if any of 'em stick around when you tell 'em to go, arrest 'em on the charge of murder."

The threat was moderately effective. The curious onlookers retired as far as the street. Others joined them out there, but they all remained at that distance.

Morse grunted as he surveyed his gallery. "First time I ever had to work in front of an audience, but we can't move this man inside. Not until— Don't touch that knife!"

George had tentatively advanced a hand toward the handle of the one that hung from the door.

"I was just going to pull it out for you," he explained. "It's stuck in pretty deep."

"Well, save your strength until we've looked it over. Hendryx,"—Morse motioned to the Identification Bureau expert,—"take a squint at these knives."

Hendryx obediently performed the magic of his trade. When he had blown away the dust, he looked up mystified.

"No fingerprints on these handles—either one of 'em," he reported.

"But there's got to be," Stanley objected. "Somebody must have held them and held them hard to stab a man like that."

"Sure somebody held 'em," Morse admitted absently, "but not by the handle."

"Gee, I don't see," began Stanley.

"He means that the knives were thrown," Duveen explained to her brother, "thrown by somebody who held them by the blade and not by the handle. The blade is too narrow to show a fingerprint. It's sort of like an ice-pick."

Morse, at work with a pocket lens on the cement walk near by, threw her a glance of approval.

But he spoke to Hendryx. "Telephone for a police surgeon and a photographer. Then notify the district attorney's office. They'll want to have a look, as this probably has a bearing on the Tremayne murder. Tell 'em I said so."

Hendryx vanished.

PATROLMAN CRANE was reinforced by several other uniformed officers as soon as the police specialists arrived. They kept the crowd of curiosity-seekers at a respectful distance. The personnel of the King household was ordered inside to await an official questioning.

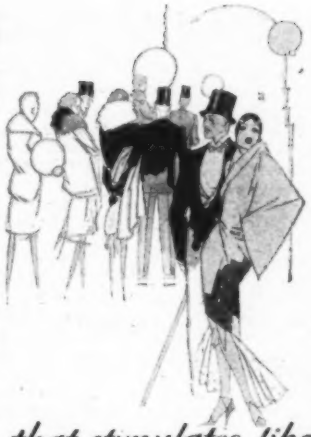
"Merely perfunctory in this case," Morse told them, "because I was the one who opened the door and I imagine I know as much about what happened as anyone."

Which shows that even a detective sometimes bases too much confidence on circumstantial evidence, relies too easily on his own deductions from available physical evidence. Morse had, of course, no way of knowing that there was a space under the door great enough to slip a letter through or, even if he noticed it, that a letter had been slipped through. . . . .

Duveen sought the privacy of her room and stripped to the waist. There was a telltale blood-spot on her body that she washed off. Her dress and brassière were not soiled any, and she put them back on.

The letter, of course, was dry by this time, and Duveen examined it carefully. It was sealed; and under the flap of the envelope was a single strand of hair—Hélène's.

In the absence of her brother, Duveen was



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tempted to open it and read Hélène's note herself, but it was only a momentary impulse. The inviolability of correspondence was one of the first rules of King's Crew. One just did *not* open anyone's else mail. Duveen did not even know how that particular prohibition would be overcome if one of them should die.

So she did the thing that her wits suggested, which was to enclose the envelope in a larger one, first wrapping it in a sheet of blank paper so that the blood-blot would not show through, and then address the outside envelope to Mrs. Kirby Smith, Hotel del Torquinada, Torquinada Beach, California—a mythical person as far as Duveen knew. She stamped the letter and carried it down to the hall, where she deposited it in plain sight on a stand ordinarily used for outgoing mail. No one, not even the inmates of the household, would be likely to notice it there. It was much safer than if she had hidden it in her own room or on her person. Maybe she had read "The Purloined Letter" and subconsciously remembered.

Then, while the others discussed baseball scores and other masculine squirrel-talk, she sat down to try to think out a plan for getting that letter to the person for whom it was intended.

First of all it proved that Hélène and David were not together. They had fled independently. David had gone, she felt pretty sure, as a means of diverting suspicion to himself. That would be like him. He, then, knew or suspected very strongly that Hélène had killed her husband. But he loved her enough to wish to shield her from the consequences of the crime.

Duveen felt a momentary pang at the thought that David could care for anyone that much, anyone outside of the family, that is; but she realized that she would probably act the same way if she had an image as resplendent as Hélène enshrined in her heart. David, she knew, was a man who would hurdle all obstacles that lay between just to be at finger-touch with the one he cared for. Duveen was that way herself, or would be, and they were of one fineness of blood.

She wondered if Hélène's emotional regard for David could be quite so self-immolating, so blindly unseeing. If it were so, Duveen could almost approve her destruction of her husband when he stood defiantly in the way.

In her desire to be fair, and also because she remembered how exquisitely lovely Hélène was, Duveen resolutely turned her back on her doubts, completely submerged her knowledge that Hélène had loved other men before David, that there were deaths and divorces strewn in her wake, and that even friendships between men had snapped and broken where her perfume had been.

This affair was different. It had drawn up all of David into the heart that she held in her hands—she *must* have put herself into an equal trust.

David was not like any other of those men that Hélène had known. David, Duveen believed, was not like any other man that anyone knew.

David was a captain, not only of his soul, but of men; he was a King, King of King's Crew. Duveen liked to call him that. Not that he ever would let her, but David could not entirely control her thoughts.

Chapter Eight

THE police experts had finished their work outside and at the doorway, and now brought the body into the house.

"I'm sorry I have to do this," Morse apologized to Duveen. "Perhaps you'd better stay in your room, where you wont have to see anything."

"On the contrary," Duveen argued, "I'm quite all right now—nerves steady as a rock; and I think I ought to look at the face of the dead man. He was lying with his features concealed, you remember. I might recognize him—he may even be a friend of mine. Or has some one identified him already?"

"No," Morse admitted. "But I don't think he's a friend of yours, either."

The men handling the body had placed it on a couch. Morse drew back the covering.

"You may look if you like."

Duveen looked; so likewise did the others.

The mask was that of a handsome young man, very dark, with the fine-grained sallowness of the southern races. His hair was a shimmery black, like the burnished wings of a crow, and his lashes curled like a woman's, up and away from his eyes.

DEATH, Duveen had thought, would not shock her. Perhaps an ordinary death would not have done so. But this man seemed so sad, so frustrated, that his expression upset her emotions. Instinctively she knew that he did not in the least mind being dead, that something in his life had made it worthless to him.

"I've never seen him before," Duveen declared, wondering in the back-stage of her mind how Hélène had come to know him, why she had selected him to be the bearer of a letter to David.

Studying the sad face again, Duveen noticed a curious exaltation in the expression, a sort of triumphant melancholy.

"I've never seen so contradictory a countenance," she mused.

"This accounts for some of it."

Morse laid back the sleeves of his coat and shirt, which had been slit by the examining surgeon. Bluish dots were on the man's arm.

"What is it?"

"A bunch of hypo marks. There's a needle in his pocket, and enough morphine to keep him happy for a week."

"Oh!" Duveen understood a little better now—not so much what had happened, but the expression on the man's face.

"He's a Mexican, isn't he?" she asked.

"Yes," Morse admitted. "Judging from his clothes, he's either a member of one of the old wealthy families here, or else a motion-picture extra. They use a good many of that type on the screen. They're good actors and make up for almost any kind of a high-class foreigner—Hindoos, Egyptians, Greeks and all that sort of thing."

"I can't figure what a Mexican would be doing around here." Stanley was acutely puzzled. "We use practically all English help; and besides, if he was related to any of the servants, he would have come to the back door instead of the main entrance."

"It isn't so strange that he stopped at your door," pointed out Mr. Morse, "as that he was killed while standing there. He might have come merely to ask where Los Feliz Drive is, or to solicit a subscription to the Barber's Weekly *Gazette*, but no one would be apt to murder him on that account. It would seem likely that it was very much to some one's interest that he should not arrive, or at least that he should not meet anyone here. You say that none of you know him?"

In turn they spoke or shook their heads.

"Then," continued the detective, "it is possible that he had some message to give you, some warning to impart, perhaps, and they killed him before he could speak."

Detective Morse gazed reproachfully at the dead countenance. If he could only animate those lips even for a few moments in order to get an answer to a few of the *why's* which were dotting his life like currants in cinnamon-buns.

"This *caballero* knew something about Mr. Tremayne's death, and he was going to tell. That's why he got killed," said Morse. "Everybody who could tell me anything either dies or disappears."

"Doesn't it help any to know that this

stranger was killed with a Chinese knife?" Duveen asked helpfully.

"What makes you think this knife is Chinese?"

"I've seen some very like it."

"Where? In Mr. Tremayne's house?"

Duveen laughed. "No, in the stores down Chinatown way. Suie One had a pair just like that."

"He isn't mixed up in this," Morse declared positively. "Suie One is a white man with nothing yellow about him except a slight tinge to his hide."

"I know that," Duveen agreed; "but he and his clerks sell things to other people."

"I'll ask him about these knives. But they weren't used by a Chinaman. The Chinese are not experts in throwing daggers. Whoever did this was pretty good at it."

"He missed once."

"Yes, but the target may have stooped or dodged. A knife does not travel through the air as fast as a bullet, you know."

That was a close guess. The man must have stooped to slip the letter under the door at just about the time the first dagger was thrown. Duveen remembered the sequence of events from the moment she had entered the hall, heard the first thudding blow and seen the envelope under the door.

Stivers entered the living-room, took shuddering cognizance of the sheet-covered body, and informed Mr. Morse that the district attorney's office wanted to talk to him.

MORSE was obliged to use the telephone in the hall, which gave him no privacy whatever.

"Morse speaking. . . . . Oh, they located Mr. King at San Francisco, did they? What do you mean by located? Didn't they arrest him? . . . . Oh. A hell of a lot of good it's going to do us to know that he registered at the St. Francis and that his baggage is in his room. You don't think he'll ever come back for it, do you? . . . . Neither do I. That's just a blind so we'll watch that place while he is somewhere else. It may not have been King at all who registered. Probably just some member of the gang who did it for him. . . . . No, I don't know anything more about his gang than you do. They call themselves King's Crew—that's all I know; and they've been raising the devil ever since they were born, I guess. An awful tough outfit, if you ask me. This is the first time they've ever been mixed up in a murder, though, I guess. . . . . Yeah. Good-by."

Mr. Horace Morse came back from his telephoning rubbing his chin, a characteristic gesture. He was grinning.

"How do you like my description of you as a gang of cut-throats?" he asked. "I knew you were listening, so I made it good. I held down the hook during that part, though, so you can put on your coats and vests again. Besides, I've got a lot of help around this house."

"Not enough," George opined.

"Good horse," approved Stanley.

"As you've guessed," Morse continued without attention to the belligerent interlude, "your brother has been in San Francisco long enough to register and leave some baggage to amuse us grandmothers in the Police Department while he went somewhere else with Mrs. Tremayne."

"He didn't go anywhere with Mrs. Tremayne."

"Why didn't he? How do you know?"

Duveen had been almost on the point of betraying her positive knowledge that Hélène and David were not together by referring to the letter, but she hastily collected herself.

"David and Mrs. Tremayne would not go anywhere together unless they were married."

The detective laughed appreciatively. "I guess I don't know anybody as innocent as you are," he said, and added, "—who is at the same time darn' clever. Well, if you think they wouldn't do such a thing, that

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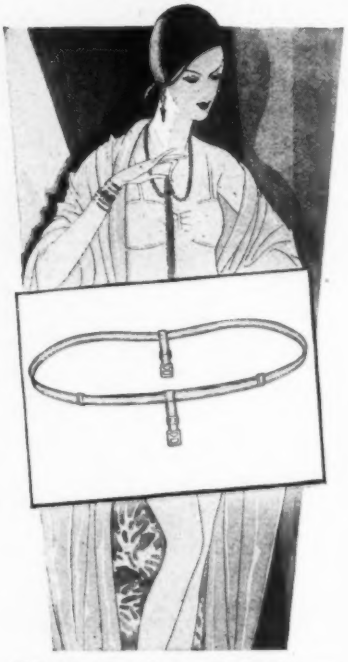

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settles that. Then why did your brother go to San Francisco at all in such a hurry? A business trip, I suppose?"

"I think he went in order to distract attention from Mrs. Tremayne."

Morse thought that one over. "Not a bad suggestion. Thanks. Then you think he believes that she killed her husband?"

"I don't think either one of them did. But I know that David would do almost anything to protect anyone he cared about."

"Like yourself, for instance?"

"Yes."

"Even face the electric chair?"

"Of course."

"Of course. Yeah, I guess he would for you. I don't know that I blame him."

The detective retired into a spangled cavern of thought. Stanley and George exchanged glances, and Duveen blushed.

"I guess," declared Morse, pulling himself out of his reverie, "that I'll get a few extra wires hot trailing the lady in the case. It looks like the old motto, 'Church for the femmes,' might apply here as well as anywhere else."

An ambulance had arrived for the body, and the police detail departed with it, with the exception of one officer left merely to keep the curious crowd away from the house. Tightwad was grateful for that, as he liked the smell of policemen now that he was used to them, and it contributed to his sense of importance to patrol the house.

"You're permitted to leave the grounds if you wish," was Morse's parting message. He was standing in the hall. "But you'll have to stay in town for the inquest."

He spied the letter on the table.

"I'll mail that for you from downtown," he said, picking it up.

"Oh, don't bother," protested Duveen.

"No trouble at all. It'll go a day sooner. There's no mail collection out this way on Sunday afternoon."

Duveen couldn't think fast enough of anything to prevent the precious letter from slipping into his inside pocket—anything, that is, which would not arouse his instant suspicions and cause him to open the envelop then and there.

All she could do was to watch him go away, and hope and pray that he really would mail it.

(The next installment of this captivating mystery by the author of "Help Yourself to Happiness" will appear in our forthcoming December issue.)

IN THE RACKET

(Continued from page 43)

"Why didn't you?" he challenged.

"I was going to," she answered, "only you didn't look like a regular crusher."

"Who said I was a crusher?" flared Eddie.

"Why do you act like one, then?"

"Didn't know how else to go about it."

"Go about what?"

"Getting acquainted with you," he stumbled. He derided himself for it, but in spite of himself his ears and neck were on fire.

Their eyes met, a quick searching look; something new, vital and gentle surging up in Eddie—something strange as it was new—at the steadiness of her look. She was sizing up for herself just what he meant by that.

"Say, I've seen you a lot of times—in Chanery's window," he burst out impulsively. "I used to go in and buy candy, but that didn't do any good—"

"I've seen you in the store," she said. "I've noticed your car parked outside, too."

"You never seemed to notice," Eddie remarked.

"I wasn't supposed to." Her cheeks were flaming too. "But I knew about you, knew your name. Mr. Chanery told me."

Naïve, breathless confidences, like confessions, unattached to either mind or logic. Clear out of gear, that moment, as Eddie recalled it later, but it was such a moment as most men and women are lucky enough to feel once in a lifetime. Through it some wireless of the heart flashed a message true and clear, leaving them both ecstatic, confused, a bit frightened, with eyes that clung in a strange sweet pain.

"Well, anyway," she concluded abruptly, "you wont follow me around any more, will you?" She smiled.

"Listen! Can't I drive you home, now we're acquainted?"

She broke the spell with a little chuckle.

"You aint afraid of me, are you?"

"No."

"Then prove it by getting in and telling me where!" He was riding the wave of his new impulse, his veins athrob with his hot purpose.

"Oh, all right," she laughed, "if you promise not to bother me any more."

Eddie drove two blocks before he said: "You don't think I've worked up to this point just to promise I wont see you any more, do you?"

She twinkled at him. "You may be sorry if you don't," she said, "because I'm liable to let you drive me home every day."

"Swell!" breathed Eddie.

"And I room a long ways from here," she added. "Way out to High at Adams."

"Thanks. Rooming, eh? Aint you got any folks?"

She shook her head, her eyes holding for a moment a filament of mist.

"Tough break," he said. "Me—I'm in the same boat." How much nearer that confession of aloneness brought them! Eddie gazed down at her, sitting so close on the slippery leather seat. He wanted to draw her to him and take over all responsibility of her from that time on. Anyway, he'd keep her as long as he could. He circled out toward the West End, making the ride a good six miles.

"Tell me your name, now, wont you?" he said, as they turned into Adams. "Then we're all set."

"Mary Nolan."

"Right—I always am," thought Eddie. "She's Irish!"

"Thanks," he said again, with a hum in his tone like a contented motor. . . . .

It was one of those things that happen quick and happen anyway. Mary sparred some; she whetted her wit on him. She said she hadn't lived nineteen years to get caught up with the first hackman to give her the glad-eye.

"The first?" pried Eddie.

"Nor the eighth," she shot back.

"What'd you of done?" he appealed to her.

"I wouldn't."

"Then," said Eddie, "I wouldn't be driving you home. I wouldn't be layin' off to take you out tonight. I wouldn't know your name's Mary Nolan! Straight now, would you sooner I hadn't?"

She refused to commit herself, but she went to a show with him, and they had a late supper together, and she kissed him good night. The old bus sang a song to Eddie as he sped cityward that night. And the next day when he rolled past Chanery's, her eyes seemed to be waiting for him. Anyway, there they were, full-powered, and Eddie's pulses leaped and his hand trembled at the wheel as if he'd been gargling a pint of hundred and eighty proof. "I aint safe," he muttered. "I need a jolt." And he drove down to Johnny's to see how things were stacking.

THE next three days were strange and altogether timeless. He could think of nothing beyond the next hour, and the next

breathless rendezvous. He had always known that when a girl once hit him, he wouldn't be doing anything else for a while. Increasing wonder in the discovery that they were both different—each so differently alike and in the same ways. Her fingers impulsively digging his wrist, or nudging him as they sat together in a movie—Eddie had never known such thrills could exist. He had opened up to her—words, whole sentences, things he had not known were in him. And Mary had answered in kind, all her colors flaming.

One thing only slipped in and out, numbing Eddie's ecstasy, and that was thought of Centerno and the Avenue. Mary Nolan had nothing, could have nothing, in common with them. The joy of foray had quite gone from the situation; more than ever, Eddie was divided against himself. For ten days he had had no direct contact with the mob. The entire motive behind his play for the girl might have been forgotten, in the flux of new experiences and emotions, had it not been for the knowledge of Centerno's supervision. Word had gone the rounds that Eddie was on the hunt. The fast work he had pulled, from the standpoint of the Avenue, had established him in high favor. The gang was impressed in spite of itself. He was now a man among men. But always the knowledge that Centerno knew and was watching the trend of things, lurked in the back of Eddie's mind.

One afternoon one of the Boss' lieutenants approached him. Centerno, he reported, wished to see Eddie, together with the girl, that evening or the next, at Husong's Night Club. That was orders, Eddie knew. And refusal meant being blacklisted by the Avenue clique. All the same, a little shiver of premonition struck into his heart that moment.

That day and the next dragged by joylessly as Eddie pendulumed up and down. He knew he was going to carry out orders that night to save his face; there were no excuses. But it would not be without certain preparations. A guy could mix in with the mob alone, but it was a different matter where a woman was concerned. Just let 'em pull something with Mary Nolan, and somebody'd be hanging to the hot knobs of kingdom come! Something young and altogether untainted was glowing in Eddie's chest like a charcoal furnace.

Under the front seat cushion of his bus Eddie carried a three-foot length of one-inch pipe, fondly known as a jack-handle, in the hackmen's argot. Around it tonight were wrapped two thicknesses of flannel, quite unneeded for its ostensible use. He had also considered packing his own rod, but that sort of thing had always been out of his line. Instead, he carried in his coat pocket a serviceable thong "sap," eight inches of soft leather weighted with lead.

AT nine o'clock Eddie parked his bus at the side entrance of Husong's.

"This dump is some catsy; you'd ought to know it," he explained as he piloted Mary up the stairs. "Slick dancin' and the music's great." Then he looked down at her—so small and fluffy, like a friendly trustful kitten—and his lower lip curled down as his mouth tautened. Their hands touched, and gripped.

On the gleaming acre of dance-floor above, a hundred locked couples swung and swayed to the insidious leering strains of the "Doll Dance," beneath a red-blue canopy of bunting and hanging lanterns. But here were none of the jazz-gay gestures of the world of modern youth; the feel of the place was covert, clandestine and faintly sinister. Husong's was a high-powered gin-mill for those who belonged to the "mob." Through the pall of cigarette-smoke, the warm sweet scent of liquor permeated. Centerno, it was rumored, owned the place, and Eddie knew it to be true.

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AND ONLY HALF AS LOVELY

IT would be laughable, if it weren't so tragic—the way that many women lavish care upon their faces . . . while day by day their smooth young throats are growing lined and old through sheer neglect. A throat that looks middle-aged mocks at the loveliest face. A crêpe-like texture of throat adds years to a woman's appearance . . . destroys half her beauty.

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There were greetings from several of the boys as Eddie passed through to a side table. It might have been a big hour for him, had it not been for Mary Nolan and the new thing that had come to him. But his flush of exultance was tinged with shame. The two had not been seated five minutes when Centerno himself entered, three men at his heels, among them young Ercolle.

The proprietor of the place hurried forward to meet the Boss, and there were greetings down the length of the room as Centerno passed. The gangsters took a table close by; and as they ate and talked, their black-eyed stares passed over Eddie and the girl. In young Ercolle's eyes was an anticipatory glitter that sought to strip Mary Nolan of clothes and decency at a single stroke.

"I've never been in a place like this before," Mary was saying. "There's something funny about it. Who are those men staring at us?"

"They're all right; they're guys I know," said Eddie.

Presently Centerno beckoned. Eddie was waiting, and as he moved across to the other table, there was a stiffening throughout all his fibers. Centerno himself rose and drew out a chair for him.

"You're some fast worker, kid," he purred. "I like to see a guy hang 'em on when he gets his orders. 'Em's the kind I work up in the racket, see?" He filled a whisky glass for Eddie and tendered it across the table.

Eddie was flustered and excited. He had felt it coming, this victory, which was now just what he wanted to avoid, for there were Mary's eyes upon him, half wondering, half fearful.

"I've had an eye on you, see?" Centerno went on ingratiatingly. "Had to see you tonight. I'm givin' you a whirl at the inside stuff in a few days. There'll be a grand in it for you. Your new sweets can maybe help. Some little nifty. I want a talk with her."

EDDIE stood flushing. For reasons both politic and courteous, he could not refuse, for there sat Centerno waiting. The latter took up a bottle of pre-war, and together they crossed to the other table, followed by many eyes. Eddie felt yellow—yellow clear through. His narrow chest burned as if consumed by flame. What would she think of him? He knew too much of Centerno's methods. Tomorrow he would break with the Avenue, do anything to square things. But tonight was still to be gotten through.

"This is Mr. Centerno, the man I work for, Mary," Eddie explained miserably. Centerno bowed with a smirk as he took a chair, then motioned to a waiter for glasses. He opened the bottle himself and poured three glasses. Mary was silent, bewildered and embarrassed. Eddie was silent, sullen and increasingly troubled. Centerno's lips flickered briefly, a thin trickle of words that were scarcely registered by either of them.

Eddie was a vessel filled with rising agonies. In a vivid flash of self-seeing his whole life appeared as a working up to knowing Mary Nolan, to handling this hour, as it would have to be handled—an answer he did not know as yet. . . . . Centerno's voice running on. He had an interest here, he said, and was in a position to give a girl like Mary Nolan a real job with real money, if she'd like it. A good-looking, well-dressed young lady whom one could trust, happened to be just what he was in need of. And any friend of Eddie Lear's needed no other reference. Unaccountably, to himself, Eddie was trembling. When he looked up again, he found that young Ercolle Centerno had appeared suddenly beside his father and was drawing up a chair.

Suddenly a commotion broke out at a near-by table, a loud dispute, obviously over a pert-looking blonde with an enameled nose who sat between two men. One of the men went to his feet with an oath, overturning a chair, a finger pointing accusingly at his companion as he swore with drink-heated voice:

"That's one too many out of you, you bow-legged, slab-sided four-flusher! Use your dogs or I'll trim you down to the chassis!"

"That'll be your closin' line for the day," the other shot back. "You'll come out in the alley for that, or I'll heave you through a window!"

There was the sodden sound of a blow; a woman screeched at a near-by table. The two fighters at half-grips came reeling over and collided with Eddie's table, upsetting the glasses.

Centerno was on his feet. A sharp clap of his hands brought two waiters running to quell the combat. But the fighters seemed unconscionably hard to separate, or else the waiters were lily-fingered, for the battle continued to wage on and around Eddie's table with all the gusto of a street fracas. Nor were there any calls for the police.

Eddie had recognized both the fighters—two of the regular mob. Likewise the doll with the enameled nose. Likewise all those at the surrounding tables. Sudden suspicion sent Eddie's clicker whirring. The next he knew, he saw Centerno opening a door in the side wall with bows and apologies; and Mary Nolan, frightened and demurring, was being drawn into an adjoining room—drawn out of harm's way to any eye that might be watching. All this under cover of the commotion. But something in the Boss' loose lips and his sickly effort to smirk jerked Eddie to his feet.

HE made a dive, but just as he reached the door, it slammed forcefully shut in his face—all, that is, but an inch and a half. Eddie's toe had been deftly wedged into this aperture. Whoever was on the other side of the door was shoving full weight; over his shoulder Eddie sensed one of Husong's waiters sidling close. A hot flare of rage swept him. His shoulder struck the door panel, carrying him in and through like a flying wedge to land on top of the stubborn one who had been pushing on the other side. As he fell, Eddie kicked the door shut, and heard the latch click. Then he was at grips with the man beneath him, rolling on the floor. As he came uppermost, he looked down into the swarthy glittering face of young Ercolle.

"Right again—I always am," Eddie muttered between his teeth. Then his fist spoiled the other's features.

By the time he had extricated himself from the tangle, another door had slammed. He heard the sound of hurried footsteps down a rear stairway. The room was empty, save for himself and Ercolle. Mary Nolan—gone, Centerno with her. Eddie saw it all now. So that was his class—the man he had looked up to for years as chief—a stealer of girls! Eddie's thin face was set like a piece of bone. He flung himself at the locked door.

He knew that certain alley entrance to the building. He knew just what had taken place. A cloth flung over the girl's head, sinewy arms passing her quickly into the tonneau of a closed car, fingers at her throat in case she screamed. Too often young girls disappeared thus.

Just as Eddie forced the door-lock, Ercolle came up at him groggily from the floor, his black face contorted with rage, fear and a spreading blue bruise—a slim knife appearing like magic in his hand. Only Eddie's quickness saved him. He flung his wiry body sidewise into the hall, and the keen blade merely ripped the side of his coat. From somewhere in the pit of his chest a sound rose, a sort of whimpering cry of outrage that came welling up and out between his open lips. His hand struck out, this time with the loaded sap—and Ercolle went down to stay. His limp body slithered down the stairs like a half-filled sack. That blow had been aimed at the whole of the Avenue, and it was final.

Eddie went bounding past him into the darkened alley. Too late. The rear of Centerno's black motorcar was just disappearing. Eddie sped madly for his own cab; then a wild and beautiful ruse clicked full-fledged into his mind. He darted back, seized young Ercolle in his arms and carried him out, head lolling, to the street, where he propped him up beside him on the driver's seat. A precious minute was lost thereby, but as Eddie sent the old bus humming down the street, he proceeded to make it up with the gorgeous flair with which he had been born. The Italian's car had disappeared, but having questioned two men at different corners, Eddie picked up the trail. Then he cut loose and opened up his siren, and the incessant alarm turned all eyes on him for a block ahead, automatically clearing his path. He had done it before, in taking some injured fare to a hospital.

Whambo! A cross-town boulevard opened up for him like magic, and Eddie shot through traffic that had held up the other car for moments. The single cop at the corner waved him magnanimously on his way. He banished caution to the winds, Ercolle lolling in the front seat. It was the Avenue checkmating the Avenue now.

ONLY a block between him and the other car. He had them handicapped; they daren't cut loose. If he could overhaul them before they got clear of the well-traveled streets, there was a chance. "My hands are full of horseshoes," he muttered thickly. "I'm nothin' but one big rabbit's-foot!" Ercolle stirred and muttered groggily. The sap descended with deft precision and he settled back once more.

Just as Eddie was almost upon the other car, it swerved down a side-street. Eddie took the turn at a grinding skid. His gas-pedal was almost to the floor when the other car dodged again from sight. Eddie saw the game. The gangsters were working down into the rabbit-warrens that lay below Brockton Road—a region where all trails ended where they began. He'd have to get them quick or never.

"Come on, hack! Do your doin's!" he begged feverishly, hunched over the wheel.

In the next block he overtook the black car in a sudden burst of speed. Slewing sidewise, he sent his own car smashing into the side of the other. It was a desperate thing to do, but he was beyond all fear. The cars caromed apart, that of the Italian smashing into the curb amid the squealy tune of hard-set brakes. Eddie's cab came to a

EIGHTEEN is surely an engaging age, in every sense of the word *engage*. And Frederick Hazlitt Brennan was eighteen recently enough to have clear memories, and just long enough ago to see "eighteen" from another point of view. He's written a splendid story of youth which will soon appear on these pages under the title:

"US AND COMPANY"

bumping broadside stop twenty feet beyond, blocking the street.

Instinctively Eddie doused his lights. As he jumped to the ground, a bullet shattered his windshield, the flying bits of glass nicking his face and neck. Rage rode him, a desire to maim, to kill. He plunged toward the two black figures that had spilled out of the other car. Another flash and spit of flame almost in his face. The bullet found his arm but touched no bone. He scarce felt it as he closed with the foremost figure. Fury lent him a maniacal strength. He seized the arm of his opponent and forced it upward and backward, then suddenly jerked with all his strength. There was a snap and groan from the gangster as he went to the ground, his weapon arm broken.

When Eddie looked around, windows and doors were being flung open along the street. A police whistle sounded down the block. The other Italian had ducked behind the car and was melting away amid the dense shadows like a lean slinking cat, for men had begun pouring out onto the sidewalk, fat men and stringy men, some in shirt-sleeves, some ludicrous in pajamas. They had heard the shots and shivered as they huddled.

"Look at the blood!"

"Yeh, what'd yuh think it was—pop? Hey, get that bird, some o' you heroes," Eddie ordered sharply, pointing to the running Italian. "He's pulled a job o' kidnapin' and maybe a killin'. What's eatin' you?"

He leaped to the tonneau of the black car as he spoke; the onlookers milled and peered, but their feet seemed stuck in mud.

FOR the first time that night fear gripped Eddie as he bent over the small wrapped bundle in the rear seat—fear of looking into Mary Nolan's eyes. What could he tell her? What must she think of him? He'd never be able to lie; a guy would have to shoot straight with her kind, or not shoot at all.

The first look of her face cut in so deep that Eddie almost sobbed. Little and white, the mouth glued shut, the eyes wide and tearless. One of those dames who'd break down after all danger was past—game first and a woman afterward. He knew her. Her eyes flew first to his blood-soaked sleeve.

"Hurt bad, Eddie?" came her frightened whisper.

"Naw, I'm all right. Gee, you're game! They hurt you, kid?"

She shook her head.

Eddie swallowed hard. "I got to tell you something," he blurted. "Then you'll know what a dirty *schlam* I been—"

"I see how it was, Eddie."

"How d'you mean, you see?"

"I knew you were mixed up with that gang."

"How?"

"I could feel it the minute we went in that place. I knew they'd frame us right there."

Us. Eddie gulped.

"Gee, I been a sap! I used to think that crowd was great. I been in on their dirty racket for years—"

She looked at him. "You never helped frame a girl, though, Eddie?"

"No, not that!"

"And you turned against them tonight. You're through with them now for good—"

"Through," said Eddie savagely. "If I go hackin' again, it's in some other town. I got the goods to send them guys over the road, and if any of 'em ever pull anything on you again, they'll get the works, and it's me'll give it to 'em! See?"

He broke off just in time to grab Mary as she swayed and fell, fainting.

"Gwan, chase yourselves!" Eddie snarled blissfully at the clustered crowd, arms full of his precious bundle. . . . . The bright glare of a police car bore down on them rapidly from around the corner.

Sons and Daughters at school . . . talk to them often *by* Telephone

A Bell System Advertisement

WHEN sons and daughters go away to school there's one sure way to keep in touch with them—

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No. 10—"ROUND THE WORLD WITH THE TITCOMBS"

Illustrated by L. T. Holton

Honolulu—Waikiki—surfboard riding— And in eighteen days he would be stepping onto the first tee at the home country-club.

One Night in Hawaii

By Donald Ogden Stewart

(Author of Father William)

MR. TITCOMB of Indianapolis gazed thoughtfully from the hotel balcony at the round Honolulu moon.

This was a nice place, this Honolulu. In a way, Mr. Titcomb was sorry he and his wife and child were sailing in the morning. He would have been sorrier, of course, if it weren't for the fact they were on the last lap of a round-the-world cruise, and in just eighteen days, eleven hours, twelve minutes and forty-three seconds, he would be stepping onto the first tee at the home country-club.

It had been a great trip, though—and here they were in Honolulu. What a place! Warm, balmy, flower-scented, ocean-caressed—that circular was certainly right. Romantic. Let's see—had they forgotten anything? Waikiki—surfboard riding—Kilauea—

Mr. Titcomb suddenly thought of something, and he looked rather cautiously around to see what Mrs. Titcomb and Junior were doing. Mrs. Titcomb was packing, and Junior was attempting to unscrew the telephone from the wall as a souvenir of those dreamy Hawaiian nights.

"I don't think I'd do that," suggested the father kindly, reaching for his hat.

"Where are you going?" demanded the son suspiciously.

"Oh, just out for a minute," replied Mr. Titcomb. "I want to get some cigars."

He hurriedly closed the door after him and tiptoed along the corridor and down to the information clerk.

"Say, listen," he began in a whisper. "I was wondering if possibly you might tell me—"

Mr. Titcomb stopped. Two ladies had stepped up beside him.

"Yes?" demanded the clerk, raising his eyebrows.

"Why—uh—" replied Mr. Titcomb, with a slight blush, "I was just wondering if a two-cent stamp was enough for America."

"The postal rate to the United States is two cents," replied the clerk. "What is it, Madam?"

Mr. Titcomb edged quickly away. In one of the lobby chairs he saw seated what is known in Hawaii as a *"kamaaina,"* which means an "old-timer." Mr. Titcomb approached the *kamaaina* and spoke.

"I suppose you've been on the island quite a long time," said Mr. Titcomb pleasantly.

The old man lifted his beard and cupped one hand over an aged ear. "What's that you say?" he demanded in no still, small voice.

Mr. Titcomb glanced nervously around. "Nothing," he replied. "I thought you were somebody else." And with an apologetic smile he left the *kamaaina* to his memories and his beard.

In a far obscure cornér Mr. Titcomb at last spied a younger old-timer. And with a certain ingenious cunning he gradually introduced the subject of his evening's researches.

"There must be several interesting things here," suggested Mr. Titcomb, "which the average tourist doesn't see."

The *kamaaina* puffed slowly on Mr. Titcomb's cigar and nodded. Mr. Titcomb hesitated, and then leaned forward confidentially.

"For instance," he began, "they tell me that you can still see—"

"Mr. Titcomb!" rang out a voice in his ear. "MR. FERGUSON J. TITCOMB!"

Mr. Titcomb turned and faced the bellboy.

"What?" he demanded, not without a certain amount of asperity.

"Mrs. Titcomb says you're to come right up to the room," said the boy, "and finish your packing."

Mr. Titcomb hesitated, then bowed to the inevitable. The inevitable returned the bow, and Mr. Titcomb went slowly upstairs.

The next morning the Titcombs sailed for Los Angeles. And as the lines were being cast off, Mr. Titcomb found himself engaged in conversation with a Mr. Emerich of Cleveland.

"Quite a place," Mr. Emerich remarked. Mr. Titcomb agreed.

"Say," continued Mr. Emerich, "did *you* get to see any of these hula-hula dances?"

Mr. Titcomb shook his head. And to the saddening strains of "Aloha Oe" the shore-line faded from sight.

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DOLLAR SIGN

(Continued from page 81)

As the doors closed after them, Alice turned to him, and said in a voice that was strangely choked: "Please, Gilbert, I wish you wouldn't show him that doorway design. If he should see it—he'd be—be—"

Gilbert's fingers tightened on her arm. Their pressure sent a thrill through her. "He wont get it. Honestly. He simply doesn't know enough to," he assured her softly. Then: "You're a nice child to feel so careful about the old boy—but don't you see how doggone appropriate the doorway is? The way people like him worship money and hurl it around?"

"But you're getting money out of it—out of him!"

They found themselves in the drawing-room of a suite, where every light was burning.

"Just a minute!" a voice told them.

And they waited, both of them quickly noting the crystal chandelier that glittered and sparkled, the softly shaded electric wall candles and the lamps all blazing with light, and the delicate green brocaded chairs and *chaise-longue* strewn with newspapers. A cigar smoldered in an oval lacquer ash-tray. A window shade was yanked high and crooked in the upper half of the window.

"Nice of you to come, Mr. Carr. Nice of you to bring the young lady."

They glanced up to see a short, broad man standing in the doorway, with his feet wide apart, and vigorously rubbing his hands on a big white towel. He dropped the towel on the nearest chair and crossed the room, with his hand extended, smiling at them. The bright lights made his face shine the way ruddy skin glows just after it has been scrubbed—a round face, and red and healthy. And he was all bald, with crinkly gray hair fringing his neck and over his ears.

"You know," he was saying to Gilbert, after being introduced to Alice, "it don't seem any time at all since I saw you last Monday and told you what kind of a shack I wanted. And now you're here to give it to me. That's speed for you!" He fairly beamed admiration on Gilbert, who was sitting back in a chair now, with his legs crossed, at ease, poised, pleasant.

"That's my job, Mr. Decker," he answered easily. "And I hope you'll like my drawings, sir," he added perfunctorily.

"Sure I will," Mr. Decker responded. "These things—I don't know much about them. Know what I like and don't like when I see a picture of it, pretty much." He was talking to Alice now. "But figuring out all the little things about an Italian villa don't fit into my line of work very much," he half apologized. "But now that Mr. Carr's brought you along, Miss, maybe you'll help me choose what's nice?"

"I'd love to," Alice said. "Only I don't know very much about villas either!"

Gilbert had been opening his brief-case. Now he broke in: "Well, Mr. Decker, shall I spread these out for you?"

"Right away. That's fine," the older man replied eagerly. Then to Alice again: "Pipe-smoke bother you, Miss? I like to have this old pipe in my mouth." He drew out a stained corncob from his pocket, at her nod.

As Gilbert spread out his plans, Alice watched Mr. Decker light it, watched the match flare and then almost go out as he drew on his pipe, its glow making his face shinier. He began to bumble around then, from one side of Gilbert to the other, mumbling: "It don't seem possible you could do things like that!" and, "Golly, a man that can draw anything!" in an awed and subdued voice.

Gilbert, quickly glancing up from his papers, caught Alice's eye—and winked slowly.

The CHOSEN land

of thousands from other states. Let California tell you why, this winter

What is the secret that each year brings throngs of new residents to California? Many of your friends and neighbors have come to live. First they came to visit. Thousands of others who have been here once or twice are even now waiting for the propitious moment for the move. That is how California has been settled, by travelers who found here the end of the road, the homeland they sought.

There are two chief reasons for California's lure. One is the Springtime that is in the air at every season. Winter is as summer, children playing in the sunshine and their parents living out of doors. The same sports summer and winter, plus the special gaiety of the winter social season. San Francisco, cosmopolitan and joyous. World port. The largest Chinatown outside of China. A definite personality that wins the hearts of those who have seen many cities.

Yosemite and Lake Tahoe, nearby, provide winter sports. They are deep in snow and never lovelier than in winter. Del Monte, bathed in sunlight, green and beautiful. Spectacular golf courses, two along the rocky coast, one cut through a virgin forest and the fourth beautifully landscaped on a rolling plain. Yes, these are reasons why so many choose to live in California.

Another reason is opportunity. San Francisco serves the 11,000,000 people west of the Rockies more quickly and cheaply than any other city. Her port is the natural gateway to the lands bordering the Pacific, in which 900,000,000 people are rapidly awakening to modern wants. San Francisco is the headquarters city in a region rich in natural resources.

Business success is no easier here than elsewhere. Competition is keen for many have already seen the vision of a great future. The same requisites are necessary for success in San Francisco as in any other city. But for those who are already winning success somewhere else, California offers a brighter, fuller, freer life. They are the kind of people who are coming to live. For them the future holds brilliant promise.

You have long dreamed of California. Why not come this winter to enjoy a month or two of lovely Springtime? Perhaps you, too, will feel the charm and see the promise of this western country.

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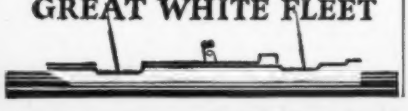

Mr. Decker liked his villa. He liked the garage. He asked questions mostly, though, about copper gutters, and the kind of cement to be used in the cellar floor.

"And this, Mr. Decker, is the stonework that will frame the front door. And this in the corner is the carving on the door itself," Gilbert was telling him. They were almost at the end of the pile of drawings, and quickly he picked up the next one, and placed it before Mr. Decker. Just as he'd anticipated, he was thinking, the old boy hadn't noticed—

"That the front door, you say?" asked Mr. Decker, puffing at his pipe. "Which? This?" He reached to pick up the drawing just as Gilbert was about to cover it with the next.

Gilbert glanced over at Alice—grinned—raised his eyebrows.

"Front doors. They're mighty important, I guess. What everybody'll see first, in this business, isn't it, Miss Baird?" Decker turned to Alice, holding the drawing, but not looking at it. "You say you've seen all these pictures of this Italian house of mine?"

Alice nodded. "And I think it's marvelous!" she assured him. He seemed so eager for assurance, somehow. "It will be wonderful living in it, too. Aren't you excited about it?"

The little man cocked his head to one side, and was regarding the drawing as he answered: "But it's my little girl I'm getting this house made for, Miss. I've got to stay out in Indiana and make money a good long while before *I* can have one of these to live in too! But she don't like it out there. She's been East to college. And all her friends are here, and—" His voice trailed off. His expression had become a little wistful—as wistful as that ruddy round face could.

He shook his head a little, as if to shake himself back from his thoughts. "That's why I'm glad you're here, Miss. She's fussy. She's in Paris now; and I want to surprise her. She's got a young man. And I want to give them a nice house—" He looked at Alice—seeking something. "You'd know the kind of place that'd suit her. You're kind of like her. So I'm countin' on you to not let me get off the track here!" He laughed then, a queer laugh, as if trying to lighten the seriousness of the whole affair—for it was terribly serious to him.

He was staring at the drawing of the doorway in his hand, again, staring at it apparently absent-mindedly. There was an odd silence, an awfully still silence. Alice leaned forward in her chair, suddenly tense. For some reason she suddenly thought of that check for seventy-five dollars. "Enough for a dandy dress!" And the money would have bought that new radio set Father was so crazy to get!

Mr. Decker rattled the paper he was holding—shoved it out as far as his short arm would let him, squinted, cocked his head, brought the drawing back closer to him.

"Nice work, Mr. Carr!" he exclaimed enthusiastically again. "I like that a lot. Funny, though, just for a second there—Guess I'd been looking at it too hard. It seemed to sort of change, the way things sometimes do when you look at 'em too long. Those lines turned into things that looked something like Uncle Sam's old dollar sign—just the way the wall-paper in my room at home, mornings, seems to turn into clowns' faces when I stare at it."

He carefully put the drawing down and turned to the next, asking about the kinds of wood to be used in the house, and about the lathings.

"And now how about a little dinner and a show with me sometime?" Mr. Decker suggested. "I like having young folks around!" Without waiting for an acceptance, he went on: "Let's see. Today's Tuesday. How about Saturday ight? That suit you?"

Saturday night did. Alice and Gilbert would love to have dinner with him. Mr. Decker's "Good night!" to them was excited and happy.

In the taxi a few minutes later, driving back to Alice's, Gilbert gave a groan of relief. "For a minute there, I certainly was scared! When the old boy said the thing looked like Uncle Sam's dollar-sign. . . . . Lord, I thought it was all over! He was keener than I thought!"

But Alice in her corner of the cab only answered, "It was odd, wasn't it?" very quietly.

Gilbert didn't notice, though, as he continued excitedly: "And the joke of it is—even then he didn't get the point! He went on raving about weather-stripping! Boy, but I'm glad I got away with it," he gloated.

After a minute, Gilbert seemed to sense that something was wrong. "Alice, you're so quiet!"

Alice didn't answer.

At the door, before Gilbert could stop her, she'd quickly given him her hand, and said good night, and was gone.

IT was almost four o'clock on Saturday afternoon. And on the bed lay a long bright green pasteboard box. A bouffant orange and black lady was mincing across the cover; a box from an expensive Fifth Avenue shop.

Alice was sitting beside it, staring at it. Wondering why she didn't cut the bright string and take the blue frock out of its tissue paper. It had a square neck, and was a glorious blue.

Funny too, that she'd kept putting off buying it. She'd wanted it so badly—till that night at the Ritz when she'd opened the letter with the check. . . . .

She couldn't get Mr. Decker out of her mind. He made her think of her father a little. A surprise for his daughter—like her check for the dress.

She put her hand out and touched the box, then paused. Her first dinner at the Ritz; yet she couldn't—simply couldn't be thrilled about it. Dollar signs. . . . .

She stood up suddenly, and brushed her hand across her forehead as if to free herself from thinking about it. After all, it was Gilbert's work. And he'd said it was all right. He'd be—he'd think she was awfully odd if she tried to tell him how she felt. He'd think she didn't understand. Understand—that was what he always said she did—why he liked her, even. They thought the same way, felt the same way about everything.

A knock at her door startled Alice.

"Mr. Carr to see you, Miss," the maid said.

"Where, downstairs?" Alice asked, surprised. What on earth at four in the afternoon could Gilbert be doing there?

As she came in to the reception hall, Gilbert crossed to the foot of the stairs to greet her, taking both her hands. "Are you all right?" he asked concernedly, as he looked down at her. "I've been worried since Tuesday. You were so quiet going home that night."

Alice shook her head, smiling at him as they seated themselves. "I'm fine!"

"Decker phoned to have us meet him at six instead of seven. 'Have the young folks around,' he said. And that means your charms, my dear, not mine!"

But Alice didn't laugh. Instead she was wondering why on earth she kept feeling so guilty or whatever it was about Decker—wishing Gilbert wouldn't laugh at him. All that—jumbled up with the odd feeling about the bright blue dress, and her father and his last letter.

"Do you know, every time I think of Mr. Decker—I have the strangest desire to cry or—" She left the remark unfinished.

"Not because of that fool doorway busi-

ness?" Gilbert asked. And as she didn't answer, he hurried on: "Why the old boy has all the money on earth. He's having the time of his life in New York. He's as calm and easy-going and contented as—"

"But he isn't!" Alice interrupted him. "He's everything but that. He's worried and frightened about his villa, and scared of us, really, and afraid his daughter wont like the thing he's so crazy to surprise her with, because she may high-hat him—probably the way she has loads of times before!"

Gilbert reached into his pocket for cigarettes as he countered: "Good Lord! She wouldn't dare! Why, look what he's laying out on this darn' house!"

"That doesn't make any difference. She probably takes it for granted that that's what he's for—to pass out villas and things. She may not admit that's what she believes—but she does. We all do. We expect and take things for granted from fathers."

"I can't even remember my father, so—" Gilbert's tone was softer as he said that.

Alice went on in a choked sort of voice: "Then you wouldn't know—but that's the way we are—most youngsters. Taking things—and being awfully critical. Not meaning to—but just are." She paused a moment, then added:

"I have the blue dress. Remember the one you said I should wear? Father sent me a check, a surprise, just because I mentioned it when I wrote home, and was telling about you." She faltered. "And now I almost—well, I can't even seem to want to wear the frock, or even unwrap it. Because he was so—so nice to send it. He does things like that lots. Checks, and candy. Sometimes funny surprises, that I don't really care a thing about. And yet he adores doing it. And all I do, when I'm home, is keep telling him not to say 'it don't'—and not to do this and that—and wishing he was different. But he thinks I'm great, even though I hurt him."

"But Alice—" Gilbert interrupted gently.

"Please, please, let me go on! I feel as though I'll go mad if I don't tell you. And try to make you see—see about Mr. Decker and that house, I mean. Because don't you see? She'll be like me—the daughter, I mean. She'll see the dollar-sign doorway, and say something just cool, or pitying. And he'll all crumple up, and keep on trying to please her just the same." She had bent her head now, and was twisting her fingers in her lap. "Gilbert, please, don't you see? And he's so excited about it, trying so hard. And we are letting him get *crumpled*."

Gilbert was leaning forward now, watching Alice, a serious expression on his face.

"And we're doing it, taking dinner from him, and the theater, and money for your plans—and snickering and criticizing—" Her voice broke. "It's like doing it to Dad, in a way. And I've unlearned things. I don't want to keep on being that way—snickering, or critical, or stiff. I don't. Not to Dad or Mr. Decker or—" But Alice couldn't go on. She was crying. Trying hard to hold back her tears.

Gilbert had taken her quickly in his arms. He was talking to her gently, telling her that he'd been far worse than she'd been. "And we'll go over that doorway and take out the dollar signs. We'll do it before dinner. Give the old boy something to be really proud of in his villa." He was kissing her now, consoling her, holding her tighter. "Wont that make it better, dear?"

Alice nodded her head hard, against the roughness of his coat; and a feeling of secureness and wonderfulness surged through her at Gilbert's touch. He was kissing her. . . . . He did love her, even when he knew how blind and hateful and mixed up she'd been; he understood. They both understood things differently, but they'd learned—together—not to expect and take everything for granted; and they two weren't the only yardstick. She raised her lips to his.

WARFARE OR COMPANIONSHIP?

(Continued from page 53)

I shouldn't go so far as to say that either man or woman has as yet become emancipated. The so-called "emancipation" of women has been only the slow-moving logic of very ancient premises. Society has permitted women to take her place in public and in economical life for two different but unescapable reasons. In the first place, a woman as well as a man may at any moment be left in a condition of need, in which she must either support herself or get some one else to look after her. As society has abolished various forms of slavery and serfdom, and as we have ceased to feel that the king or ruler has any immediate responsibility to see that the dependent women have husbands to support them, we have been forced to arrive at a simpler and perhaps a more selfish way out. We have decided to permit the women in such cases to support themselves. That is often exactly what they wish to do, but the privilege seems to me so elementary that it hardly deserves the fine-sounding word "emancipation."

In the second place, even when women are not in economic need, they, like men, are likely to feel the urge to make use of the training which society has bestowed upon them. If we do not wish woman to take a large place in life, we ought never to give her an education. But so long as girls as well as boys in school are taught history and mathematics, and economics and politics, there will always be a strong chance that some of them, like the boys, will wish to try out this theoretical learning in the practical world.

From the man's point of view, of course, the initial mistake was permitting woman to learn to read and write. In those excellent times, now much idealized, when the great cathedrals were built, and when civilization, as we are often told, was at its highest, most women were unable to spell. Their husbands still had the privilege and duty of thrashing them when they were naughty. They were kept in reserve for their utility in the home, for the pleasure they could offer their masters in moments of dalliance, and for their unique ability to produce children. I know that here and there out of the immediate past of our ancestors or from such far-off times as the Thirteenth Century, we have cherished a tradition of men and women who lived together nobly, and of women who exerted a large influence on the political and economic life of their times. But we only obscure the problem by pretending there ever was in general any great companionship between the sexes, or that the recent reception of women into the professions has greatly altered the situation. Into all the new advantages which women enjoy, the old rivalries are carried, stronger than ever. As I read Faith Baldwin's essay, it is simply a complaint that the women have not got so far ahead of the men as they hoped—they have simply in many instances reversed the rôles.

If anyone asks what would be the characteristics of the ideal world in which men and women are to be companions, it would be a rash person who would try to answer. Yet before any sound companionship is possible, we must accustom ourselves to certain preliminary ideas which society at present is sometimes reluctant even

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to discuss. First of all, both sexes must learn to drop their coy rivalries and maneuverings and be frank as to the needs and aspirations of both. Perhaps we ought to give up talking of either man or woman as hunting or predatory.

So far as marriage is concerned, sex is rather a hunger—a hunger of the soul based upon a hunger of the body. Every normal human being needs a mate for both spiritual and physical reasons, and the fineness of the average human being is such that no mating is really acceptable unless it seems authentic, inevitable and permanent. Bitter experience teaches us how permanent love may seem, and yet how short a time it may last. Yet admitting all the tricks that Nature plays upon us, we persist in believing that love ought to last, and that if we only knew how, we could make it eternal. "Till death us do part" often turns out to be a sorry kind of promise, but it remains an honest statement of the ideal in our hearts. What form of social arrangement should this mating take—the old-fashioned marriage or some new experiment? One can feel safe in saying only that that form will be best which makes it possible for love to last longest. Sooner or later we shall learn to be frank about this question. At present the conservative element in society are interested in making marriage last. They have not yet got so far as to consider how to make love endure.

IN the second place, in relations other than marriage we shall still need to be far more frank than we now are if we are ever to understand and to explain to our children the influence of sex, the possible good use of it in every walk of life. What I am thinking of is sometimes called personality or charm. Nowadays it goes under the name of "It." Called by any name, we recognize it as a magnetism which makes it easy for some men and women to succeed in life, and without which others whose merits are great, are nevertheless overlooked. It has been our custom, if one of our children showed signs of this great talent, to discourage it, or to distract the child's attention from it. Many a boy and girl has grown up sincerely ignorant of the power their personality unconsciously was exerting. It is hard to see how such ignorance is excusable in an intelligent world. To fascinate others unconsciously or by accident is in some sense ignominious. Equally inexcusable would be the reckless trifling with such power, as in flirting. In an ideal world, men and women will know what they are about, and will mean business. To take the sham mystery out of sex and to teach our children its true dignity, we must admit its enormous power and accept full moral responsibility for the use of it.

In the third place, before we can arrive at a noble companionship between men and women, we must cease to measure the values of life in economic terms. Whether the woman or the man earns more money is quite unimportant. Whether the man or the woman gains more fame is equally unimportant—provided both have done what they were capable of doing. The values of companionship, as we have often been told, are intangible. Michelangelo, we understand, was inspired by Vittoria Colonna. What part of his fame belongs to her I don't know, and I suspect the question is impertinent. A curious blight, I am sure, would have befallen their memory if he had done what Faith Baldwin's essay seems to think desirable, and had divided with his noble inspiration whatever rewards he received for his carvings and paintings.

In the fourth place, I think we shall have to revise somewhat our idea of the home. Much as that institution has changed, most of us still think of it, where it exists at all, as an end in itself. We talk about maintaining the home or preserving it. If the home, or any other institution, will not endure unless it is kept in a glass case, it is hardly worth saving. What is disappearing from our life is the old-fashioned home, dating from the cave age, in which security and shelter were the chief ideals. The happy home of this sort would be one in which the father and mother gather with the children around the lamp after the evening meal and read newspapers or books, or play backgammon or solitaire until bedtime. That this is a kind of companionship with its own charm nobody could deny. But such a home is spoiled, maimed, when children marry and leave it, or when one of its members has to go to a distant city. A nobler kind of home would be one which serves as a point of departure for all the careers in the house; a spot to which every one of them from whatever distance would look back as to a source of inspiration and encouragement—a source of adventure and achievement rather than a citadel of security.

In the fifth place, before we can have companionship between the sexes, we must really believe what the old parable teaches us, that it is the duty of every man and woman to develop completely all their talents. Most of us go so far as to hold this doctrine for ourselves. Before there can be true companionship in the world, we must be unhappy whenever we see a neighbor who has failed of complete development—just as unhappy as we should be if we should see his hand or his foot off. To let a talent go undeveloped—some one else's talent—even for a good purpose, for the preservation of the home, perhaps, is to consent to a kind of murder, certainly to the ruin of companionship. When we have reached that point of civilization from which there can be no satisfaction unless our neighbors as well as ourselves enjoy a complete life, women as well as men, we may come within reach of a world which belongs neither to one sex nor the other, but to both.

THE DOG WHO WALKED WITH COURAGE

(Continued from page 61)

weapon he had, for his heavy pistol was in its holster in camp.

Behind the Boss circled Fannie. Stark fear raced through her heart, but she would not desert the flock nor the Boss.

The bear shambled forward, mouth open, eyes blazing. Kelly threw the rock with all his might. It missed. The renegade bear gathered himself for a rush.

From one side, crying out his fiercest challenge, true as the projectile from some great-bored rifle, flew the Duke. All the Boss sensed was the flash of the small gray-white body before the dog collided with the bear.

The bear staggered a little at the impact. The mad drive of the Duke's attack could not be stopped without some effect.

With a roar the bear slapped at this tiny ball of furry lightning. But the Duke was not in the path of the deadly swipe. He was around behind, nipping, slashing with his teeth. The bear turned, slapped again. The tips of his flesh-ripping claws touched the Duke. The little dog let out a yelp.

And then the Duke leaped, snarling with battle madness, as the bear charged him. Kelly was caught by indecision. Escape was beckoning him. Big Jim was still too far to shoot with accuracy at the bear. But the sight of the Duke circling, dashing, diving, slashing, yelling murder with all the strength of his little throat, made Kelly grit his teeth and reach for another rock.

Abruptly the bear changed tactics. He came with a roar down the slope. With fear surging in his heart, with recollections of the terrific mauling that had been the fate of men attacked by bears, the Boss braced himself. To run now would invite certain attack; to put up a tremendous bluff might stop the bear just long enough for Jim to get where he could shoot.

Below, Big Jim climbed desperately, with whistling gasps.

MILLING sheep, the bear not twenty feet away and coming swiftly, Fannie, wild with fear yet driven to dive at the enemy—all whirled around Kelly. The flying leap of the Duke slapped through the turmoil. With a lightning gesture the bear scooped up the little dog, gathered him close.

Impulsively the Boss stooped, picked up a stick, a puny weapon. He leaped, slashed at the bear, hit his nose. The Duke fell away from that death-grip. With a snarl the killer whirled on Kelly, but the Duke, free again, drove his teeth into the tender flank of the bear. Again the bear caught up the dog; and Kelly slammed in to crack the stick over the nose of the snarling bear.

Seconds seemed hours. Fannie's yelping mingled with the snarling and growling of the harassed, murder-filled bear. Above all sounded the wild voice of the Duke as he charged, battle-hungry, blind to everything but the idea that he would whip this three-hundred-pound bear.

And then Kelly saw the bear coming in a final desperate rush.

With equal ferocity the Duke sprang to the attack.

"Drop!" yelled Big Jim.

Kelly flattened himself on the ground.

The crashing, rolling reverberation of a heavy rifle blotted out other sounds. The bear staggered, swayed. The Duke flew at him with little jaws gaping, throat vibrating with battle-cry.

Again the rifle spoke.

With a jerky swish the bear cuffed the Duke. Kelly groaned as he saw the little fellow go tumbling and kicking down the slope.

Then John Kelly, white-faced, tight-lipped, scrambled away from the menacing death the courage of the dog had blocked.

Big Jim yelled. The Boss suddenly heard himself cursing fervently.

For the Duke, staggering, weaving, dizzy and half blind from that last blow, came like a little red-stained streak up the hill toward the kicking bear.

Until he was battered to unconsciousness the Duke would fight!

When the men reached him, he was trickling blood from a score of wounds. His ear was ragged. One eye was almost blind from blood and swelling. There were scratches all over his little body.

With teeth locked, his breath almost stopped by the tangle of furry hide he had in his mouth, the Duke was shaking the loose flank of the bear, growling, snarling, biting, trying with all the last strength of his little wiry body to throw the weight of the dead bear, to shake the last spark of life out of the killer.

The Duke knew he had won! The fact that a rifle-bullet or two figured in the matter was a minor item.

WARWICK DEEPING

The distinguished author of "Sorrell and Son," and of "Father and Son" in these pages, will contribute an article of exceptional significance to an early issue under the title:

"HAPPINESS FROM MACHINES"

A stick between his little jaws pried the Duke loose; even then, despite Big Jim's commands and slow drawling assurance that the fight was over, the Duke insisted on diving in to dare the bear to come back to life.

THE bear was relieved of his black coat; the Duke had been given first aid; mid-forenoon had passed; but the Boss had not commented on his order of the night before which would banish the Duke from the camp. And Big Jim waited for some sign.

The sound of horse-hoofs on the trail made them both look up sharply. A man in army clothes was following the Biological Survey hunter into camp.

Wriggling from Big Jim's grasp, the Duke plunged after the newcomer.

"Here, you rascal," yelled Big Jim, expecting the little dog to snap and snarl.

But when he reached the army man, he yapped joyfully, and the officer smiled.

"Guess you found yore dog, Major," said the Survey man. Then the hunter turned to the two sheep-men. "This is Major Keene, from Denver. This pup ran away from his camp when they were on an auto trip, and when some one passed the word to him that this dog was up here, he made the trip to find out."

"Great guns!" exclaimed the Major as he stooped to run a friendly hand over the Duke. "What's chewed this fellow up so?"

It took fifteen minutes for Big Jim and the Boss, cutting in on each other, to describe the battle with the blood-mad bear. A moment of silence followed.

"I'll give you a hundred bucks for that dog," said the Boss suddenly, a slight tremor in his voice.

"Not for sale," replied the Major, smiling.

The Boss felt bitter disappointment for a moment. The army man looked quizzically at weather-beaten John Kelly and then at the Duke as he walked gravely to Kelly and stuck his nose into the hardened palm of the man he acknowledged as his commander.

"But," said the army man slowly, "I've got a queer sort of attitude toward my dogs. There's a whole kennel full of this fellow's relations. This one always did raise Cain, run away, get in fights; and some way I felt all the time he wasn't quite sure he wanted me for his master. Always seemed to be hunting for some one. I've never felt that these dogs were my property. I want them mine because they want to be my dogs, not because I paid money for them." He stopped for a moment and looked at the Duke as the dog tried to reach up to lick Kelly's chin.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Keene suddenly. "I'll start down the trail. I'll call him. If he don't come, then you take care of him, and maybe I'll come back some time and visit him."

Keene swung easily to the saddle. His horse broke into a trot. The Duke looked after the horseman and whined.

"Here, boy," called the Major. "Come on!"

With a leap the Duke started along the trail. Kelly felt his throat grip suddenly. Big Jim's eyes were misty. Fannie whined.

The Duke stopped.

"Come on, boy," called the Major.

But the Duke stood, never budged. The Major did not look back after that. He rounded the place where the trail goes out of sight behind the willows.

Not one of the three men at the camp spoke. Long seconds dragged.

Slowly, with dignity, without hesitancy, but with head hanging, the Duke came stubbing back along the trail. He walked directly to John Kelly, lifted his brown eyes, looked in the brimming eyes of the man, whined, and then suddenly he nuzzled the Boss and said, *"Whr-uuffff"*

Big Jim turned away to look at the flock; for some reason he didn't want to watch what happened next. But he knew that the Duke was now one of the Outfit.

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SOFT JOB

(Continued from page 57)

You aint earning a cent; you're inclined to graft quite a little. But you know I'm fond of you. Now I want to help you, and I can. I got influence with Methode Parfait, and I aint abused it. If you like, I'll go straight to her, and I'll say, 'Methode, I got a girl-friend that needs a job, and I believe where I can train her to be a first-class operator here!' And if I do that, Ina, I can get you started here at fifteen a week!"

"Yes, but what's fifteen a week?" says Ina. "I know it's awful sweet of you, Goldie, and I acknowledge I'm just a bum, but after all, I doubt I'd be suited to the work."

"You'd better get suited to any work you can find," I says grimly. "It isn't often I undertake to train a dumb-bell of my own free will. And I mean *train!* You'd have to commence here by taking the ladies' wraps and hats, cleaning up the dressing-tables, filling the cream-jars, helping the laboratory man, and you'd be on your feet from nine to six with an hour off for lunch. Then we'd start you in on the treatments, to learn which you'd be staying after hours, practicing on the other operators' faces. You'd give them the muscle-strapping massage, the plain massage, and finally the mud-packs. And in addition you'd learn the etiquette of the business, principally from our distinguished parlor-manager, Mr. Jerry de Lange, here!"

You see, dear, Jerry had strolled in by then, having no old dame to feed him this particular evening, and he was holding up the pink brocaded wall while watching my skilled performance with a critical eye, and listening in generally.

Ina waited patiently until I got through, meanwhile exchanging glances with Jerry. There seemed to be something in common between them—quite common, in fact. But when I was finished, she shook her head.

"No," she says, "I couldn't do it, thanks, Goldie. Mother would never get over it if I took a job like that. I have to think of my social position, and until I get that job drinking champagne on a yacht, in fine raiment—" She broke off there, on account Jerry was looking at her, his mouth slightly open as if he was struggling with an idea.

"A job like that!" he says. "Why, Ina, I know one!" *Can yerimagine?*

"LOOK here, I'm not fooling," he went on quick. "It's with old Mrs. Gober! She's lousy with money and lonesome as the devil. She's so awful she can't get a soul to chum with her, especially women, and she's dying for a real girl friend. Why, only last night she was telling me where she'd give anything for a real lady to play around with. The old girl claimed she'd pay two hundred a week, buy the girl's clothes, give her a car and take her to Europe on her yacht if she could only find the right one."

"Dream on!" says Ina.

"I aint dreaming! I'm telling you the cold facts!" says Jerry indignantly. "The old lady was in a slush mood, but she meant it, all right. Claimed her big flat was too lonesome, and that none of the Park Avenue neighbors dropped in except to complain of her dogs. Why, it would be ideal for you, Ina. The only trouble is, she wants a real lady. I wonder would you do?"

"I'd be high-hat as the devil to land a job like that!" says Ina excitedly.

"You look real aristocratic," says Jerry, cocking his head to one side critically. "The only trouble is, she might find out you wasn't the real thing. It's not so hard to trace down Americans. Why not stick on a 'Lady' before your name, and be English? She'd never get wise in a thousand years, not with the bum crowd she knows!"

"Jerry!" says Ina, breathless. "Do you really think it would be safe to take a chance like that? Say, if you land me with her, I'll do whatever you like, in return!"

"Just stay out of the Methode Parfait; that's all I ask!" says Jerry. "If I had to break you in on a serious job, I'd faint!"

"All right, I'm game!" says Ina. "Two hundred a week, my clothes—car—a trip to Europe—I'd be a fool to refuse!"

"You'll be a fool if you don't!" I says, as them two nuts shook hands. But they didn't seem to hear me. . . . . Excuse me, please, dear. What's it now, Miss Ella? Lady wants to know if we can reduce the size of her feet? Whatter she think this is, a shoe-store? Tell her to apply to the Chinese laundry-man!

Now, dear, let's see, where was I? Oh, yes, about that soft job of Ina's. Two things struck me right off about it, and the first was, why would anyone pay so high, even for a titled companion? At the price, there had to be a bad hook some place. The second was that title business. The only titles I am crazy about are titles to sound U. S. real-estate, and that phony ladyship stuff was bound to run the girl into trouble sooner or later. But there wasn't any use in me talking about it to her, as far as I could see.

BY the following evening Ina had it all fixed up with Mrs. Gober, but when Mickey come to call on her that same night, I noticed particular, that she didn't tell him all about it. I couldn't help noticing on account I had gone to bed in the bedroom before Mickey come, and while the portières between that and the sitting-room answers all purposes of modesty, they aint exactly soundproof.

When Mickey first arrived, there was the usual mush that always went on between them two. And then Mickey got sensible.

"Lookit here, dear!" he says earnestly. "The boss has just given me the most important job of my life. You know the big development that's going on down at Rosemere, Long Island? Well, what we need badly is land for golf-links, but there is absolutely nothing to be had. The only two places that would even do for the purpose are the Gober estate, which is not for sale, and the Ardsley home. Now, J. C. knows the Ardsley estate is in the market, but he can't get them to deal with our firm on account of an old difficulty. So J. C. has put it up to me. Ardsley lives in California now, and the firm is sending me out to see what I can do. If I can put the deal through, I'm a made man. It'll mean a raise big enough to marry on. I may be gone six weeks, or even two months, but I'll come back with a sales-agreement in my pocket or know why."

"Oh, Mickey, how heavenly!" says Ina. "Dearest, you are so noble to work so hard, and I'm so proud of you!" Then she kind of hesitated. "Why don't you try for the Gober place, instead?" she says finally.

"It can't be had!" says he. "That awful old woman has so much money she wont sell. Her place is much the most desirable, because her house is awful well suited for a country-club, but it's out of the question. And I'm just as glad not to have to mix around with her. The way she makes a spectacle of herself on Broadway is nobody's business!"

"Why, I—I thought she was quite a kind old lady!" Ina stammered. She was up against a snag, see, dear, and didn't quite know how to get out.

"Where on earth did you ever meet her?" Mickey wanted to know in a funny kind of voice.

"Why—er—a friend took me to her apartment to call, this afternoon," says Ina. "It's a beautiful place!"

"Beautiful or not, you stay out of it!" roared Mickey, alarmed. "She's no fit company for you, Ina. You lay right off that female. Whoever took you to her house ought to be shot!"

"Why, Mickey!" says she. But that was all. Then come a little silence, before Mickey started in to do what no man should try with the woman's he's stuck on. He set out to try and change her. I have often noticed where men do that, haven't you, dear? They crash for a dame with all her faults, and then they commence to try and make her over, never realizing that if they suceed, she will be somebody quite different. Well, anyways, Mickey started the big reform movement.

"And while I'm on it, I want to say a little more," he says. "Ina, you know I love you better than anything in this world, and yet you do some things I can't endure. For instance, take this business of eating on your men-friends. Listen, dear, I know it's innocent, just a dinner, and all that, but don't you think I know that every night I can't take you, you are eating with some poor goof, just to avoid paying for the meal yourself? It hurts my pride in you! And Goldie here—she's been awful good to you, and yet you go on grafting—yes, grafting on her instead of going to work and paying your way."

"Mickey!"

"Yes, it's old Mickey talking," says he, "but for your own good, baby, and because he adores you, and nobody else cares enough about you to say a word. Dear, can't you see how much better it is to be beholden to nobody? Can't you see the satisfaction, the—the bigness of it? Honey, I'm trying like the devil to get fixed so's we can get married and you wont have to worry. But in the meantime, can't you get a job—any job that will keep your self-respect, until I can give you a home?"

THERE was a awful silence then, just as I expected, and I waited with my breath held, for what she was going to say. I felt like a fan on the side-lines, watching a game, and I wanted to yell out, "Go to it, Ina; come clean, win out! Be yourself!" But naturally I done no such thing.

"I—I have a job," says Ina coldly, at length. "I got it today."

"No!" he says, delighted. "Tell me, dear!"

"I don't care to discuss the matter," says Ina, "after what you have just said. Since you were in such a hurry to judge me, you can take your time thinking it over."

Naturally that got Mickey wild. He started apologizing and coaxing, but it done him absolutely no good at all. Ina didn't tell him one word more, even after he said he was leaving next day for the West. Mickey made one last stab at authority before he said good night.

"Well," he says, "whatever you do, dear, keep away from that Gober woman. Remember now! Good-by, dear, and good luck!"

So she sent him off worrying. Kind of clever, at that, don't you think, dear? But I give her hell's bells when she come in through the portières after he had gone.

"So you'd risk the love of a fine boy like that for the sake of going to that Gober woman!" I says. "I guess you think more of a trip to Europe than you do of your love!" To my surprise she burst into tears.

"Oh, I'm a worthless bum, that's all!" she says. "But think of the chance—two hundred a week, no work—just a good time! And I can't live off of you any more, Goldie!"

See, dear? She was putting the doing of what she wanted onto me, now! *Can yerimagine?* It give me a sick sort of feeling. Did you ever have that kind of a sensation, dear? I mean when somebody you are fond

of goes back on themself? It's worse than when they go back on you, if you know what I mean. Then, quite to the other hand, I was glad to be getting her out of my home. But say, dear, the very day she moved, I realized that now that she didn't live there, she would always be as welcome as mothballs in August. Inside a week she was back, calling on me, showing off her beautiful new dress, and the bracelets of diamonds the old girl had loaned her to go with it. But the car was waiting for her down below, and she couldn't stay long.

"We've been out every night this week to a show and some night-club," says Ina. "And I've had a new dress each time. Why, Goldie, I been some places I didn't know existed! The colored cabarets, and a gambling-club! My sainted stars! Mrs. Gober thinks nothing of losing five or six thousand a night. She gave me a hundred once, to play, but I wouldn't until she forced me to. Mother never liked gambling, but Mrs. Gober—Nellie, I mean, though I can't somehow remember to call her that—well, anyhow, Nellie said she expected me to be a good sport, and that she wouldn't stand for anything else. So I played it, and lost, of course."

"What kind of folks does she know?" I says, feeling cold. "Do you like them?"

"Well, they are very gay," says Ina. "A good many theatrical men and their girl-friends. They have a good time, but I—well, I suppose they are all right. Better than the Gainses and the Browns, anyhow. Those two couples are around all the time, and I don't believe they have a cent except what they bum off Mrs.—off Nellie! They smoke her cigarettes, drink her liquor, eat her meals—I'd be ashamed! But she seems to like them, and I guess we'd be pretty lonesome if they didn't come around, at that!"

"*Hmm!*" I says. "How about your own friends?"

"Well, I haven't seen them much," says Ina, "although she is always after me to invite them. Jerry, he acts as escort pretty near every night, though. She gives him money to pay the checks with. Well, I must run now, or she'll be sore. We are taking the Gainses and the Browns to dinner at the Astor, and Jerry's coming, and a Mr. Rubens from Chicago, an old friend of Nellie's. I guess we're going to the theater too, if the gang is sober enough by that time!"

INA laughed a little nervously as she gathered up her beautiful new wrap, and says good-by, please come and see me soon. And then she left me to think quite a lot. Ina didn't drink, so she was safe enough, that way. Still, things didn't look so good to me, and when I kept my word and went to see her, they didn't look any better.

That handsome flat on Park was furnished like the windows of a department store, and it was somehow dreary, no end, for all it was so expensive. There wasn't no home-touch to it, if you know what I mean, dear. It was just a shell of a place that was used for smoking and drinking and running the electric piano. Not a book or a magazine or a flower—*can yerimagine?* The colored maid who let me in was sloppy and kinda vague. But she says yes, Lady Ina was in, and she would call her.

I had come in my noon hour, and being hungry, I hoped Ina would hurry, and she did. She come bounding down in a lace-trimmed set of lounging pajamas that would knock your eye out, and when she kissed me as if I was the only living friend she had, I thought well, now's my chance to have a straight, intimate talk with her and see what I can do. But not a chance! Right on her heels bounced Mrs. Gober, all welcomes and taking the visit directly to herself. Nothing would do but I should see every inch of the apartment and be told exactly what it had cost per inch. And then the Gainses and the Browns arrived.

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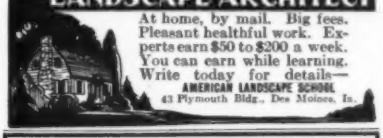

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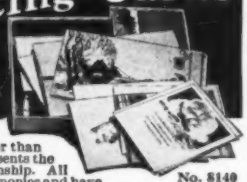

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DANDRUFF

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Undersized, underbrained young rats, that's what they was, the wives too much made up, and the boys pasty and slick. They didn't care for me, I could tell that right off, and I didn't stay long—not that they seemed likely to miss me. Ina saw me to the door.

"Oh, do come soon again, Goldie!" Ina begged. "I hardly get a moment to myself, day or night. It's pretty nearly impossible for me to get away on my own. She always wants to come with me—she's scared to be alone at all! And it's always like this—either this gang or others just like them!"

Well, I went on back to work, feeling that Ina was certainly earning her money, whether she knew it or not! But I didn't know the half of it. . . . . Excuse me, dear. What, Miss Ella? No, tell the client it don't matter a bit whether she uses that hair dye before or after meals!

IT was about four weeks after I called at the apartment, when Ina come to see me one evening. There was dark circles under her eyes, and she was a lot quieter, but funnily enough, it was a distinct improvement.

"Well, Ina!" I says. "How's the soft job of being paid to drink champagne on a yacht in fine raiment?"

"Don't!" she says, flopping in a chair. "The job's all right, I guess. Anyhow, I've got it to do!"

"How come you're let out alone this evening?" I wanted to know.

"Nellie don't feel so good," says Ina. Then in a sudden burst: "She was on too big a party last night. She's sleeping, and I sneaked out. Goldie, she—she drinks! It's just terrible. I have to drag her home, sometimes after the most awful scenes in restaurants. It's ghastly! It's never-ending. Parties, parties, all the time, and such ones! Such people! She picks them up anywhere!"

"Why don't you quit?"—from me. Ina thought a moment.

"Goldie, you might not think it possible, but I like her," says she at last. "Under all that hard surface there is something good, something that would make a woman of her if it could only be brought out. But how? What can I do? I've thought and thought, but I'm up against it! She gambles away thousands; she makes a fool of herself and everybody knows it. Yet she can be kind, too kind, in fact."

"People have to change themselves," I says harshly. "Nobody can do it for them. If she's worth saving—" I broke off. I didn't know what to say. Ina got up to go.

"I'd better go back—she may wake up," she said wearily. "But I don't want to quit. Haven't got the courage to! Well, cheerio, old dear, I'm just a bum, I guess! And by the way, the yacht is here. She's giving a feast on it next Monday night, and I had to promise to get you there. Do come, Goldie, to help me out. She's complaining about my not bringing enough people to the house!"

Naturally, dear, I couldn't very well refuse. Besides, Jerry was going, and while I don't generally believe in a woman my age playing around with boys like that, I thought it all right this once, to ask him to escort me.

DO you know, dear, the trouble with any soft job, is that sooner or later it gets so soft it oozes right out through your fingers. And this one had already softened up to a point where Ina was carrying it in a sling, and I guess I was witness to the final melting. Well, as I was telling—

I'd always thought I would enjoy yachting if they could figure out some way to do it on land, and dining on the *Empress* was pretty near that, on account she was tied up to a dock good and tight. Honest, it was more like going aboard a nice private villa than a boat, and when me and Jerry joined the party with a merry "Ship ahoy!" it was already going full swing, although thank goodness nothing else was swinging except the cocktail shaker. The Gainses was there and the Browns, and three or four old-time looking traveling men, at least they looked like they had traveled considerable. Mrs. Gober was all decked out in a sort of sweet girl graduation dress, and her ravaged face above it looked like it had been stuck on the wrong body by mistake. She was being real cordial to everyone, taking them all over the boat and telling what it cost and about the expensive things she and Ina was going to do on it this summer, and how it wouldn't cost Ina a cent, for she, Mrs. Gober, was paying for it all.

Things went on pleasantly like that all through dinner, and then the party commenced to get rough. Believe me, the outside part of that boat wasn't the only part that was wet, and the damper the rougher, if you get me, dear. By eleven o'clock the raft was a riot, and I commenced to try and remember just where I had left my hat and gloves, in case of a emergency exit being advisable. You see, dear, the Gainses had asked in a few of their Forty-second Street gang, who Mrs. Gober didn't know, and the Browns had invited a few Harlem bums that was their particular pals but all new to the old lady, so there was quite a few of us strangers. But Mrs. Gober didn't care. Taking things as they was, I commenced to feel that nobody would miss me if I was to go home and get my rest, so I went below, as they call the downstairs on a boat, with this in my mind.

THE main saloon was pretty well jammed with the Gainses and the Browns, and Jerry and the hawks they had brought with them, all drinking and smoking, and messing up the atmosphere generally with what they called funny stories and wise-cracks. I shoved my way through them to the owner's boat-boudoir and grabbed my stuff, and as I was beating it back, who would I see, standing quietly at the far end of the room, half-hidden by a portière, only Ina. She was all by her lone, and looked pale and tired.

"Hey, Ina!" I says. "What's the matter?"

"Oh, I don't know," she says in a tone which meant she did. "Kind of tired and fed up, I guess. Are you going home?" I nodded. "I don't blame you," she says. "I'll see you off, bless your old heart of gold!"

I couldn't say nothing to that, for all I felt so sorry for her, as we started for the door that led into the saloon. When we got there, Ina stopped me with a gesture that meant for me to hush. The crowd inside was panning Mrs. Gober.

"Aint she a sight in that baby-dress?" Mrs. Gains was sniggering. "The old fool! Say, I swiped her best perfume yesterday, and the poor sap was so tight she never noticed!"

"Ha-ha!" says Mr. Brown. "All you got to do with the old girl is feed her a few drinks and you can get anything out of her! Holy mackerel! Did you see her do the Black Bottom last night?"

"Wasn't it a *scream?*" chimed in Mrs. Gains. "Like a regular young hippo!"

"Isn't this the graft, though?" put in Jerry. "She's a funny old nut, but her liquor is good—hey, by the way, let's have another round!"

In a flash Ina had stepped into the room, and stopped the seagoing butler that was about to fill the glasses.

"Stop that!" she says in a loud voice. "You don't go on with this party until you hear a few words from me! I heard all you said about Mrs. Gober, and you ought to be ashamed! Here you sit, not only sponging on her, you cheap grafters, but boasting about it as if it was something clever! Why, there isn't one among you that could earn the price of one of her meals if you had to! Yet you eat at her expense, use her house like a hotel, and knife her in the back for the sake of a coarse laugh or two. You ought to be horsewhipped, the lot of you!"

She stood there trembling with anger, in the midst of an awful silence. The crowd was gaping at her with their mouths open, and on Jerry's face was the blankest astonishment a person could imagine. His lips was forming to say something when Ina turned on him like a whiplash.

"Yes, I mean you, too!" she snapped at him. "You're the worst of the lot! You pretend to be her friend, heaven knows—you even make love to her! And the minute her back is turned you snigger about her with the rest of these members of the Café Society! All you care about is her money and figuring how you can get things out of her, without giving anything in return!"

An ugly expression come over Jerry's face.

"Is that so, 'Lady' Ina?" he sneered. "I suppose *you* live off Mrs. Gober just for the love of the darling old lady, eh? You'd be just as stuck on her if she hadn't a penny to pay for parading you and your phony title around, I suppose? Ha-ha! Yes, I said phony title, and you heard me—so did the rest!"

The expressions on that mob of alley cats had underwent a considerable change as they heard these few remarks, and as Jerry finished, they commenced to laugh.

"So that's just a stage-name, eh?" says Mr. Brown. "Ha-ha! Well, that's a knock-out! Wonder what our charming hostess will say when we break that bit of news to her?"

"I'll tell her myself!" says Ina, terrible quiet. "But whatever I have done, don't make your behavior any better. I guess what Mrs. Gober's paid me entitles her to a little care from me, and I mean to give it to her from now on! Come, Goldie, let's get you out of this sink!"

WELL, the word *sink*, and me on a boat, sort of brought me to life, and I let Ina lead me away, and put me into the hands of a taxi-driver.

"Now don't worry about me, dear," she says as she kissed me good-night. "Sorry there was that fuss, but it was coming, and nothing could have stopped it tonight. You go on home and forget it, and I'll be around to see you soon—very soon!"

And before I could protest, or anything, she had shut the cab door and run back up the gangplank in her gorgeous, glittering dress—aboard the yacht, in fine raiment. Somehow I felt that all of a sudden Ina had become the competent member of the party, and next day I knew I was right.

I was sitting at my desk, dear, when about eleven o'clock who would walk in only Ina Eames herself, in a plain little suit, minus the borrowed diamond bracelets. She didn't waste any breath coming to her point.

"Goldie!" she says. "Can I still have that job here?"

"Why, yes," I says. "But will you like it after the soft job you been working at?"

"Soft job!" says Ina with a short laugh. "Why, it was so hard that I had to quit. To clean out that mob she goes with, and get her to leading a sane life—well, it would take more than my influence to do it, Goldie! My one idea is to pay back Mrs. Gober every cent she has spent on me and cleanse myself of the feeling that I am no better than the rest of the rabble who have been working her. I tried to make that clear when I quit this morning, but I didn't have much luck. Of course I told her about the title, but she said that didn't matter, she liked me anyway, and begged me to stay. But I refused, because I couldn't do anything for her. It wouldn't have been square, either to her or to me! And I hope you make me scrub floors! When can I start in here?"

"Tomorrow!" I says. "And in the meantime, come up to my place to supper tonight. You had a wire from Mickey. I read it, and he'll be there this evening. He'll need cheering up, because he didn't put his deal over."

"No!" says Ina. "What a shame! And oh, heck, wouldn't this come just too late! She wont sell, you know, but a week ago, I might of had some influence!"

"Well, maybe a miracle will happen," I says. "At any rate he aint going to catch you living with her, which is more luck than you deserve!"

MICKEY come that night, then, and what them two said I don't know; I was decent enough not to overhear on account I went out to the pictures and left them the flat. But next day Ina come to work bright and early. And early as she was, Jerry was there before her, it being his first appearance in the office since the party on the yacht. He had phoned in to say he had a bad toothache, and I let it go at that. However, being kind of scared that Methode Parfait herself might give him a call, he was the first one on the job this day, but sulky. He just set there in the reception-room reading the morning paper and paying no attention to nobody, not even taking the trouble to nod at Ina when she arrived, although he must of been surprised when he seen her. I got her all set about what to do before the first client arrived, and of all people, who would it be Ina's luck to wait on, first crack, but Mrs. Gober!

Yes, dear, I was in the booth when it happened, and I wished you could of seen the old girl's face when she spotted Ina in the cap and apron!

"Why, lookit, if it aint Lady Ina!" she says. "What you doing here? Think this is a better job than with me?" Then she turned on me. "Aint she the bad girl, leaving me flat like that? But she's square, Miss Goldie, she's square! I don't blame her, though, for it seems she left me just in time!"

"How's that?" I really wanted to know, on account Mrs. Gober seemed awful sober and subdued.

"Well," she says, "I guess the last of my friends is gone now; they wont graft off me no more. At the apartment, oh, you should have seen them! They left like rats on a going-down ship, that's what they done, Jerry and all. When my lawyer come in with the news, I mean!" She looked at us for sympathy.

"What news, Mrs. Gober?" says Ina.

"My money!" says she. "All gone—the stocks fell out the market and he claimed I gambled too much as well. Now I got to sell the yacht, and my place on Long Island, that is, if anybody will buy—" But Ina wouldn't let her finish; she burst in, all excitement.

"Oh, you can sell it, all right!" she says, excited. "I know just where, at once! Oh, Mrs. Gober, don't say you aint got one friend that tried to pay you back!"

Well, dear, I went on over to my desk after that, because I seen where Ina didn't really need me any more. And I hadn't hardly set down before Jerry left his newspaper, and come over to lean one violet elbow on my shoulder.

"Say!" he says, smiling down into my face. "Say! Has the golden doll-baby got any date for tonight? No? Then why not a little dinner with the poppa?"

It was the first time he had ever asked me out, and he done it just too cute! That boy sure has a way with him when he wants.

"Go on, Jerry, you don't mean it!" I says, and he took hold of the tip of my ear.

"Sure I mean it!" he says. "I'll be around to your dump for you at seven sharp. And you wear your little pink number, just to please the sugar-daddy!"

Well, after that, what could I do only smile and say yes? But when he had left, I got curious over what had he been reading in the paper that was so interesting, so I went over and picked it up. And of all things, there was my letter about Dotty de Lux, and it had won the prize—the Climber six-cylinder car! *Can yerimagine?*

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THE RANK AND FILE

(Continued from page 35)

included awards for damages not yet made by the courts, and appropriations not needed until the following year, in their anxiety not to give credit to the opposition party for twice reducing the State income tax.

After assembling all the necessary facts, on a Saturday night in March I spoke to the people of the State over the radio. At the close of my talk I suggested that people desirous of securing a reduction in their income tax address a communication to their senator and their assemblyman. In their spare hours on Sunday they followed my advice to such an extent that wagonloads of mail were delivered all day Monday to both the senate and the assembly, and the pressure of public opinion, intelligently exerted by the rank and file of the people, brought the majority of the legislature into line, and tax reduction for a second time was an accomplished fact.

TAKE, for example, the fight for a reform in the State's fiscal system, familiarly known as the executive budget. It took eight solid years to effect that reform. In all of that period there is no doubt in my mind that the overwhelming and overpowering sentiment of the people of this State was in favor of it. It was presented in the form of a constitutional amendment and had very generous approval at the polls when submitted for ratification, but there is no evidence that I could ever find that anybody attempted to exert any pressure or influence upon their immediate representatives who stood in the way of this reform for so many years. It is true that certain organized bodies favored the project, but there was no general movement on the part of the rank and file to influence the individual legislators to give it their approval. I went all over the State making speeches about it, urging the public and the press to support it.

Throughout every civil division of the State, the rank and file constantly appeal to the government for additional public improvements and at the same time cry out for tax-reduction. It is a noteworthy fact that no proposal to bond the State for a public improvement was ever rejected by the people. In 1911 the people authorized twenty-two million dollars for canal terminals, although the canal itself was not finished. I was invited to a dinner of the State Agricultural Societies in January of 1926. At the close of my remarks at the dinner I invited their representatives to call on me at the Executive Chamber and to lay before me any program that they might have, designed to benefit the pursuit of agriculture in the State of New York. I promised them my hearty coöperation. Two days later a committee waited upon me and asked for an appropriation of one million two hundred thousand dollars for a Plant Industries building at Cornell University, although the principal topic of discussion at the dinner had been tax-reduction.

People who are interested in social reform frequently fail to see its relation to the budget of the State and in turn to their tax bills. No one would be more willing than I to put across every conceivable kind of social activity in which a State could legitimately indulge, but there has to be a sense of proportion. It is easy to suggest new activities for the State—but not so easy to pay for them and to balance the budget without added taxation. To be sure, a State income tax always carries with it the temptation to spend money. It is so easy to add to a tax and get more money. Fortunately there is a wholesome tendency in recent years to save money wisely and then to return it directly to the people by reductions in the income tax or reductions of taxes on real property. It is at least as educational to give people a direct experience in their own lives of what the government is actually costing, by letting them reap the fruits of economy, as it is to increase the tax and have them feel it that way.

As a matter of fact, in a democracy, the salaries of public officials are so inadequate as to make it difficult to attract the right type of men for public service. I have only the highest admiration for the civil servants of the State who faithfully year in and year out carry on the burden of its work, with little or no public appreciation for what they do. On the other hand, while taxes provide no luxuries for public servants, they do pay for the care of the sick and the crippled and the unfortunate. They pay for public health, which the late Dr. Herman Biggs always said was "purchasable." They enforce the labor laws; they operate our courts; they guard our lives and property and educate our children.

The two hundred and fifty million dollars which it costs to operate the State of New York every year comes out of the pockets of the people themselves, whether they own real property or not. State taxation is spread over everybody. People apparently go on paying, never looking to the agent or the representative whom they are paying to speak in their behalf, and rely solely and entirely upon the campaign statements and political documents that are put out in the heat of a campaign. These are usually so filled with misleading and sometimes ridiculous statements that no individual of ordinary intelligence is willing to take the responsibility for them. They have to be presented under the name of some sort of committee.

The real way to effect a saving in government is to cut down the overhead cost of operation. That has been done in New York State by the consolidation of the scattered agencies of government into nineteen departments, doing away with overlapping of duties and duplication of effort. Every suggestion that county, town, village and city government be subjected to the same process has been rejected.

In the first place we have too many counties. I am reasonably certain from observation that this is true of other States besides New York. When the counties in New York were set up one hundred and fifty years ago or more, there was no ready means of communication. There were no good roads, and a county seat was necessarily close to the center of population in every county in order that county government might function; but that is not true today.

Schuyler County in the central part of the State has only seventeen thousand people, and the county seat of Schuyler County is only twenty miles from the county seat of Chemung County. Twenty miles is a half-hour's ride in an automobile. It is a greater distance from Far Rockaway to the City Hall in New York City than it is between the county seat of Chemung and that of Schuyler County. Obviously the thing to do is to consolidate these counties. As it is now, each one must have a county seat. Each must have a county judge. Each must have a county clerk with all the secretaries, office space and overhead expenses that go with carrying on these various public offices. They must maintain two jails, two poorhouses and two of every other office that goes to operate the county government.

IF the county government of the State of New York was being laid out in the year 1929 could anybody give any good reason for setting it up with sixty-three counties?

Only two counties have been added to the State since 1859.

In New York City we have five counties. No reasonable explanation can be made by anybody for having five counties in one city. It is only answered by the statement, which is true, that one of these counties was set up by popular vote of the people. If the rank and file of the people make no move to correct this, show no interest in the attempts on the part of the Governor to bring it about, then they should cease to complain about the cost of their local government.

If there is so much sentiment attached to a county because it is named after a General in the Revolutionary War, then the taxpayer must pay for the satisfaction that he gets out of cherishing that sentiment.

Town government is even worse. We still follow the custom of a hundred years ago—electing town clerks, town superintendents of highways, and most ridiculous of all, to my mind, we elect the town constables. All this operation costs money, and the records of the comptroller's office indicate that a large part of the waste and mismanagement of public funds occurs in the small towns and counties. Only recently the report of the State Charities Aid Association very bitterly criticized the management of the poorhouse in a county where only twelve thousand five hundred people reside. The smaller, sparsely populated counties cannot afford the expense of first-class institutions. If such counties were combined, they could.

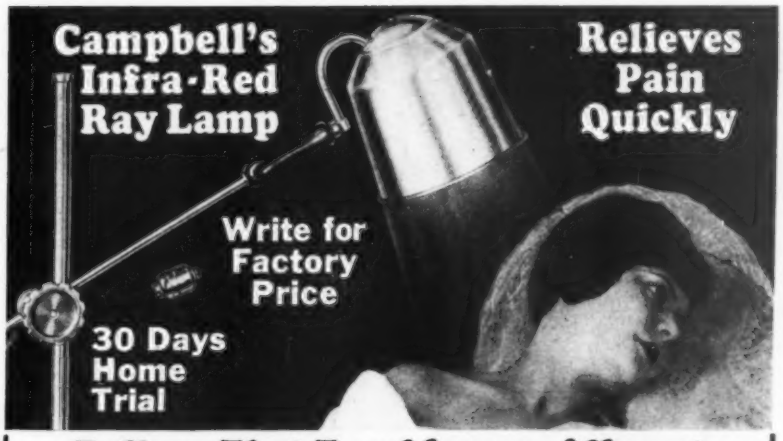
All of the towns, counties and villages are compelled to come to Albany and secure legislative sanction for practically everything they do outside of the definite grant of power in the village charter or in the town law. The villages are growing. When one of them needs two additional policemen it requires an act of the Legislature. When they want to bond themselves for a new sewer they have to get an enabling act through Albany. Every new activity, every minor increase in salary to town and village officials must receive the sanction of the Legislature by law.

Years ago it was estimated that it cost the people of the State of New York eight hundred dollars for every bill that became law. That included the cost of operation in the executive department as well as overhead in the Legislature. Still, year after year, not dozens but hundreds of laws are passed on minor, trifling, unimportant matters that should be left to the localities to determine for themselves. Apparently the rank and file of the people take little interest in this phase of economy in government management.

ONE of the fundamental weaknesses of our whole government structure is that we do too much by law. It may have been all right fifty or seventy-five years ago, but with the present condition of the State's business expending, as it does, two hundred and fifty million dollars a year in the operation of the State, public officials are terribly hampered by being compelled to carry on an administration "pursuant to law."

Many a competent administrator at the head of a state department has felt this difficulty. A health commissioner who sees a condition that could be remedied by regulation or by flexibility in the staff which he has under him; a commissioner of public works who sees a necessary change in the administration of the bureaus under him, or the need for some minor regulation; or a conservation commissioner who sees an advantageous purchase of park lands or forest preserve possible if he can take immediate action for the expenditure of perhaps a few thousand dollars; all these have felt the pressure of having to wait for legislative enactment and the creation of the necessary agitation and local feeling before they can get action.

Somehow or other the people themselves



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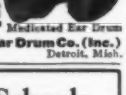

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are desirous of having many laws. They seem to think that every public question is settled when you pass a law about it. In one year in the United States, 49,141 laws were proposed, and 16,298 were enacted. When contemplated from a twenty-year standpoint, the figures are startling. In that period 954,625 laws were proposed and 233,563 were enacted. In New York State alone in a period of five years, 3,649 laws were enacted and in twenty years 62,611 were proposed and 14,230 were enacted. It goes without saying that many of these laws could have been avoided by the enactment of general statutes to take care of minor matters that are not of sufficient importance to be entitled to the dignity of a special statute.

HOW many of these laws ever had behind them the power of public sympathy is entirely another question. Close examination would undoubtedly disclose that comparatively few were important enough to form the basis of legislation and whatever they are, if they do not meet with the general disposition of the people to observe that particular law, they fail in observance. It is hardly necessary to point out the difficulties in enforcement encountered by the eighteenth amendment to the constitution and the Volstead law.

Nobody ever inquires into how the law is working. Nobody is interested in whether or not sufficient appropriation is made to make it effective. A great many laws have been written into the statute books of this state only to be changed by the succeeding Legislature. It is notoriously a fact that we regulate the taking and possession of fish and game by law instead of empowering the Conservation Commissioner to make rules and regulations. In the particular year that the yield of wall-eyed pike in Lake Cayuga does not grow large enough to meet the standard of measurement fixed by law the legislator from that section of the state proceeds to cut down the size of the fish by law so that his constituents will not find their fishing interfered with.

In the early history of the State many things were done by law that it has been found necessary to abandon. Time was when people could not change their names except by law. A change of venue in civil or criminal cases required an enactment of law. These and similar things which could easily be done by local laws, became so troublesome that the people amended the constitution and restricted the Legislature from passing such laws. They compelled them to pass general laws instead.

WHILE I do not believe it necessary to amend the constitution to restrict the Legislature further, I do believe that the practise of doing by law so much that could be done through regulation by state departments or local agencies, could be curtailed by an intelligent, well-directed effort on the part of the rank and file to impress individual legislators with their desire to simplify law-making.

The government of the State of New York intimately touches every family. There are more than forty thousand men and women in the State hospitals for the insane. They all have relatives and friends. Frequently these write or come to the Governor with suggestions for improvements in the conduct of hospitals. It comes home to them when they have a relative or friend for whom they want the particular kind of personal attention or special accommodation which they believe would help that special case. The governor's mail is filled with letters from these relatives and friends, to say nothing of the inmates of the hospitals themselves. But none of these people who offer the advice or suggestion have any realization of the practical questions involved. Most of them probably do not take the trouble to vote and have no idea that the Legislature has anything to do with it.

There are millions of men, women and children engaged in factories throughout the State and they have a particular interest in the enforcement of labor-laws for the protection of their health and the promotion of their welfare. Business men and citizens generally use the highways of the State for pleasure and for commerce.

One of the prime functions of government is the preservation of public health. Everybody is interested in adequate appropriations to that department of the government. Every mother and father in the State with a child in the public schools has a particular interest in the Department of Education. Everybody with a dollar in the bank or carrying insurance policies of any kind is interested in the two departments which supervise these lines of business.

I could give countless other illustrations of the immediate interest in the operation of the government that the rank and file should have. Legislation at Albany affecting every one of these departments is under consideration by their agents and representatives without the agent ever hearing from any considerable number of them. When some great catastrophe occurs everybody gets excited and starts to blame the government, not realizing for a single moment the weight of responsibility that is upon themselves.

I DO not write with any intention of discouraging the popular adherence to democratic representative government, because I believe in it. It is not perfect, neither is anything else that has so far come from the mind of humankind. But I hold it to be the best form of government. I am seeking only to strengthen, only to bring it nearer to perfection, only to make it more workable and more understandable. All of that, to my mind, can only be brought about when the rank and file of the people themselves take an all-year-round interest in their government, watch the records of their representatives, have no hesitancy in writing to them asking for reasons for their attitude when it does not conform with their ideas, and treating them as they would any other paid representatives engaged in the business of looking after their interests.

In the Constitutional Convention in 1915 speaking in favor of the reorganization of the government, Senator Root truthfully said that the large, cumbersome form of government we then had, made it impossible for laymen to understand its operations. It therefore naturally fostered the hidden power of the party boss to manipulate the agencies of government in the interest of his party and enabled him to work from behind the scenes.

That could not be truthfully said of the government of the State of New York today. The ballot has been shortened and only four State officers outside of the judiciary are elected by the people. All of the activities of the State are coördinated and fitted into nineteen departments of government, each by its name indicating its function. The citizen who cares to take the trouble can readily understand the functions of these various departments and the reason for any increased cost in their operation where the increase is apparent from the appropriation bills.

Apathy of the people and lack of interest in their own affairs gives rise from time to time to the suggestion of a dictatorship. That can only be successful when the dictator himself is right—but that is too much of a chance to take. I prefer to leave the government in the hands of the people themselves with the hope that some day there will be a livelier interest, a better understanding and a keener sense of responsibility on the part of the rank and file who make the State.

HER FIRST "HIS MAJESTY"

(Continued from page 39)

found out that she'd better take it on the lam, right away. She stood up.

Too late. The aide was hot-footing it over. If only he'd let her go without raising a rumpus!

Beneath shimmering green and darting silver, her heart was thumping fast, faster than the heart of a hard-boiled girl reporter's had any right to thump.

What if she did get tossed out on her ear? It was her job to get in, wasn't it? And she'd got in, hadn't she? Lord, she'd been in tighter spots than this, and got out, with the story.

What was that—His Majesty—gosh, why drag Mulgravia into this—wanted to meet her. What? . . . . Begged the favor of a dance! Was this a movie, or what?

Mechanically she took the aide's arm, steadied herself on her silver heels and accompanied him up to the red plush chair. (How old lady Crestwood was staring!) The King was out of the red plush chair now and saying something to her. Why, he talked swell English—and his hair really was purple. He was bending low now, but his lips didn't quite touch her hand. Gosh, smell the perfume! That'd go in the story, with the turquoise ring.

A long arm encircled her waist; his left leg moved forward; her right foot stumbled. There, she'd got in step. She was dancing with a king!

What a devil Foxy Grandpa thought he was, winking like that. Those two daughters of Mrs. Gothwaite's were homelier than ever, with their mouths open. He did dance well. Why shouldn't he? Nothing else to do. She must talk, make him talk—but not too fast, or he'd suspect. It was wrong to call a king "you"—had to be "Your Majesty." Applesauce! She was an American. Still, no need of him thinking she was a hick from a small town.

She rehearsed the sentence to herself; then, aloud:

"How does Your Majesty like Chicago?"

"Charming."

He looked right at her when he said that. Imagine what the Blair woman would make out of that.

Mellicent went on, professionally: "What does Your Majesty like best in Chicago?"

"Do you really want to know?"

Stupid to feel so faint. Terribly stuffy in this room. She'd feel better in a moment.

"Why, yes, Your Majesty, it would be interesting to learn. Was it our boulevard system, or the stadium, or"—with the beginnings of a twinkle in her eye—"was it the stockyards?"

"Mademoiselle, everybody has been most kind; everything has been most delightful. Your American hospitality— But, mademoiselle, I am having the most charming time, now, at this moment."

WHAT a line! Suppose everybody fell for it. Well, she'd show him.

"Don't kid the actors." It was out before she realized it. He looked puzzled.

"Don't—er—kid—the actors. Actors?"

"Oh, it's just a saying we have here; it means: 'You can't put that over me.'"

"Put that over— I don't believe I quite understand."

"I mean I know you have to say something like that to every girl you dance with."

"Ah, mademoiselle, but you are wrong. Cannot you tell? It is the truth I speak. I beg of you, believe it."

Not so slow—a king eating out of her hand—and it couldn't have been more than two minutes. She'd look up at him. He was smiling. The sob-sisters would call it a "boyish smile." Now he was laughing.

"How did you say it? 'Don't kid the actors.' How droll! I must remember that. So clever, you Americans. But are you American? Your name, it is—"

Mellicent had just time to tell herself that of course he had forgotten it, when he ended:

"De Beauregard. That is not American."

RAPIDLY she gave herself a French father and killed him in Algiers. Her American mother she buried in Canada and sent herself to an aunt in Europe to be educated in Paris and Rome. Then, bringing her impromptu autobiography down to date, she explained that she had returned to visit Chicago, the city of her mother's youth, to find everything "interesting, but a bit amusing."

Raoul was pleased.

"Ah, mademoiselle," he rejoiced, "this is perfect. You have the American—what do you call it, pep and the wit? And"—more softly—"the beauty. But you have also the Parisian chic. You are Continental, experienced. You are not dazzled by these." And he touched the tricolored ribbon from which swung a jeweled star. "These Americans are so friendly, but"—with a glance at a large woman in burnt orange velvet—"they take their royalty so seriously."

"But you see,"—she had forgotten about the "Your Majesty" rigmarole,—"we don't often draw a king."

"Nor I a queen." And his hand clasped the green chiffon in a tighter embrace.

But Watts had sent her over to get a story. Expertly she wooed the King from anecdote to anecdote. How he had called at the White House and lost his dog. How the great lady in Philadelphia, fearful lest an outsider might peer into the banquet hall, had ordered the door locked, and he had had to come in through the kitchen, to his own dinner. How the widow of the Kansas City corn king had topped off her luncheon by presenting him with a silver casket all tied up with the Mulgravian colors, and filled with corn samples.

Then she maneuvered the royal pageant to Chicago. At first he was wary of local confidences. But when she implied that she, like him, was a stranger in the town, and "just happened to have heard" of this person, that club, he was reassured. So he confessed that he found it a poor appetizer, that Chicago custom of taking a guest to the stockyards before luncheon.

"And tell me," Raoul went on, "do they really think that kings eat off of gold plates at home? We don't, I can assure you—at least not in Mulgravia. Here in America they served me off of gold plates."

"That's because you are a king. If you'd been only a prince, you'd have rated the silver. We have both."

Once she had to ask a direct question—had he received many mash notes in America? Maybe she'd seemed too anxious. Anyway, he was sort of snippy in his answer; that must mean he'd got a lot. Rather decent of him, not to brag about it. . . . .

The aide appeared at his elbow, summoning the King back to formality. "I shall finish my story at our next dance together," he said. "That will be as soon as possible."

The fourth he danced with a tall woman Mr. Percer brought to him. The fifth he split between the Gothwaite girls. Mellicent sat and made up sentences for her story.

As the music started for the sixth dance, the aide was again offering her his arm.

"My apologies;" the King murmured as he stepped off the platform to greet her, "for not having come to claim so fair a partner. Why can't they let a king act like a gentleman?"

"Oh, that's perfectly all right," Mellicent replied. "I understand. You've got to play according to the rules."

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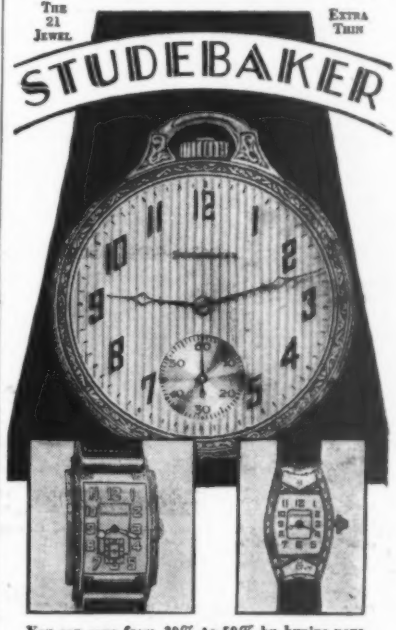

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"You are very gracious." And again the long arm was encircling the chiffon waist.

"Tell me, my little American guide, why did Mrs. Baxter, out at the hospital this afternoon, why did she wish me to pose for the newspaper photographers with her, and" —there was terror as well as bewilderment in the question—"and a little baby that had recently been born? Can you tell me?"

"That's easy. Mrs. Baxter's on the hospital board, and they're raising money for a new maternity annex—see?"

"I'm afraid I don't."

"The picture of a real king, holding one of the babies, wouldn't be exactly a liability when it came to getting free advertising. Say, the papers'd eat that up; they'd print it in Oshkosh."

"Yet they accuse me of trying to exploit myself," he mused. "Tell me, my fair preceptress, why are these Chicago newspapers so enterprising? Would you believe it, a fellow climbed up the fire-escape at my hotel yesterday and tried to photograph me in my bath. Fancy!"

"That must have been,"—Mellicent started to praise Mike, the *Star's* star camera-man, but she finished more prudently,—"dreadfully annoying."

"And just this morning they pulled a young woman out of my linen closet. She was dressed like a chambermaid, but the detectives recognized her immediately. Said she was the 'Chatterbox,' or some such name. A journalist. What did she want?"

"She wanted to know the color of your pajamas, and do you like sugar on your breakfast-food and—"

Just then the door past which they were dancing swung back. A red-faced man in an ill-fitting dress suit yelled, "C'mon," and pulled a girl off an ice-cream freezer on which she had been standing.

Mellicent snuggled into the royal waistcoat. If the "Chatterbox" spotted her, it'd be all up. At the arched door Janet turned around. Mellicent buried her face still farther. The king pressed her close and called her "adorable."

She twisted her head to see what had become of the "Chatterbox." Ouch! Her hair was caught on one of his medals—she had to wriggle it loose. . . . . Now he had noticed; his left hand fumbled with the gold star; his right held her tight so that the hair wouldn't pull. She put up her right hand to help. Their fingers met. For an instant, for an era, his hand closed over hers; her ear heard his heart. At last she jerked her head; the snarl of blonde threads snapped, and she was free.

HE looked at the strand of yellow hair wound stubbornly about the gold star on his vest. Then he said softly:

"Now, mademoiselle, this decoration will be forever a precious treasure, of pure gold."

That baby talked like the last act of a play—wouldn't that speech make a snappy paragraph? No, there really wasn't any need to put that in the story; there were so many other things to write about—that ring, for instance.

"I see you are interested in my ring," the King remarked as they resumed their dancing. "It's something I picked up from a native chief, the last time I was in Africa, shooting lions."

Shooting lions—and she thought it sissy for a man to wear a ring on his little finger.

"What do you think of it?" he asked.

"It's the loveliest shade of blue I've ever seen."

"Have you ever looked into your own eyes?" He looked so long that Mellicent at last turned away and changed the subject.

"It's getting late."

"Not bored, I hope." That sounded like real disappointment.

"No. But I have to be somewhere at eleven-thirty."

"Oh, please don't go. We have so much to talk about. You must stay, you know, and entertain this poor, weary guest. One more dance, please."

"I'd love to, but oh, you see,—you see,—I really have to go. I—"

"I understand."

"I mean it's because I simply have to that I'm going to; if I didn't have to, I'd stay."

The orchestra was playing the encore now as they approached the scarlet love-seat where first he had seen her. They slowed, paused, stopped in front of it. Raoul bowed over her hand, and still holding it firmly, began, somewhat hesitantly: "Mademoiselle de Beauregard, I shall never forget the happy evening you gave me. I trust you, and I shall not insult you by asking you to keep—er—my confidences. These people, here, they are so kindly. I do not mean to be rude. I am their guest."

Mellicent started to say something, stopped.

"You are so different." The King's voice was buoyant now. "You are Continental; you are cosmopolitan. You can forget, and you can remember. So you, I know, will not—pardon me, mademoiselle—betray the secrets of a poor tired king who salutes the loveliest sight in America." Again his lips sent a perfumed breath across her hand.

She didn't answer, but the squeeze she gave his hand seemed to settle any doubt he might have had.

WHEN she walked into the local room a quarter of an hour later, Pat, the office-boy on whom age and affection had bestowed many privileges, shouted: "Hey, pipe Woolworth's window."

"Go to hell," snapped Mellicent in warm friendliness.

"Got a good piece?" Watts leaned over her desk.

"Swell," she said briefly.

"Who was the girl in green?"

"Girl in green? How should I know?"

"What a bum reporter you are!" Watts teased as he handed over an early edition of the *Graphic*. "Your little girl chum Janet got an inside story."

"Yeh, from the ice-cream freezer. She covered the kitchen angle till a cop dragged her out."

"Well, she got something, anyway. See?" And he pointed to the "Chatterbox" headlines: "Mysterious Girl in Green Vamps King."

"Who was she?" This time Watts was in earnest.

"Look me over."

"What? No? Say, is that expense-account outfit of yours blue or green? By George, it's green! Say, no kidding?"

"I should kid the boss. Meet Mademoiselle de Beauregard, who danced once, yes, twice, with His Majesty Raoul of Mulgravia—and whose golden locks—"

She stopped abruptly.

"Snap into it," Watts ordered. "Take as much space as you want."

Mellicent stuck a piece of copy paper into her typewriter, slugged it: "Merton-king-I."

Briskly she wrote:

"Raoul, Mulgravia's bachelor king, wears lavender pajamas, and has received more mash notes than John Barrymore."

She read it over. It sounded silly. Besides, he really hadn't said the pajamas were lavender, and he'd refused to talk about the letters.

She jerked out the paper, crumpled it up in a ball and tried to hit the waste-basket with it. Another sheet of paper went into the machine.

"King Raoul of Mulgravia, thirty-two-year-old witness to democracy's interest in royalty, wants to marry an American girl. He told me so last night."

Blah! That sounded like the Blair woman, all *"I"* and *"me."*

This time she didn't bother to try for the

waste-basket, but threw the wad of paper at her feet.

It was a quarter to twelve now, and the managing editor was scowling at her as she twisted the third sheet of paper into place.

"King Raoul of Mulgravia has shot lions in Africa; but he's afraid of babies in Chicago. He refused, yesterday, to pose with Mrs. J. Seymour Baxter, in the maternity ward of the Spotswood hospital."

That was pretty confidential. It might make it terribly hard for him tomorrow.

Again she started; this time she wrote:

"'Why do they feed me off of gold plates in America?'" queried a puzzled sovereign yesterday after his luncheon at Mrs. Nestlewood's. Then he added, with a laugh: "'I never have them at home in the palace.'"

Quickly she X'd that out.

"Stay away from that desk," Pat screamed to Cawkins, who was sauntering over to talk to Mellicent. "The boss says to lay off until she's through."

Well, here was another try:

"Raoul Michel Nikolas Constantine doesn't mind being King of Mulgravia; but he'd like to be able to be a gentleman too. He hates to sit on throne chairs and have fat ladies kneel to him. Last night, at the Pagoda—"

That was rotten—and unfair to him.

It was eleven minutes to twelve when Pat came over, held out his hand.

"Boss wants a take."

"Oh, what did you say?"

"Boss is yellin' for copy."

"Oh, yes, just a minute."

Her hand was trembling as she inserted the next sheet in her machine. She'd write a breezy lead this time and let it ride.

"Girls, here's Raoul of Mulgravia's ideal girl: golden hair, blue eyes—"

What was it he had said? "And now this will be forever a precious treasure, of pure gold." And he had held her hand. . . . . The fragrance of his lips—the blue ring. "Have you ever looked at your own eyes?"

"What the hell's the matter?" Watts was yelling in her ear.

"I can't write it; I can't."

Watts' tone changed. "Anything wrong?"

"No, nothing's the matter." She could feel her chin wiggling, the way it always did when she was going to cry.

"I can't write about him." The sob was not to be kept back much longer.

"Why can't you?"

"Oh, I can't; I wont. He's so wonderful."

"My God!"

"He talked to me,"—she was crying out loud now,—"in—in confidence. Oh, he's so wonderful, and—and such a gentleman!"

"Come, get hold of yourself. You're tired out. Pull yourself together; you can still make the deadline."

Her shoulders quivered. From somewhere beneath the arm that covered her face, a quavery voice sobbed:

"I wont. He trusted me. He was so wonderful."

"Well, I'll be damned!" exploded Watts. "The next time I hire a skirt around this office, it wont be a small-town sob-sister from—where's that place?—from Fair View."

Mellicent raised her head. Her cheeks were stained with tears and smeared with carbon paper; her eyes were red, her mouth distorted.

"I'm not—a—a—sob-sister!" she shrieked. "But he—he's my first king."

"Then you'd better thank God for democracy," Watts confided to the local-room, "or you'd be out of a job tomorrow."

And Mellicent's head dropped back on the carbon paper.

TWILIGHT

(Continued from page 71)

these fall days get me. I feel so all choked up and queer."

"I know," responded Frank, his voice scarcely audible.

Again they walked in a silence poignant with yearnings and thoughts unspoken.

"I'm afraid it's time to be going back," said Jane reluctantly, when they had crossed in front of the brown stone church at the east end of the little square park. Frank's only reply was to draw her into the brooding shadows of the brown stone church. Tilting her face back, he looked deep into her brown eyes, now misty with unshed tears. There was something almost desperate in his searching gaze. "I—" he began, as if trying to answer the question in her eyes. "Oh, Jane!"

And in the brooding shadows of the brown stone church, a boy and a girl found surcease from the pain of indefinable longings and pent-up emotions.

"Oh, Jane, I love you," he murmured as his fingertips gently touched her cheeks, her eyes, her lips.

"I love you," he breathed into the fragrant, wind-blown hair of the girl who was clinging to him with all the exquisite yet tragic intensity of youth.

"It's autumn," whispered Jane irrelevantly.

"Yes—and I love you!"

In sudden panic, Jane sought to free herself from Frank's embrace. But he only drew her closer. . . . .

"Oh, we must go," came the muffled tones of a girl's voice from the deep shadows of the brown stone church.

"I hate to," responded a boy's trembling voice. "But, tomorrow's another day."

"Yes—quite—quite another day," replied the girl softly as they emerged from the shadows.

Frank held Jane very close to him as they walked back to the heart of town.

"Can't we eat somewhere together?" he asked. "There's so much to talk about."

"Not tonight," replied Jane.

"Oh, why not? Gee, honey, you haven't any idea how I feel!"

"No?"

"Aw, come, Jane. You couldn't study tonight. I know *I* couldn't crack a book."

"No, you must take me back to the house. I—well—please don't coax me any more."

"What's the matter, dear?" Frank was bafiled by her manner.

"Let's not talk now—let's just walk," was all that Jane would say.

"Well, do I get a kiss for keeping my mouth shut all the way home when I was r'arin' to talk?" asked Frank as they drew up to the "good night" tree at the side of the sorority house. Jane looked up wistfully.

"No," she replied softly.

"But Jane, I love you—and—and— I'm afraid I don't understand."

"Maybe you don't just now. But you will. You will tomorrow."

"Will what?"

"Understand. Oh, it's so hard to have to explain. It's still so much a part of the rest, and it's so hard to believe that it isn't what we thought it was."

"What in hell are you talking about?" cried Frank, forgetting himself in his nervous anxiety. Girls were certainly the queerest creatures! Instead of being happy, she was crying.

"Frank," Jane said rather abruptly, "I know you think I'm crazy. But I'll try, as best and as quickly as I can, to explain—"

"But there's nothing to explain, dear," assured Frank. "I suppose a thing like this affects people in different ways."

"No, no—the point is—I don't love you!"

For a minute Frank was stunned. Then, very slowly, the memory of something was recalled to mind.

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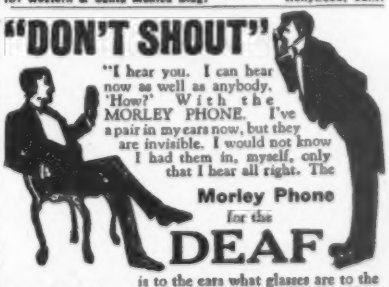

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"Oh, then, so it's Rickard Winslow!" His tone was harsh with jealousy.

"Goodness, no!" gasped Jane. "Please wait until I have finished before you draw conclusions. The point is, Frank, neither of us is in love with the other."

"What do you mean?" he asked gruffly.

"Just what I say. It's utterly impossible. Today was the first time we've ever gone out together. It couldn't be real love. Don't you see, it was just the day—autumn—the sunset. If you had been with any other girl under the same circumstances, you would have felt the same way. So would I," admitted Jane, frankly. "It was the gypsy sunset—the heartbreaking beauty of the autumn twilight—the longing for home—for some one to love and to love you. It was the thing people say happens in the spring, but I think it's the fall that does it. Oh,"—desperately,—"don't you understand now? We both felt it; we both wanted something intensely, and we tried in a groping, impulsive sort of way to satisfy that dreadful ache—" She paused, looking appealingly into Frank's puzzled eyes. Then: "We—we did find a certain relief, at least I did. I did love you for a moment, but I could have loved anyone else the same way at that moment. It's not exactly being in love with love, but loving for a moment that which symbolizes all you desire."

She went on breathlessly:

"To me, somehow, that longing is most unbearable in the fall—in the smoky twilight. We both felt it today and it was a case, perhaps, of a too great understanding." She paused again, but Frank, his face averted, remained silent.

"Please don't think anything wrong," pleaded Jane. "I—nothing like that has ever happened before. I mean, I have never given in to my impulses as I did today. Being homesick always makes it harder, too. At home where there is so much love and happiness, one doesn't feel the other things so much. But here at school everything's so hasty, so cool—so casual. There's nothing really deep in our life here. There isn't time, I guess. But," she ended with passionate intensity, "it's the deep, overwhelming things we need!"

Frank was watching her thoughtfully, now, with a new interest.

"Jane," he said at last, "you're a brick, and—you're darn' keen. I was completely buffaloed. And when, in my own slow way, I had made the discovery you've already made, we—well, it would have been just another of those darn' college romances so convenient while they last. It's funny," he grinned sheepishly, "I never realized the kick that's in an autumn afternoon." And Frank's gaze wandered from Jane's face to the golden cradle of the new moon.

THE minutes passed in awkward silence.

"Too bad," Frank said at last, half aloud. "Analyzing a thing certainly does take away the flavor."

"So much the better," replied Jane a bit sharply. Frank glanced quickly into her pretty face.

"I guess you're right," he said slowly. "But I hope we'll be friends. After all, you know, we did share a gypsy sunset together."

"Friends, of course, but on one condition."

"What's that?"

"That you never breathe a word of what happened this afternoon. I—I couldn't bear the thought of having this—"

"Say," Frank interrupted sharply, "what do you think I am?" Then very low, almost beseechingly: "Trust me, Jane."

"Always," murmured the girl.

Another strained silence. Frank shifted his weight from one foot to another. Jane ran nervous fingers through her hair.

"Well—" she began.

"Well—" echoed Frank, trying to smile. "Guess that's all there is to say. I'll—I'll see you in class Friday."

LACY AND THE LAW

(Continued from page 65)

what a nice way he had of calming people down—everybody except Lacy and me!

Finally Molly got Miss Kinder's ear—Miss Kinder was looking a little wild-eyed by that time—and reported in a loud strong voice that Gus had completely disappeared. Molly, for one, thought he had gone off to the carnival at Milford to get drunk.

"Lacy," I inquired, "what was that word Johnny B. used to talk about in labor problems class, that means throwing a monkey-wrench into the machinery? Rhymes with camouflage."

"Sabotage?"

"Well," said I complacently, "I think we've committed it."

She didn't answer, and when we got down to the cottage, I saw she was looking rather white and big-eyed.

"Did you see this?" She handed me a St. Louis paper. "Somebody left it on one of my tables."

There was a long story about a gangster charging the police with cruelty in obtaining his confession.

"I guess they get pretty rough sometimes," I said solemnly. "About now they're probably giving him the third degree."

She shivered and got into bed, and I grinned. It didn't seem to occur to her that they'd probably have Slim Murphy's fingerprints on file.

"How do you suppose he'll feel toward us when he gets out?" she wondered.

I looked at her. "Why, darling," I cooed, "he'll come around and congratulate us, of course, for playing such a cute little joke!"

"What if he should fire us?" she suggested, and added firmly: "I simply couldn't leave Bill." Bill was the boy friend across the lake to whom she was engaged. Not engaged to be married, you know, just engaged.

I thought it over. "No," I decided, "he'll be furious; but his missionary spirit is stronger than that. When you start out of your own free will to break a vicious colt, you don't give it away the first time you get thrown. Our red-headed friend is the one we want to steer clear of."

"You know," she said thoughtfully, "we might have a hard time convincing that man that we were only joking, after all—even," she added, as I caught her eye, "if we wanted to."

I grinned again and snapped out the light. "We might show our friend Red a Marland annual. You remember that picture of Johnny B., with the glasses, and that life-is-real, life-is-earnest look?"

THE first time I woke up, I found her sitting straight up in bed, and spent a sleepy ten minutes getting her calmed down. The next time I woke, she was gone, but I could hear an engine purring, and realized she was backing the roadster, which we kept just outside the cottage.

I knew she wouldn't wait for me if I called to her. So I yanked some stockings up over my pajamas, grabbed a coat, and ran, hopping on the running-board as she started down the driveway.

"Just out for a breath of air," she said blandly.

But when I sat down, I sat on my own 1929 Marland annual. And there we were—we who thirsted for revenge—driving madly through the night, apparently intent on righting Johnny B.'s wrongs.

It was darned cold. Before we had gone two miles, I was thinking tenderly of the flannel pajamas my mother had sent me the winter before, at school. Lovely flannel pajamas like that, and I'd given them to the cook! People can rave all they want to about sleeping under blankets. That kind of weather is all right as long as you've got the blankets, but for running errands of mercy, give me a warm, balmy night every time.

Just beyond Levering was a detour. Lacy said she'd been over that road the day before, and knew she could get through. And she did. Hell or high water couldn't have stopped her, though that road was both. . . . . Eventually, however, we rolled into Milford.

"Where do we go from here?" I inquired. "We don't know our red-headed friend's name."

"It's the real sheriff we need now," she said. "He lives in a square yellow house on the southeast corner of the square."

"Now how," I demanded, "did you find that out?"

"Oh, I was talking to Gus this afternoon," she said airily.

The sheriff turned on the porch light and looked us over from the inside. Then he opened the door and stood there, nice and warm in a flannel bathrobe, while we shivered in the pitiless publicity of the porch light.

"Yes ma'am—what'll it be?" he drawled.

LACY had an irritating habit, when there was any difficult conversation to carry on, of standing back in a haughty, well-bred, aloof silence and leaving it all to somebody else. This time, however, I out-silenced her.

"We thought you would be interested in knowing," she began, "that you have a man in your jail who doesn't belong there."

"Did you?" said the sheriff.

"You see, we're from Sunset Lodge, up near Levering—"

"Yes ma'am, I kind of thought so," said the sheriff. He was tall and lanky—and solemn, though my personal opinion was that he was having a swell time.

"And we told your deputy this afternoon we didn't know Mr. Burton."

"That's what I hear."

Lacy sighed and plodded on. "The man whom your deputy arrested as a Minneapolis criminal, you see, is really the manager of Sunset Lodge."

"That's his story," nodded the sheriff.

"It's the truth," said Lacy indignantly.

"You don't say!" said the sheriff in mild surprise, doing nothing about it.

"Of course," said Lacy, "I realize how many people must come to you saying there's a man in jail who doesn't belong there—"

"Yes ma'am," said the sheriff.

"But this is a little different. You see, we—we helped to put him there."

The sheriff grew talkative. "You'd be surprised," he confided, "how many women do that too, and then want him back again."

"'Back' is hardly the word," said Lacy icily. "The man in question is merely our employer. He is managing his aunt's hotel this season, and in the winter he is an instructor at Marland college"—she produced the annual,—"as you can see by this picture."

The sheriff scrutinized it. "Nice-looking boy," he said. "Isn't he?"

"Really, I've never noticed," said Lacy, and he lifted a skeptical eyebrow.

"You put him in—and now you want him out," he ruminated.

Lacy regally said nothing.

"Don't you?" He waited patiently.

Lacy looked back at him, a little flushed. "Yes," she said, straight from the shoulder, "I do."

"Too bad!"—he scratched his chin regretfully. "Be glad to accommodate you. But he's already gone."

"Gone!" I thought she was going to faint.

"You mean they've already taken him to Minneapolis?"

"Well, what of it, Lacy?" I interrupted. "They'll take his fingerprints as soon as he gets there."

"Oh, they wont need fingerprints," said the sheriff largely. "If I know those birds, they got the whole confession out of him by this time. They know how to put the screws on, all right."

"They wouldn't do that until they knew they had the right man," I insisted.

"No ma'am. But I had a call from Minneapolis ten minutes ago. They got the right man, all right."

"They're making a terrible mistake," said Lacy in a *Lady Macbeth* voice. "We feel in a way responsible."

"Yes ma'am," said the sheriff sympathetically. "I can kind of see how you would."

"And I shall see to it that all my father's resources are used, if necessary, to—straighten things out. My father," she said, "is Eli Warren, Jr."

"That so?" said the sheriff politely. "Don't believe I ever met him."

We got into the car and started home without a word. The sheriff was only kidding us along, of course, as far as the call from Minneapolis and putting the screws on was concerned. At the same time, our girlish little prank did seem to have gotten rather out of hand. Lacy's face was set and white, and she drove like the wind, although she did, at least, consent to take the detour.

Just as we passed the corner where the detour came back to the main road, another car dashed out from behind the detour sign and shot down the road ahead of us.

Suddenly I clutched Lacy. "Looks like Johnny B.!"

It was a car exactly like Johnny B.'s, with the driver sitting low and evidently getting every inch of speed he could. He was tearing down the road as if nothing less than a locomotive could stop him.

With a sharp exclamation, Lacy put on an extra burst of speed. "Don't you see," she cried, "it's the real criminal—Slim Murphy! On his way to the border!"

He had evidently been in hiding all afternoon, and had decided, as Lacy had on the way down, to take a chance on the short cut. He'd probably lost at least twenty minutes.

WE came through Levering, taking the corners on two wheels, and then both cars were out on the lake road, roaring up and down the hills and around the sharp curves, wide open. The night was black as pitch, and apparently there wasn't another living soul awake. You couldn't see a glimmer of a light anywhere—nothing but dense woods and thickets on each side, and sometimes a patch of black vacuum that I knew was the lake.

I was hanging on for dear life, my heart dropping to the bottom of my stomach every time we swooped down a hill. Both cars were putting on all the speed they had.

"What are you trying to do?" I yelled.

"Catch him!" she yelled back.

I wanted to yell, "What would you do with him if you had him?" but it took too much lung-power—I couldn't make it. I could see what she meant to do, and my hair stood on end. If she could get ahead, she was going to dart in front of him and make him stop. Whether she smashed any or all of us didn't seem to matter—the one big idea, I gathered, was to catch the real Slim Murphy, so they'd turn Johnny B. loose.

As we came near the Lodge, she was right on top of his tail-light. I realized that she planned to pass him there, where the road was a little wider—and if she wrecked him there in front of the Lodge, the crash would arouse such a lot of people, and raise such a hue and cry, that he'd have less chance of getting away.

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being even an innocent bystander when dear Slim realized he was foiled!

Just as we came to the Lodge, and in the exact instant she was ready to pass him, he jerked around to the left into the Lodge driveway, missing us by a couple of hairs. It all happened so fast that both cars had ground to a stop at the side entrance before I hardly had time to get my breath and wonder what it was all about. Even when Johnny B. himself jumped out of the car ahead, I was too dazed for a while to wonder how he got there.

"*Lacy!*" he cried. "Have you gone crazy? You might have killed yourself! I thought you were somebody trying to crowd me in for a hold-up. Where have you been? What's the matter with you, you little fool?"

Lacy was still sitting limply at the wheel, pale and staring, looking like a rag. After all she'd gone through, worrying about him, here he was, turning up as bright and shining as a new penny. But when she finally climbed out of the car, I really had to hand it to her—she was exactly herself.

"And the cat came back," she drawled with an insulting stare. "Next time I want to drown you, I'll sew you up in a sack."

"What was the matter with you, you little fool?" Johnny B. was still a little shaken. "What do you mean, driving like that?"

"Oh, it turned out to be such a dull party. Just thought a little crash or two might pep things up. Our boy chums passed out on us, and we had to come home alone. How about yourself? Where have you been, and why aren't you still there?"

"The sheriff had a call from Minneapolis. They found the murderer down there."

"Shame on you, Sheriff!" I murmured.

"Just my luck!" Lacy mourned.

"Same old Lacy! You wouldn't, naturally, think of anybody else's luck! You wouldn't think of the sheriff or his deputy, and what a laughingstock you've made of them—or the inconvenience my absence probably caused here. I can imagine what a turmoil things were in this evening—there are always a dozen things to see to after dinner. And I'd bet my last cent that Miss Kinder, like the brick she is, stood by the ship like a man, all evening long. But I could have stayed in that filthy jail indefinitely, and the whole hotel could have gone to ruin, before you'd have lifted a little finger!"

There was more of the same; but I was staring, fascinated, at Lacy's car. Something was coming to life in the bottom of the rumble seat. Suddenly a paper serpentine shot out in little pink curlycues, and hooked Lacy neatly around the neck. Then a blue one, and a green one, and more. And there was Gus, grinning foolishly, lumbering over the side of the rumble seat, his arms loaded with a couple of dolls, a feather duster and a handful of various little packages.

"Everybody happy?" he wanted to know, beaming, and grew heavily confidential with Johnny B. "Gus fooled them two females that time! Climbed in,"—he painstakingly climbed into an imaginary car,—"covered up,"—he covered up, "while they was shinnin' along—chinnin' along with the sheriff!"

Lacy looked pitifully at Johnny B. It was his big moment, the poor sap. She was ready to wilt. One word from him, and she'd have been sobbing on his shoulder in surrender.

Johnny B., unfortunately, had spent the whole afternoon and evening getting set for a good healthy brawl. He was in no condition to recognize a big moment.

"So your conscience did bother you after all, did it," he raved on, "—in its own good time? You did go after me, after all, did you—when it happened to be convenient? On your way home from your party? Well, I don't want to seem ungrateful—"

"Don't mention it," said Lacy.

"—but it does seem to me you might have aroused yourself a little sooner. I don't care for myself, but I had promised to take Miss Kinder to the carnival tonight. And she has so few outings—it was a damned shame to disappoint her!"

After all Lacy had been through to get him home again—after she had sacrificed her pride and driven a hundred miles after him in the middle of the night, when she was so tired she was trembling, he had the nerve to stand there and complain because he'd missed taking Miss Kinder to the carnival!

It was in the middle of that tense moment that Gus felt an urge to play ball. One of his little packages sailed jovially through the air, toward the already outraged person of Johnny B., and smacked him smartly in the face. That was bad enough, but it happened to be a package of confetti. I simply couldn't believe what I was seeing, but there was Johnny B.—spitting confetti, wiping confetti out of his eyes, shaking confetti out of his ears, brushing confetti off his coat!

And Lacy laughed! So did I, from a position somewhat to the rear, but Lacy stood face to face with him, and laughed till the tears poured down her cheeks, with Johnny B. growing more furious every minute.

He finally grabbed her, as if he were going to shake her till she rattled, and she was drying her eyes and trying to stop laughing, when I saw—and so did Lacy—Miss Kinder coming out of the Lodge, lugging an oil-stove.

She looked pale and tired. Her new dress was rumpled and dirty; her hair was a mess; her nose gleamed in the light; and there was a big black smudge across one cheek. She was staring incredulously at Johnny B., at the trickle of confetti down his coat, and at his hands, gripping Lacy by the shoulders.

SUDDENLY Lacy's arms slipped up around his neck, and you could actually see him quiver and turn to jelly in her hands. Instead of shaking her, his head slowly bent down toward hers, as if she were pulling it by a string. She almost made it, but not quite. His lips weren't two inches from hers, when his head jerked up again, and I realized he had seen Miss Kinder.

Lacy laughed—again. In a clear, sweet voice, she trilled; "Well, good night, Johnny darling. Had a grand time at the carnival!" And she started off to bed.

Johnny B. made a lunge, however, caught her and dragged her back. "Lacy, you devil!" he said between gritted teeth. "You little liar, take that back. Tell Miss Kinder that's not the truth!"

Lacy gasped. "Oh, Johnny darling, I'm so sorry!" she breathed, with a guilty air of remembering her instructions too late. "Of course I was only joking," she assured Miss Kinder sweetly. "We haven't been to the carnival at all. We've been after some medicine for Molly's toothache." She slid out of Johnny B.'s grasp, and vanished.

"Very kind of you, I'm sure," Miss Kinder said icily to Johnny B. "Molly ought to send those teeth back and get a refund! —Could I possibly trouble you to take this over to Mrs. Wells' cottage?"

She dropped the oil-stove at his feet with a clatter, and slammed the door behind her.

Johnny B. stood there, glaring murderously but helplessly at the stove. It really isn't good for a man to get as furious as he was.

Gus wheezed a sigh. "You know wha'sh matter with 'em? Jealous!" He nodded sadly. "Jush jealous. All alike."

Johnny B. stared; wonderingly he followed Gus' gaze to the light Lacy had turned on in our cottage.

"Jealous?" he echoed incredulously.

Then he caught sight of me. I tried to assemble a poker face, but I was too late. He had seen my grin.

"Jealous!" A beatific grin spread over his face. "What—do you know about that!"

Gus was blubbering a little. "Aint women hell?" he wept.

"Absolutely!" said Johnny B. cheerfully. "What of it?"

THE AMBUSH

(Continued from page 69)

shooter thet-a-way." He stepped inside. "Now, if you folks will jest walk over there beside the wall—"

The voice trailed off into an arid whisper. His eyes had widened, and his face had turned a mottled gray.

There were two windows in the little rock building. The first movement of his victims toward the designated wall had brought one of these behind them, directly in the line of his vision. Through it he saw what would have seemed to a newer resident of Arizona to be a bit of grimy rag among the boulders, where the hillside sloped away toward the plain. But Kettle had seen such strips of cloth too many times to mistake one of them. As he was staring at it, this one moved; he discovered the thatch of rusty black hair bound by the turban, and a lean back gleaming in the sunlight like old copper.

Kettle reached behind him with his left hand and slammed the door. Without lowering the muzzle of his revolver, he groped for the heavy bar and dropped it into its socket.

"Injuns!" he said.

As if it were with the idea of confirming his statement, the Apaches began the rush for which they had been so carefully preparing during the last half hour. The clatter of their rifles awoke a hundred echoes from the cliffs behind the building.

Ed Sampson picked up a carbine which was standing in the corner.

"Another rifle's hanging on the wall," he shouted, and flung himself upon the floor beside the nearer window. Lee ran to get the weapon; but before he took his place at the other window, he called to Eileen:

"Get back, where you're out of danger." Kettle had a glimpse of her face as she was drawing away; and the memory of what he saw in her eyes stayed with him. A moment later he was kneeling on the earthen floor with Lee beside him, seeking a target out there in the blazing sunlight.

ON both sides of the building the land lay level for some thirty yards or so, beyond which it sloped away. Among the clumps of Spanish bayonet and the boulders, bare bodies showed, hugging the hot earth, rising abruptly, darting forward. So brief were the halts, so sudden the transitions, that there was a sense of unreality—flitting forms that seemed to vanish into thin air, every one to reappear in the next instant behind another rock or thorny clump, a little nearer than before. Wreaths of powder-smoke were melting away. There came, through the din of firing, the thin tinkle of broken glass, the thud of leaden slugs on the rock walls.

The three men within were shooting slowly, but the powder-smoke hung thick in here; the reports of the weapons made the air shiver.

Suddenly the uproar ceased. The dark forms, which had apparently sprung to life out of the arid rocks, had vanished as abruptly as they had come, and with as much mystery—save three that were asprawl and very still in the white sunlight. Ed Sampson groaned.

"My leg is busted," he announced.

The silence outside continued; the heat-waves which danced above the boulders were the only things that moved within the area commanded by the two windows. Lee had tied his handkerchief above Ed's wound to check the bleeding; he was holding the broken leg in his two hands while Eileen eased a pillow beneath it. Her face was colorless and set; she said no word.

"Now, if one of you will fetch me some more ca'tridges," Ed told them, "I can handle this here carbine as good as ever."

Lee brought a handful of ammunition and laid it beside him on the floor.

"Twenty rounds—I'm splitting even with you." He spoke quietly, but the girl caught the tightness in his voice. She heard Ed swear under his breath.

"Five hours of daylight, and them devils will stay with it till dark. 'Pears like we're out of luck unless somebody comes along."

WHERE he was crouching by the other window, Kettle heard this. He rose from his knees, and his soggy face became intent as he looked upon the three of them—the silent girl, the two men talking in low tones. Little squirming lines of fear crept about his rheumy eyes. He had never appeared so utterly ignoble as he did now.

None of the others heard his footstep on the earth floor, nor the raising of the heavy wooden bar, the stealthy squeak of the hinges as he opened the door for a few inches. He peered through the crack, searching the landscape. The saddle-horse which Lee had left before the entrance stood with uplifted head one hundred yards away.

Kettle flung the door wide and darted out. The others looked around at the sound. By the time they discovered him, he had put more than twenty yards behind him. Lee leaped to his feet and started for the door in pursuit.

The fat man was running with bent knees; his body hung low; his arms were pumping grotesquely. Little spurts of dust rose from the dry earth before him and behind; a clattering of flat reports came from the hillside. Once he seemed to falter; he swerved like a drunken man; then he ran on. He gained the pony's side; they saw him swing into the saddle and ride away.

Lee slammed the door and dropped the bar into its place. A moment later the Apaches came again.

How long that rush lasted the three within the building never knew. It seemed like hours before the uncanny silence had settled down once more. The two men took stock of their cartridges. Twelve rounds remained. Ed Sampson was ransacking his vocabulary for some epithet sufficiently vile to convey his opinion of Kettle. Now and again, discovering one that promised well, he whispered it to himself. He might have spoken aloud without danger of Eileen overhearing.

She was standing beside Lee; her head was on his breast; his arms were holding her close. She had come to him without a word. There was no word spoken between them now. So they stood, until the ugly flat voices of the rifles called him back to his window.

AN hour later Lee was kneeling by the window; his empty rifle lay on the floor; his revolver was in his hand. Two cartridges were left in the cylinder. He had been waiting for a dreary time in expectation of the next rush. It would be the final closing in; there was no doubt of that. But for some reason of their own, the Apaches were still holding back. His eyes went to Eileen; she was standing in the corner whither he had sent her at the beginning,—ages ago it seemed to him now,—and her eyes were on him. That look of theirs was as a last embrace.

One cartridge for her, one for himself, when the time came. . . . .

Suddenly the venomous chorus of the rifles began. A leaden slug ricocheted from the wall beside the window, showering his face with fragments of rock and hot metal, leaving him blinded for the moment. The uproar swelled; it had never been so loud before; he had an indistinct vision of tawny bodies leaping from the shelter of the rocks. He dashed his sleeve across his eyes. They were at the front of the building now; he could hear their yells through the firing as they swept upon the place to overwhelm

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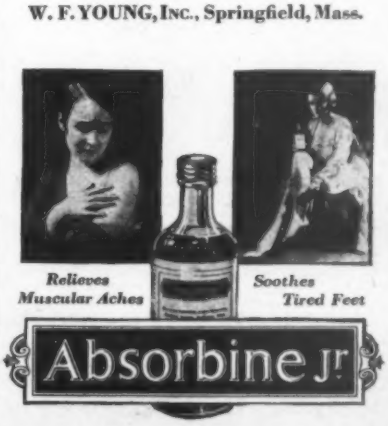

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them. His vision cleared; there came a rush of footsteps and the open space before the window was alive with men.

Men in dust-stained blue, with here and there a flash of yellow facings on the trousers, showing through the mist of powder-smoke! The Apaches had gone.

A sunburned young lieutenant, booted and spurred and still maintaining a jaunty neatness in spite of the film of alkali which had settled down upon him in that ride from the post, stood on the threshold when Lee flung the door open.

"Lucky for you," he said, "that the fort wasn't five miles farther on. That fat man never would have made it. He was just able to tell us what had happened. Before the men were in the saddle, he was dead."

DEPARTING from the station two hours afterward, the westbound stage carried three passengers. Of these Ed Sampson was one, enroute to Tombstone and the doctor. He had a seat to himself, with the broken leg outstretched upon it. And he was speaking to the other two:

"Funny, the way things happen. Them Apaches came to kill us, and now the most of 'em is dead. That feller came to rob us; and he died to save us. You two came to take the stage for different places; now you're on your way to Tombstone to get married. 'Pears like nobody did what they set out to do, this afternoon."

He sighed and was silent for some moments.

"Not even me," he added pensively.

MANHATTAN MIRAGE

(Continued from page 78)

of some poor idiot who hasn't got the sense to see through her."

"I don't believe it. It's all a slander—"

"What," asked Effie very evenly, "is your interest in Mrs. Evans?"

"Why—I haven't any—what d'you say such queer things for?" he stammered. "Only I don't see why all the women should have their knives out for her, and hate her so. It's not fair; it's not decent. And as for young Blaine—well, he's got to get out of my house, that's final."

"He must leave because he was amused to find out that Mrs. Evans was nearly fifty years old?" Effie began to be angry too. "No, that's not a good enough excuse. And anyway, he's not going. I want him to stay."

"Effie, what's got into you—"

"New York's got into me, I think, Walter—just as it has into all of us." She looked at him steadily. After a moment he shrugged and turned away. "We'll talk more about this in the morning," he said.

"No," she said, "the subject is closed." And he did not reply.

Chapter Twenty-two

INTENSE emotion is like a wave. It breaks, and there is a receding space of calm. After Effie Reyburn's two tight-strung, wretched days, she found to her amazement that a languid indifference possessed her. She simply did not care whether she and Walter maintained their love; she was not even greatly concerned whether or not he was faithful to her. She found, as so many other women have found, that love was not so overwhelmingly important and possessive as she had always thought it. She was enveloped in a strange and detached peace, in which her heart beat on quite regularly and painlessly, and released her intelligence to its own pursuits. For the first time she began to examine her existence in the round, so to speak, more fully, more searchingly than she ever had before.

She lacked, she felt—indeed the whole family lacked—roots; they lay loosely, insecurely on the granite surface of New York. They had no hold, no ties there, not of kinship, nor long-standing friendships, nor the lesser claims that come with club memberships, or a recognized place in the many social orbits that wheel and turn and make opportunity for contacts. They did not belong in the professional and artistic circles; they had not money enough, she knew, to make themselves felt among the professional philanthropists. The few people they knew they had met through Mr. Bishop, and later the Villierses. It was all chance, and would continue to be chance, aided by a sharp materialistic selection on her own part, if she was to stay in this game and play it according to the wishes of Walter and Nancy.

She need not make any prophecies or provisions for James Terry. He was too much of a person even now to have his way mapped for him. He would go along, doing as he pleased—and Effie was glad of it.

But Nancy—there Effie paused. How far her friendship with Margery Villiers, and the infatuation of Copley Villiers, would carry her Effie could not foresee. It would surely procure her a certain number of invitations for the next winter, but it wouldn't make a recognized débutante of her, and it wouldn't get her into the Junior League. Effie felt that she could count on a letter from Mrs. Villiers, and one from Zena Ardberry. The first would have some weight; the second wouldn't—it would be nothing but a letter. Then there was a young Mrs. Taler, whom Effie had met at the Villierses', had traced in the Social Register, and had determined to cultivate—not too pointedly though. "If I can stand it to log-roll and bootlick and flatter and cajole every single minute, and think of nothing else, perhaps I may manage it," thought Effie, "even though we are nothing but grains of sand upon the scene. I suppose I must grit my teeth and go through with it, no matter how rotten I think it is."

What there might be beyond all this for Nancy she could not presage, and she did not try. Nancy had grown up; she was no longer a child to be led and restrained. "She has her own ideas, formed by her day and generation, just as I had when I was her age," Effie's thought continued. "If her ideas don't run in line with mine, I can't do much about it, except to stand by in case she needs me. I'll get her as much of this social stuff as I can, for I said I would. And the rest of it is on the knees of the gods."

NOW she had reached the point when she must think of Walter; she found that she could do this calmly, that she could even face the question of his unfaithfulness without the overwhelming agony she had at first known. And she found that it was not unfaithfulness of the body which disturbed her most—that might be no more than an unappeased appetite, a sudden base impulse, yielded to, and then repented of in all sincerity. The unfaithfulness which she dreaded was his willing breaking of their confidence, their complete and almost automatic understanding, which, to Effie, had been the perfection of their marriage. If he had secrets with Lora Evans, if he devoted to her part of the solicitude and care which had hitherto belonged only to his wife—there was unfaithfulness indeed. It would mean they were no longer one, but two. It would mean for her a spiritual desertion; she would speak to him with her heart, with her soul, and never be sure of the reply. Before this she had always been sure. Such thoughts made her lonely, bereaved. But they did not shatter her with the pain of two days ago.

She was surprised to discover that this pain was absent; she would have wished it to come back, because its presence meant that her love for Walter had not changed. Something hideously reasonable spoke to her, and she hated it, but could not silence it. "You know he isn't what you thought him," it whispered. "You know you've always fooled yourself a little about him; you've helped him to feel himself a very great man, when he wasn't. You've nourished his conceit, his egotism. You've made him feel that whatever he did was the right thing, the big thing. Perhaps this Lora Evans is more suited to him than you are; perhaps she's actually better for him; perhaps she gives him something you can't."

"I don't want to sit in judgment on him," her heart answered her reason. "I love him; he's everything to me—everything. He always has been; he always will be."

"But wait a moment," answered her reason. "You say *everything*. Why, you have amusing, stimulating friendships with other men—look at the way you talk with Clarence Bishop, or even young Rascoe Blaine! You offer each of them a part of you that you've never given to Walter."

"But he doesn't want it. And I give him infinitely more than I give them."

"Perhaps he'd like something else. Wherefore Lora Evans."

"But I think it's wicked and rotten of him to give her money when we're so desperately hard up. It's the meanest form of disloyalty to his family."

"Then your chief grievance is the money! That doesn't put your own claim of complete devotion on a very high plane."

AND now Effie's reason and heart merged into one cry, humble and honest: "It is partly the money, I admit, even though I don't know yet why he gave it to her. It seems to me if he had any good reason, he would have told me about it, though he knows how I dislike her—which may be why he didn't. But there is something more than money. I love him, and we have been so happy. Perhaps it is selfish of me to expect that happiness to continue forever; perhaps I must love him as he is, not as I have always thought him to be. But without this love and happiness I feel so broken, so poor—"

One small question struck tormentingly in her mind: why had he kept the check? Why hadn't he torn it up and thrown it away, and so escaped any chance of detection? Was it a distorted symbol of his feeling for Lora Evans, or a souvenir of some distinct advance in their intimacy, kept in default of anything more romantic? Or did he distrust her, and even in his infatuation mean to have some hold over her, something to show, perhaps later, that she was willing to accept money from him?

Effie paused. Her indifference was gone; her pain had returned. She could not reach any conclusion. There was nothing to do but wait. No possible good could come of playing the conventional jealous wife. It would only create blank chaos in a family where there was, she felt, sufficient confusion now. "I wont be such a weak fool as to let a woman like Lora Evans hurt my children," thought Effie. "There, at least, I can score. And perhaps all this with Walter isn't what I'm afraid of."

She felt better for having had it out with herself, for not shirking it. The next thing was admittedly to go on by what she had resolved. And the immediate object on which she must spend her attention was the visit of Ariana Wood.

That young lady, after many telegraphic exchanges, was on her way. Effie knew that Nancy was nervous and anxious, and that she meant to hide it. "Don't take it seriously, Nancy," said Effie at last. "This isn't a vital matter, you know. Ariana's only a girl like you."

"She isn't like me at all," said Nancy gloomily. "I wish she were."

"Oh, well," urged Effie flippantly, "get her into perspective. Even if she doesn't like us, you'll still have your complexion and your teeth."

Nancy relaxed at this. "Mother, that's good," she said. "You're certainly coming on. You've changed a lot since Drochester. You're younger."

She plunged at her mother with one of her rare caresses, and went off more composedly to welcome Ariana. When she came back with her guest, she gave Effie a triumphant glance which said: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

Indeed, Nancy found Ariana much less formidable. Ariana had arrived in her most assured mood, detached, highly observant, and quite ready to patronize the entire Reyburn family. But seeing little to criticize, she relapsed happily into being a mere girl having a good time. She and Effie liked one another at once.

"Your mother's a lamb," she told Nancy. "Isn't she good-looking! And so's your father! Oh, why did you keep them hidden from me for so long?"

Nancy restrained the obvious retort that she had not, as yet, met either of Ariana's parents.

"Yes, the parents are rather peachy, even to their offspring," she said carelessly. "Come on—we're springing over to the beach to have a dip and get some of the gang together and lunch there. Where's your bathing-suit? We'll take Rascoe along with us."

It was balm to discover that her own suit was as smart as Ariana's, and when they went to the beach, she could show herself on easy intimacy with the Villierses and a dozen others—Cara James, Madeline Langton, Jane Tunis, Rob Ganstvoord, Dobson Dale, Bertie Shounon; she had undoubtedly the star rôle. To be sure, they all were keen to know Ariana, and one of the Langton sisters had been at the same school from which Ariana was expelled, though it so happened that most of the girls had gone to other schools and had had other contacts. But she knew of them, as they knew of her, and to have her appear amongst them as the house guest of Nancy Reyburn was a guarantee of Nancy to them, and Nancy's friendship with them raised the temperature of Ariana's perfectly hard valuation of her friend. Both girls were aware of this; both were silent about it. Nancy masked her jubilation to play the conscientious hostess, and gave Ariana the lead everywhere. She took second place gracefully, pushing Ariana forward.

THIS was the easier, since she knew she was holding her own, that Ariana did not supplant her. Copley Villiers was still her faithful slave, and resented being told off to devote himself to Ariana.

"Nothing doing," he said bluntly. "She's easy enough to look at, and everybody talks about her, but she's a little too sharp for me."

"You mean she's cleverer than you are, Cop," teased Nancy, secretly much gratified. "You're afraid of her."

"You bet I am. You hit it exactly."

"And you're not afraid of me because I'm not clever—is that it?"

Copley was moved to unusual mental effort. "You're cleverer than Ariana, because—because—well, you don't try to be clever. You're not always figuring what you'll get out of people."

"But that's just what I do. I size up everybody I meet for what they can do for me."

"Bologny!" said Cop. "Why, even Mother says you're a nice girl!"

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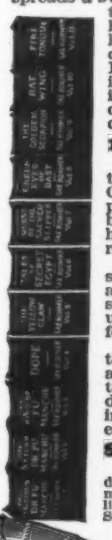

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Nancy bent over with mirth, then pulled a straight, solemn face. "Cop, I think your mother's a nice girl too. You can tell her I said so."

And now it was Copley's turn to laugh. "I'd like nothing better, but I never thought I'd look well as mere mangled remains. Anyway, Nancy, don't try to wish me onto Ariana Wood all the time, or I'll get peevish."

"And that's an awful threat," replied Nancy blithely.

BUT she was greatly pleased by Cop's single-mindedness, even though she got very tired of him. His preference didn't escape Ariana, and at the very end of her stay, in one of those easy moments of negligée, when the two girls after a late party slowly got ready for bed, and reviewed the night's diversions, she spoke of it, and other leading matters.

"Are you serious about Copley Villiers?" she asked. "He's crazy about you; anybody can see that."

"I'm not sure. Any advice?"

"Anybody who can get a young Villiers going doesn't need any advice from me. I'm a mere babe in arms beside you."

"I'd hardly say that," said Nancy. She didn't intend to tell Ariana anything at all. And Ariana perceived it.

"I'm having a terribly good time here with you," she said. "Every party we've had has been a good one. I shall hate to leave and go down to Southampton with my family. I was wondering—perhaps, if Mother's not all booked up with guests—maybe you'd come down and spend a week-end with me."

Nancy noted both the "perhaps" and the "maybe." At that moment she hated Ariana for the insolent half-offer. But she answered amiably:

"I'd love it, Ariana, if I can get it in. I'm having a party of old Drochester friends after you, and then I'm going down to Southampton with Charlotte Kilvaine,"—oh, how glad she was to throw that into Ariana's face!—"so I'll see you there, even if I don't stay with you. But it's sweet of you to think of it."

"You're going to stay with Charlotte!" Ariana was surprised. "Oh—"

Nancy added not another word. She simply waited. Ariana went on, more cordially: "Oh, but Nancy, she's not as old a friend as I am. Do try to stay with me too. I'm sure we can arrange it. When are you going to Charlotte's?"

"In August, tenth to seventeenth; but she's asked me for a second week."

"Make that second week with me," urged Ariana. "You'll *love* Southampton."

"I'll see what Mother says," replied Nancy. "Of course I'd adore to do it." She knew that to stay with Ariana Wood after Charlotte Kilvaine would help her marvelously, that the two visits would stamp her definitely as one of their set, but she mustn't appear anxious.

ARIANA left the next day, and as she said good-by to Effie she added graciously: "You'll let Nancy come stay with me for a week after she's been with Charlotte, wont you? Please do."

"I'm sure it would be awfully pleasant for her," said Effie, not hiding her amusement at Ariana's manner. "You're a modern daughter, Ariana, so you know my permission is a mere matter of form. But if it is needed, Nancy has it."

For a moment Ariana turned into a much younger and sweeter girl. "I wish my mother was like you," she cried impulsively, and hugged and kissed Effie like a child.

"Now, can you imagine!" exclaimed Nancy, as she and Effie were left alone. "Ariana going fluffy like that!"

"Poor young one!" said Effie. "That's a bitter commentary on her mother. I'd hate to have you say that same thing to any other girl's mother, Nancy."

"Fat chance!" She put her arm around Effie. "Maybe Ariana's not got everything after all," she said.

"Nobody's got everything," said Effie, "and most people have precious little." She spoke out of the depths of her own sad perplexity, almost unconsciously.

"What on earth do you mean, Mother? You sound like those midnight blues!"

"Oh, nothing. Then the visit was a success? And now the Villierses are going, and Drochester is on its way."

Nancy grew radiant. "And *that's* going to be fun! No bothering about who's who and why and where and when. I'll feel like the fat lady who took off the tight corset."

Chapter Twenty-three

THE unexplained check to Lora Evans teased Effie like a splinter in the finger. She still kept her own counsel about it; she had endured the almost daily sight of Lora Evans until her stay at the Bishops' was over, and kept her dislike under cover. Walter, for his part, had been satisfied to drop the matter of Rascoe Blaine's going. Ariana's presence in the house, and the constant ebb and flow of Nancy's crowd summoned to do her honor, had kept Effie and Walter from having any time alone, except in hurried snatches which gave them no time to say more than the necessary daily questions about clothes, laundry, hours for meals, engagements, servants, small domestic matters. Effie observed that when she was present, at least, he and Lora Evans did not parade any signs of intimacy—but that reserve, she reflected, might be as much for the benefit of the Bishops as for herself. And as Ariana's visit closed, and the Drochester guests were imminent, Effie had further occasion to note Mr. Bishop's power, in another direction. Walter came home in a most hilarious and expansive mood. "We're all through our money troubles," he announced. "I've put into your account all that you raised on the Drochester house, and five thousand more. I want you to take that five thousand and buy yourself something you want, something handsome, furs, jewelry, or whatnot. Maybe you'd like a car when we get back to town."

Words of thanks stuck in Effie's throat. Five thousand—at least he had given her a thousand more than Lora Evans, though there was no knowing but Lora might be getting something out of this windfall. "How did you make it?" she asked at last.

"Out of the stocks Bishop tipped me off on. He told me when to go in and when to pull out, and I did exactly what he said. I made a real killing. You go ahead and splurge, you and Nancy both. There'll be plenty more coming along after this."

"He's like a child in Mr. Bishop's hands," thought Effie, and resented that easy malleability. She said aloud: "There's nothing special I want; I believe I'll save the money for the winter. If Nancy comes out, we'll have so much extra expense, and I've been wondering how we'd meet it—"

"Oh, look here! Sometimes you talk as if you hadn't a bit of confidence in me, Effie. Don't you suppose I can take care of Nancy's coming out? She's going to have everything the other girls have; I've said so all along, haven't I?"

"I'm being horrid," she rebuked herself. "He might very well go somewhere else for appreciation, from the nasty way I'm behaving."

She tried to be kind and admiring, as she had always been, but her words sounded flat and perfunctory. "Of course you've said so, Walter—I spoke without thinking. And then, I've never staged a débutante in New York, and from what I hear, it's overwhelming. I only want to be prepared for anything—because we both want Nancy to have as good a time as any of the other girls." She couldn't go on like this. She must talk of something else. "I suppose you remember Manie Gavin and Bruce Ledge and Rosa Berger and Andy Marsh are coming tomorrow—"

"I'd forgotten it was tomorrow. Well, the sooner they come, the sooner they can leave."

"Yes, that's certainly true," she said. She did not want to increase his prejudice against Bruce Ledge. "They're not going to stay very long, anyway."

"You don't believe Nancy has any sentimental feeling for Bruce, do you? I'd never have said he might come if I'd thought so," he went on.

Effie spoke the truth: "Nancy's impenetrable. I have no more idea than you have how she feels toward Bruce, but I'm very sure that she isn't going to let any romantic entanglement get in the way of her coming season."

"Good girl! That's what I want to hear. Now go ahead, Effie, and have a good time with that money. It's yours to spend, and I want to see you do it."

"Very well, I'll begin at once to think up the most awful extravagances."

They had talked, she felt, through a wall.

"But I'm going on with this," she said to herself. "I'm not going to break up everything, to ask questions, to make scenes. But it's like living with a corpse in the house to have my faith and trust in him gone, and yet to have to seem the same. Oh, heavens—and I wanted a big job, a hard job! I certainly *got* it!"

SHE went out, to find Mr. Bishop seated on the terrace with Rascoe and Nancy. His calm, detached presence was soothing. "Run away, children," she said. "We want to talk. You do nothing but chatter. Go down and tell the gardener we need fresh flowers for the table."

They went away, protesting. "I've nothing special to talk about," said Effie, "but you're such a comfort to me I couldn't bear to share you."

"Then you are not very happy," said Mr. Bishop. "I feared as much."

"Did you prepare a nice comfortable shoulder for me to weep on?"

"No. Because you would never weep on anyone's shoulder. What can we do about these troubles of yours?"

"Not a thing. They may not even be real. I'm not sure, and I'm afraid to find out. Tell me, how did you like Ariana?"

Mr. Bishop smiled. "I was very much afraid of her, but I should like to congratulate Nancy on the way she chooses her friends."

"Then it was wise to have her here?"

"If Nancy is to make her début next year, yes. I understand she's set her heart on it."

"Yes, she has." Effie hesitated. "Mr. Bishop—do you believe I can manage it?"

Mr. Bishop hesitated also. "If you go on as well as you've started, yes."

"You mean that, or you wouldn't say it. You know, I think it's so foolish—and empty, and pretentious. All very well for girls who are born into this social scene, or who have claims to it through fortunes, or family, or associations. Nancy's an outsider."

"But an extremely pretty and attractive outsider."

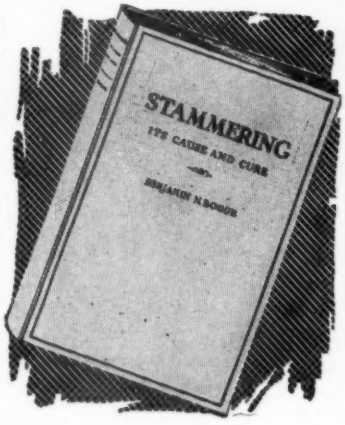
"Good looks and attractiveness are not so welcome as the other things I mentioned."

"You are acute."

"But I don't want her to be disappointed. I know how hard it is to be disappointed when one is her age—"

The Red Book Magazine School Section—Continued from Page 12

MISCELLANEOUS



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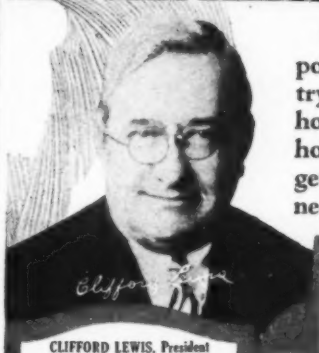

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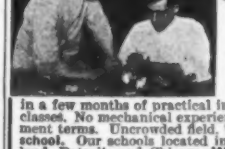

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"Is it easier when one is older?"

"Let's not go into that. But when one is young, a sharp disappointment sometimes unsettles and warps the whole of life." Suddenly she found herself saying things she didn't intend. "And that is why I toady and flatter stupid women like Mrs. Villiers and her friends; that is why I calculate my hospitality, spend beyond my means—" She stopped, appalled at breaking her reserve, appalled at the tears which had sprung unwished to her eyes, through which Mr. Bishop's face became a blur, indistinguishable.

She turned away her head. "I'm sorry," she said quietly. "I didn't mean to say such foolish things. To you of all people, who have always been so kind. I'm afraid it's your kindness that's brought it on you."

Mr. Bishop rose abruptly. "I'm going, Effie," he said. "I can't stand this."

She watched his retreating back in a surprise so intense that it drowned her other feelings. He had never called her Effie before. And she was sure, yes, unbelievable as it seemed, she was sure there had been tears in his own eyes! Presently she dismissed that as her imagination. But he had certainly used her first name.

"Bishop gone?" asked Walter, appearing from the house. "I wish he'd waited."

NANCY and Rascoe came up from the garden; James Terry stalked in, his hair wet and shining from swimming. Presently people began to drop in—it had become a neighborhood custom to drop in at the Reyburns in the evening: the Ardberrys, bringing a youthful cousin who at once centered himself on Nancy; Copley Villiers, who at once became violently jealous of the Ardberry cousin; Margery Villiers, hoping that Timmy Gray might be there, the Goldes, a couple who lived a little way down the road and were never at home if they could avoid it—all these and a few others, until the terrace chairs were filled and the men had to sit on cushions.

"A perfect picture of an agreeable summer evening in the, as-it-were, better suburbs!" thought Effie. "And I wonder how many of the people here besides myself are hiding cuts and stabs and bruises on their spirits. I wonder if Walter—"

Walter was talking to Eileen Golde, not very attentively, because he didn't like her, but well enough to satisfy her. Effie heard him laugh, lazily, teasingly, and the careless sound made her heart tremble. "I don't care what he is, or what he will be," she thought with urgent passion, "I love him. I must love him. I couldn't live without loving him."

THAT night Effie tried resolutely to sleep; tomorrow, when the young guests from Drochester arrived, she would have so much to do. Yet she could not keep her thoughts on the house-party; she could not even keep them on Walter. Mr. Bishop, and his strange manner, insisted on first place. Mr. Bishop, her detached impersonal friend—Mr. Bishop, who had pointed out to her that a life which finds its supreme satisfaction in human relationships was bound to be thwarted and disappointed—Mr. Bishop—Mr. Bishop, to betray deep, uncontrollable feeling! No wonder her amazement crowded out things which were far more important to her.

In the morning she had no time to think of Mr. Bishop or anything else but a housekeeper's cares. The cook—when the coming house-party was outlined to her—presented an ultimatum about the kitchen maid. "Bad enough to have five in family, and four in help, but with four guests extra, I might as well be a driven slave," declaimed the regent of the kitchen. She could not be permitted to leave at such a time; so Effie rushed into town to get a kitchen maid and bring her back before lunch, and encountered all the provoking delays and hitches which invariably accompany hasty errands.

When the four young guests actually appeared, Effie could not see that Nancy was giving Bruce any special welcome, and she surmised that the careful set of her bob and the extreme adjustment of her scarf were for the benefit of Manie and Rosa. Between the two Drochester girls she certainly gave an impression of finish, of easy style which they lacked, though they were not in the least dowdy.

At lunch Effie listened to Drochester gossip as one listens to ancient history—finding it interesting, but not vital. Bruce sat beside her, and she thought him improved, more of a man; when she looked at him, he smiled back with an air of understanding. She knew he was remembering their conversation of long ago on the street about Nancy, and she felt that he had not changed. He still cared for Nancy. Would he, she wondered, keep on caring for this new Nancy, this Nancy, who was so bent on social distinction and popularity and publicity?

Rascoe Blaine fitted in very well; Rosa and Manie were thrilled at meeting a real live playwright; and if Bruce and Andrew were not so thrilled, but more questioning, more doubtful, less admiring, they were friendly enough with the frank freemasonry of youth. But when the meal was over and they all cleared out for the tennis matches at the Country Club, it was Bruce who walked off beside Nancy. Effie heard a snatch of conversation as they went:

"It doesn't seem a bit real, being here, and seeing you," he said.

"More like a dream, I suppose," gibed Nancy.

"Like the best dream I could ever have," replied Bruce.

At least he was losing no time.

Chapter Twenty-four

"IT'S all gone by too quickly, and it's been too wonderful. Yet I'm sorry I came."

Bruce and Nancy sat alone on the sand under the beach umbrella that made wide red-striped shadows on their bare arms and legs. The others were still out on the float, but Bruce and Nancy had come in. They were to go out that night; this was the last hour at the beach.

"I'm sorry you're sorry," said Nancy. "It's been heaps of fun, having you all here."

"Everything's pushed me away from you here," went on Bruce. "All these fellows and girls I've met have been rubbing it into me that I'm pinch-hitting for this Villiers chap who's away just now. It makes it sweet for me. Nancy, tell me the truth: are you engaged to him?"

"No, I'm not engaged to him, or to anybody."

"Do you want to be engaged to him?"

"I could be, if I wanted to be."

"I suppose it's his money. From what I hear, he's not got anything else. Most of the fellows here don't think much of him, but that little Timmy Gray spilled the beans when he said that no girl who was looking to a future of ease and alimony could overlook Cop Villiers."

"Did Timmy say that? I think he's a worm. What's he hanging round Margery Villiers for if it isn't for her money! She's homely, and she's dull."

"You said the other day she was your best friend."

Nancy experienced a twinge of shame. "Bruce, I didn't mean that exactly about Margery. She is homely, and she is dull, but she's a nice sort of girl, and she's horribly unhappy because she knows she's a social blight, and never has any fun. I like her. I tell you, it's grand to have money and a proud ritzy family, but if you've got a big nose and a gawky shape, and can't dance or talk or anything, it doesn't get you much. I like Margery, and even if she has taken me round and introduced me to ever so many people here, I've done a lot for her too. She said the other day that she'd had a better time this summer than ever in her life."

"Well, I wasn't talking about her. I was talking about her brother. I hoped when you asked me here it meant that—maybe—you wanted to see me, and—"

"I did want to see you!"

"And that you might—you might care for me a little bit the way I care for you. Then I get here, and go about and find everybody talking about you and this Villiers as if it was all settled. It makes me pretty sick. I don't know what to think, now. Maybe you asked me to let me down easy by hearing this talk—"

"I did nothing of the kind. I wish you'd not put motives into everything I do. If I were engaged to Cop, why couldn't I simply send you a clipping from a newspaper saying so? Then I wouldn't have any bother or fuss. I wouldn't do any funny roundabout stuff; I'm not like that."

"I don't know what you're like, any more. But you're not like you used to be."

Nancy began to laugh. "Everybody changes all over every seven years, don't they? Maybe that's what I'm doing."

"Why wont you be serious?" His young face was troubled, dark. "This means so much to me."

"I'm serious enough. Don't gloom at me, Bruce. It gets you nothing."

HE turned silent at this, too sensible of her determination to go on with his plea. Her sun-warmed, sun-tanned body, her round little head with its tight flame-colored cap, were close to him; the red stripe of the parasol lay in fantastic fashion across her throat.

"'And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,'" he quoted absently.

"Oh, Bruce," cried Nancy, "that's the first time I've heard any real poetry for so long. Nothing except funny limericks and silly rhymes from musical comedies. Dad never reads to us any more. There's never any time—" She caught back her spontaneous outburst. "You're a funny old thing," she went on. "Don't you know this is no place to quote Keats?"

"I read a lot of poetry. It's all about you."

"When you say things like that, I'm terribly fond of you. But that's all. Don't make it out more than it is—no—don't talk about it any more. Look, we'll go in again and come out with the bunch!" She jumped up and ran across the sand to the water. He followed, but he was not quite unhappy. That idle quotation had brought him a moment of real hope.

He had a chance to say only one more word in private. As they came out of the water with the others, Nancy lagged behind to tie her sandal, and he whispered to her: "You may change every seven years, Nancy, but I don't. Remember that, wont you? I'll always be the same about you."

After that there was the rush home, the confusion of packing and the last hurried meal. No moment for Bruce with Nancy in all this. Effie, with Nancy, drove them to the train; the chauffeur took the baggage in the station wagon. After they had gone, mother and daughter drove home again alone together.

"EVERYTHING go off as you want it?" asked Effie.

"Oh, yes—and now the next thing's Southampton."

"I'm going to miss you. The house will be so quiet."

"You might give James Terry a whirl, let him have a house-party too. Only do see that he picks out the right boys."

"I doubt very much that James T. will stand for becoming a social utility."

"Well, he ought to. There's no reason why he shouldn't do his bit like the rest of us."

Effie did not answer, and Nancy went on: "I'll need some new clothes for Southampton, Mother. Can we go in town tomorrow and get them? You know, Manie and Rosa had rather good clothes, but not *quite!* Heavens, wont they broadcast it in Drochester about how we live and who we know and everything! They got a frightful kick out of everything."

"What about the boys? Were they not *quite,* also?"

"Oh, the boys!" Nancy's tone changed to reflection. "No, they were all right, both of them. I think I'll ask 'em again, to my coming-out party, maybe. A couple of extra men are always handy for a débutante. Mother, when I come back from Southampton, we've got to go into this débutante business seriously. You might do a lot of thinking and planning about it while I'm gone, too."

It was useless, thought Effie, to ask about Bruce, and she felt that there must be nothing to tell, Nancy's mind was fixed so exclusively on the future.

THEY turned in at the drive and saw Rascoe waving frantic arms at them, running to meet them and shouting his news before the car had stopped. "'Waldo Was Right' has been accepted by Ad Forrest! Isn't that marvelous, isn't it glorious? They just telephoned! He's going to make an early production; he wants me to come right in and make a few changes, and get the advance check—" He was prancing with bliss. He beamed, he bourgeoned! Effie and Nancy both hugged him at once.

"Oh, Rascoe, I'm so glad. That's great," said Effie. "Do you want to go right off? I'll pack you an overnight bag myself."

He followed her about while she put a few necessaries in his smallest bag. "I've only got to change *Waldo* into a girl, and rewrite the second act into a bedroom scene, and provide a little more comic relief—"

"My soul!" exclaimed Nancy. "Why, you'll have to rewrite the whole thing. Don't you hate it? It'll ruin all your ideas."

"Go on, child," said Rascoe. "If I can make one hit now with a manager like Forrest, I can write all the arty plays I want later on. This is *business.* They're giving me seven-fifty advance—"

"Seven dollars and fifty cents!" exclaimed Nancy.

"Seven hundred and fifty dollars, you little idiot! More than 'Questing Thomas' made in the whole run! Think of that! This is real cash money, all in a lump."

"Real cash money all in a lump makes a lot of difference in art, doesn't it, Rascoe?" asked Effie. "Where's your toothbrush?"

"I don't know; I had it this morning. Take it from me, dear and lovely lady, real cash money is what art is based on—and everything else worth having in this funny world. It's the measure, it's the standard, it's the rating, it's the last word!"

"You're young enough to believe that, maybe," said Effie, "but it's not true. I don't for a moment imagine that 'Waldo Was Right' is such a masterpiece that turning it all about will make any great difference in the sum total of the world's art—"

"You're being frightfully rough with me," murmured Rascoe plaintively.

"—and it'll be very good for you to be self-supporting and independent, but money's not the be-all and end-all of existence, Rascoe—and you know it."

Rascoe grinned. "I do know it. But I'm

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sort of intoxicated, getting a play accepted and a check and so forth. Thanks for the lecture. And thanks for everything else—you've been perfect angels to me."

"This isn't farewell forever, is it? Aren't you coming back?" asked Nancy.

"As soon as I can. I'll telephone. Good-by, darlings, both of you. I don't want to miss that train. I don't want to miss that check!"

"Mother, you're awfully queer about money," said Nancy, after he had gone.

"We're all queer about something," said Effie. "Come along and look over your clothes, and we'll see what we've got to buy tomorrow."

Nothing could be more agreeable to Nancy. "I want you to have the simplest things, but enough of them so that you always look fresh and uncrumpled, and I want them to be handmade, and the finest materials." This was Effie's dictum.

"It sounds perfect to me," agreed Nancy.

"IF I'm not a success," she said later, looking at the clothes they had bought, "it wont be because I don't look like one. Mother, I do think I've done awfully well. Not many girls could come from a small place like Drochester and in less than a year go as far as I've gone."

"You've given up all idea of the stage and the movies, then—you're all for that dull old melodrama—'a society career'?"

"Now, Mother, don't make fun of me. I'm really having a wonderful thrill out of all this. I feel—I feel—as though I had a *big job!*"

"Oh, Nancy—you too!"

"What's the matter? Why d'you say that? It's fearfully exciting to work at this thing, to see myself making a friend here, getting an invitation there, picking out the girls and men worth knowing, and letting the others slide—you know, Mother, I've found out the way to know people you want to know is to make them want to know you. Now, don't laugh; I mean it. Vulgar pushing never does much. You've simply got to be on the spot, and look so attractive that people are bound to notice you, and after that make yourself interesting—I mean without any apparent effort."

"Oh, Nancy, darling—you really are delicious. I'm sure you've solved the whole secret of social progress."

"Well, haven't I? Aren't I progressing?" She joined in Effie's laughter. "And when I've come back from Southampton, I'll be a lot farther on, believe me."

"I do believe you. But speaking of practical details, I don't believe, even with the people you'll meet at Southampton, that you're going to have enough friends to give anything but a very small coming-out dance. I wonder if a big luncheon, or a tea-dance—"

"I'd hate it! That isn't coming out—that's leaking out. Mother, put your mind on it. You can think of *something*. I've got to begin right, or I'll be lost before the season's well started. I don't want to be on the edge, dodging around and looking wistful. That's so undignified! Now, you just work as hard as you can while I'm gone, and I'll work as hard as I can, and we can put it over. I want at least two hundred people at that dance!"

Effie shook her head. "It's impossible. We can't, even by including everyone, and bringing people on from Drochester, get more than fifty or sixty. I've gone into it carefully. You see, we haven't got the earlier connections; we've only been here a very short time. And I know absolutely nothing about formal entertaining on a large scale; you know we never did anything like that in Drochester. We don't want to be—comic, Nancy."

Nancy refused to be dashed. "But entertaining is no trick; you can just hire a social secretary, and she'll tell you how it's done. Look at all the people we've met this summer—"

"Thanks to Mr. Bishop, almost entirely," said Effie.

"Then, for goodness' sake, tell Mr. Bishop that I want a big coming-out dance and let him see to it. I'm sure he would."

"Don't be absurd," said Effie, and closed the subject.

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Chapter Twenty-five

WITH Rascoe and Nancy both gone, the house turned strangely silent and empty. Yet it gave her time, Effie thought, to pull out of the rush and stand still. It would even have been peaceful if she could have been at peace with herself, and with Walter. Now that she was not so occupied, not so stressed with managing an unwieldy and numerous houseful, she turned to him, to discover that she had gone farther and farther from him. Or rather that he had gone farther and farther from her. There had been so much to do for the young people; she had not been able to consider Walter save to see that the general hullabaloo did not come too close to him or interfere with his comfort. His meals, the car when he needed or wanted it, no very late or noisy parties at home—she'd attended to all that. But she'd hardly seen him, except through a fog of her own absorption in domestic engineering.

The Villiers family returned shortly after Nancy had left, and Cop and Margery came over to lament her absence, while Van and James Terry took up their interrupted companionship with enthusiasm. And Mrs. Villiers was as cordial as her rock-bound nature would permit. Effie felt that she had truly missed her most patient listener. But this did not make up for wanting and needing Walter.

Deliberately she reclaimed part of his time. She went to the beach to swim when he did, and took him back and forth for golf to the country club; she talked to him—unendingly, she felt—about the children, James Terry's school, Nancy's prospects and ambitions, and she listened to his replies with a feeling of blank despair. But she went on. She dressed for him; she asked people to the house whom he would enjoy; she did precisely the things that had heretofore pleased him most. After ten days of it, she had had enough; she couldn't go on. He was politely responsive, but that was all. He made the gestures, she told herself; he spoke the words—but they were only gestures and only words. They held no real meaning.

She had drawn away, a little, from the Bishops, though she still went often to see the old lady when she knew Mr. Bishop would not be home. There was a faint discomfort in her feeling about Mr. Bishop; that one exclamation of his was still unexplained. To be sure, he had never repeated it or anything remotely like it; he was as detached, as cheerfully cynical, as agreeably casual as he had ever been.

Nancy was not much in Effie's thoughts, though when her letters came, letters which were short exultant reports of her conquering progress, Effie's conscience reminded her that she had a gigantic task before her with Nancy. She put it off. It must wait, like everything else.

BUT a few days before Nancy's return, Mrs. Villiers telephoned in the morning and asked Effie to come over "quite informally" to lunch. "We'll be almost alone," went on the stiff dull voice. "I've something special I want to talk over with you."

"Probably wants to tell me about another great-uncle," thought Effie, with a groan. "Oh, well—what's a great-uncle more or less among friends!"

There did not seem, however, to be any more great-uncles on Mrs. Villiers' list. Instead, she began with the melon to talk of Margery and Nancy. "Such friends," and "Margery is *so* fond of Nancy," and "Nancy is a dear girl," and so forth and so on, to all of which Effie gave a mystified acquiescence. At last, when the bush had been exhaustively beaten, Mrs. Villiers plumped a question:

"You're planning to bring out Nancy this winter, aren't you?"

Effie was startled. She had spoken of it to no one; no one had spoken of it to her, except—yes, Mr. Bishop had asked the same thing, just after Ariana's visit.

"I should like to," she replied, "but we've been here so short a time, I've hesitated—I wonder if you'd advise me."

Mrs. Villiers adored advising people. But this time she had more than advice to offer. "I've a plan," she announced graciously. "Why not bring out the two girls together? They are *such* friends—Nancy is such a dear young creature; Margery is so *fond* of her! A large ball at the Ritz—while it's the obvious thing to do, and I would much prefer to have a reception at my own house, as I myself was brought out. But the débutantes today hate that sort of thing. Margery was actually rebellious about it! She says no one would come but the older people, and she'd be left out of all the young parties. You see what I mean."

Effie had listened in an unbelieving rapture! Here was an end to one overwhelming difficulty. To bring out Nancy with Margery Villiers meant that every desirable door would be open, that she'd have no scramble or struggle or slights; she'd be placed on the most favored lists; she'd—why, it was far too good to be true: it was a miracle.

She must not show too much of her relief and joy. "It would be a delightful arrangement, I think," she said. "I'm sure Nancy would love it. And it would be a tremendous weight off my shoulders, for you know exactly what to do. We will, of course, divide the expense—I know it'll be frightful!"

"Oh, my dear," sighed Mrs. Villiers with feeling, "simply appalling! A débutante costs more than a sea-going yacht. I'm so thankful that my other children are boys."

THEY talked on—at least Mrs. Villiers talked on, through the luncheon and most of the afternoon. Effie listened with unfeigned interest, for the monologue was an advanced lesson in the modes and manners of the old régime of New York. When at last she rose to go, she spoke with absolute sincerity: "You've no idea how pleased I am and how grateful. You were so kind to think of doing this." Whereupon Mrs. Villiers spoke sincerely also: "I'm very glad to do it, but I didn't exactly think of it. Clarence Bishop happened to suggest it, and when I spoke of it to my husband, he thought it a very good idea. And Margery is *most happy* about it. Personally, I'm *thankful* to have some one to share the work and the responsibility. After all, a secretary only does just so much, and hasn't the *instinct* of people of our class."

So Mr. Bishop had again pulled the strings! Effie thought this over on the way home. He made no pretence to social distinction himself, but he knew how to get it; he had directed the progress of the Reyburns, had been a watchful guardian—though well-concealed—to every step of their climb. But why had he done it? There was no clear motive that Effie could discover. "I sha'n't bother about his motives," she thought, "but I don't believe that I shall tell anyone that he started this amazing piece of luck. No, I don't believe I shall even tell Walter."

But should she speak of it to Mr. Bishop, should she thank him? That she could not decide at the moment, further than that if a good opportunity appeared she would, she felt, do so, but she would not force one.

WALTER received her great news with complacency. "It simply goes to show that getting into New York society, the very best of it, is no trick at all if you're an acceptable person yourself. My connection with the Rasten Bank placed us at once; and the Villierses wouldn't have done this if Copley Villiers hadn't seen that I was bound to come on. The new men are the important ones, now."

"You talk very differently from the way you did at first, Walter. Then you said that you were being awfully careful, watching your step, and not at all sure of your standing."

"That was six months ago. I've had plenty of time to learn the game, and I hear all over that I've more than made good. This Villiers thing is just another confirmation. Copley Villiers can't do without my support. I've stood by him through thick and thin, though there were plenty of times when I might have gone over to the Burton crowd and profited by it. But Villiers is a stronger man, and personally I like him better than Burton. Burton's tricky."

"And Mr. Bishop's for Villiers still? I wish I knew all these intricacies; they sound fascinating."

"Yes, Bishop's with Villiers. And he's with me, too. Don't bother your head about the business, Effie; you couldn't understand it—there are very few women who can. You stick to the pink-tea end, and I'll attend to the rest." There was something so child-like, so naïve in his egotism, his utter satisfaction with himself and his exploits, that Effie felt suddenly warmly tender and fond of him. It was endearing, as a nice little boy's brag and swagger are endearing. She forgot her suspense, her trouble, and went over to him, put her arms around his neck and her cheek against his.

"Oh, Walter," she said, "you precious old darling! I love you even if I am so stupid and you're so smart."

He moved away from her brusquely. "You needn't be sarcastic," he said.

Her arms dropped to her side. "But I wasn't sarcastic, Walter. Of course you're clever—of course you know about your business and I don't—"

"You were simply making fun of me; you do of everyone. You can be very sharp-tongued, Effie—and it gets you nothing. It alienates the very people you ought to be friends with—"

She stood staring. He had never, never thought of this himself. He was speaking with another tongue, with outside prompting. By a flash of divination she knew instantly to whom this other tongue belonged, who was his hidden malicious prompter.

"Walter," she said, "did you pay Lora Evans that four thousand dollars for pointing out my faults to you?"

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Lucky Babies

LUCKY indeed is the baby who has a mother wise enough to follow the doctor's advice—"Bring the baby to me when he is six months old and let me protect him against diphtheria. That is one disease he need never have."

Last year more than 100,000 children who were not inoculated had diphtheria. About 10,000 of them died—an average of more than one every hour of every day in the year.

Will 10,000 innocents be sacrificed next year because some doctors have failed to warn mothers or because mothers have forgotten their doctors' warning?

Even when diphtheria is not fatal, it frequently leaves its victims with weakened hearts, damaged kidneys, ear trouble, or other serious after-effects. The majority of deaths from diphtheria are of little children less than five years old. If your child, so far unprotected, has not been stricken by this arch-enemy of childhood, your good fortune is a matter of luck—not precaution. If he is more than six months old, take him to your doctor without delay and have him inoculated.

Diphtheria can be prevented by simple, painless inoculation which is lasting in its effect. Call up your doctor now and make an appointment.

Prevention **of diphtheria through inoculation with toxin-antitoxin should not be confused with** ***treatment*** **of the disease by means of anti-toxin. The latter is a cure—the former prevents.**

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